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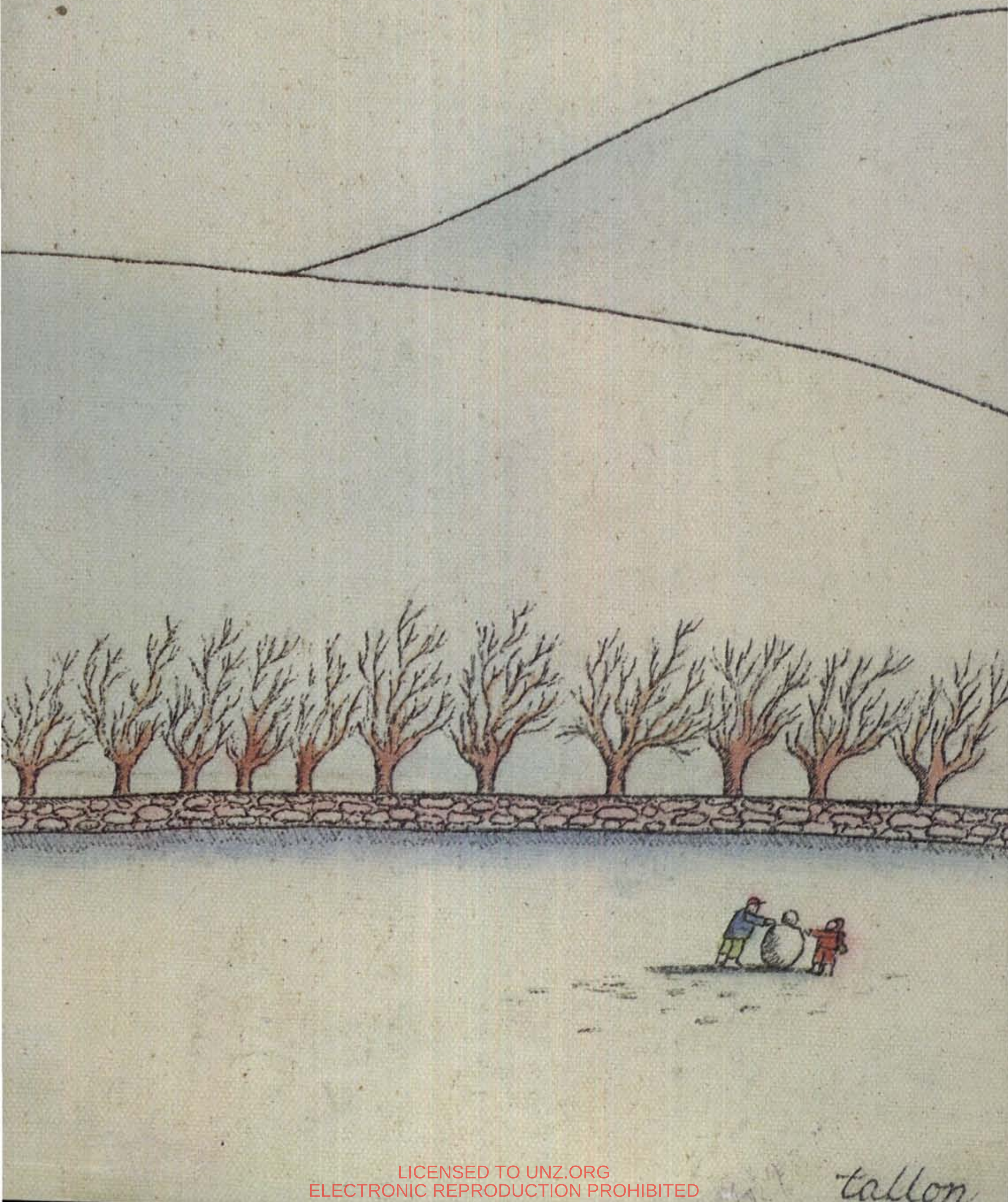

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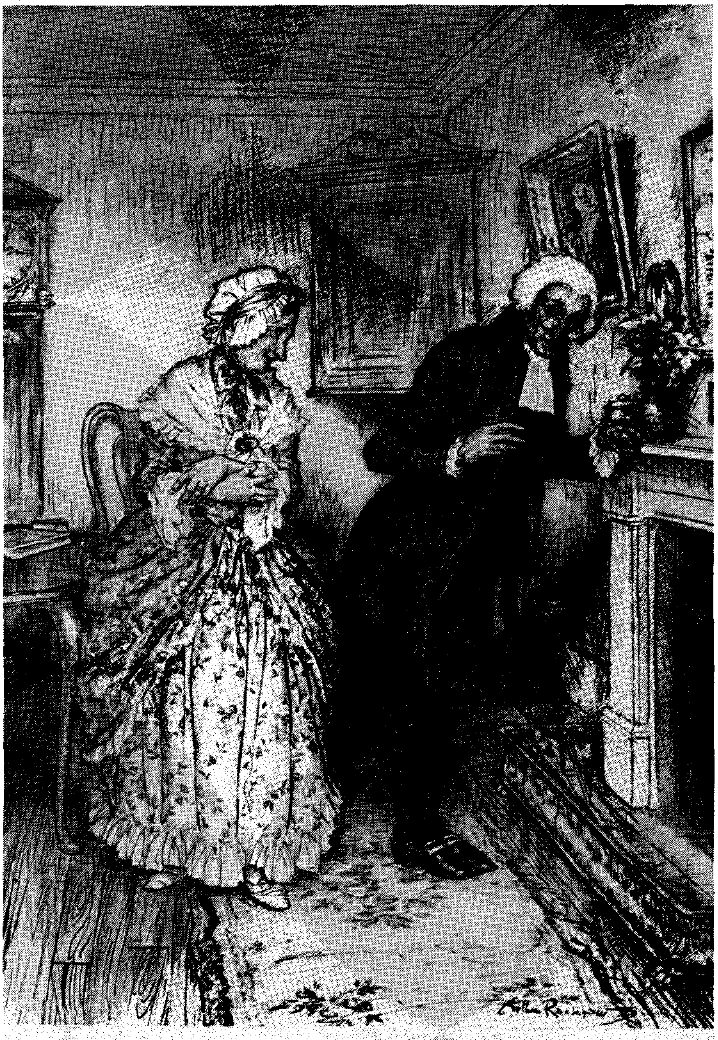

AN EPITAPH FOR MY WIFE
(See p. 8)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—A new play by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Tim Curry, and Jane Seymour. First produced in London. The director is Peter Hall (who directed the London production as well). Previews Friday through Tuesday, Dec. 12-16. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 17. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2.)

Barnum—A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brigadoon—The Lerner-Loewe musical is getting on in years, but then so is eighteenth-century Scotland, where the scene is laid. A flawless score, admirably sung, and the de Mille dance numbers are executed with zest and accuracy, Miss de Mille having been on hand to oversee them. (10/27/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Chekhov Sketchbook—An adaptation by Joseph Buloff and Luba Kadison of three Chekhov short stories, "The Vagabond," "The Witch," and "In a Music Shop." With Frank Bara, Julie Garfield, John Heard, Stephen D. Newman, Jack O'Connell, and Mr. Buloff. Starting Tuesday, Dec. 16, Jeffrey De Munn will replace Mr. Heard. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of a Lesser God—An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich as the woman and John Rubinstein as her troubled teacher-husband-friend-enemy. Starting Wednesday, Dec. 17, David Ackroyd will replace Mr. Rubinstein. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Christmas Carol—Charles Ludlam stars in his version of the Dickens classic, presented by his Ridiculous Theatrical Company. Fine for children. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 5 and 8.)

Coming Attractions—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Louise Lasser and Jobeth Williams in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: a Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Edward Chodorov's *1935* thriller **kind lady** (based on a short story by Hugh Walpole) is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 21. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fifth of July—One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams well-shaken; the results are substantial (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

42nd Street—Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and few classic songs enliven an otherwise iner pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie tha made Ruby Keeler a star. (9/8/80) (Winte Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878 *Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinée* Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Home—A young playwright named Samm-Ar Williams has composed a paean of hope an confidence about black life in the South With Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, an Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48t St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—The latest of Nei Simon's many plays about the endlessly wise cracking mind of Neil Simon. With Dic Latessa, Dinah Manoff, and Bernice Mass Starting Monday, Dec. 15, Valerie Lands burg will replace Miss Manoff. (4/14/80 (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220 Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, a

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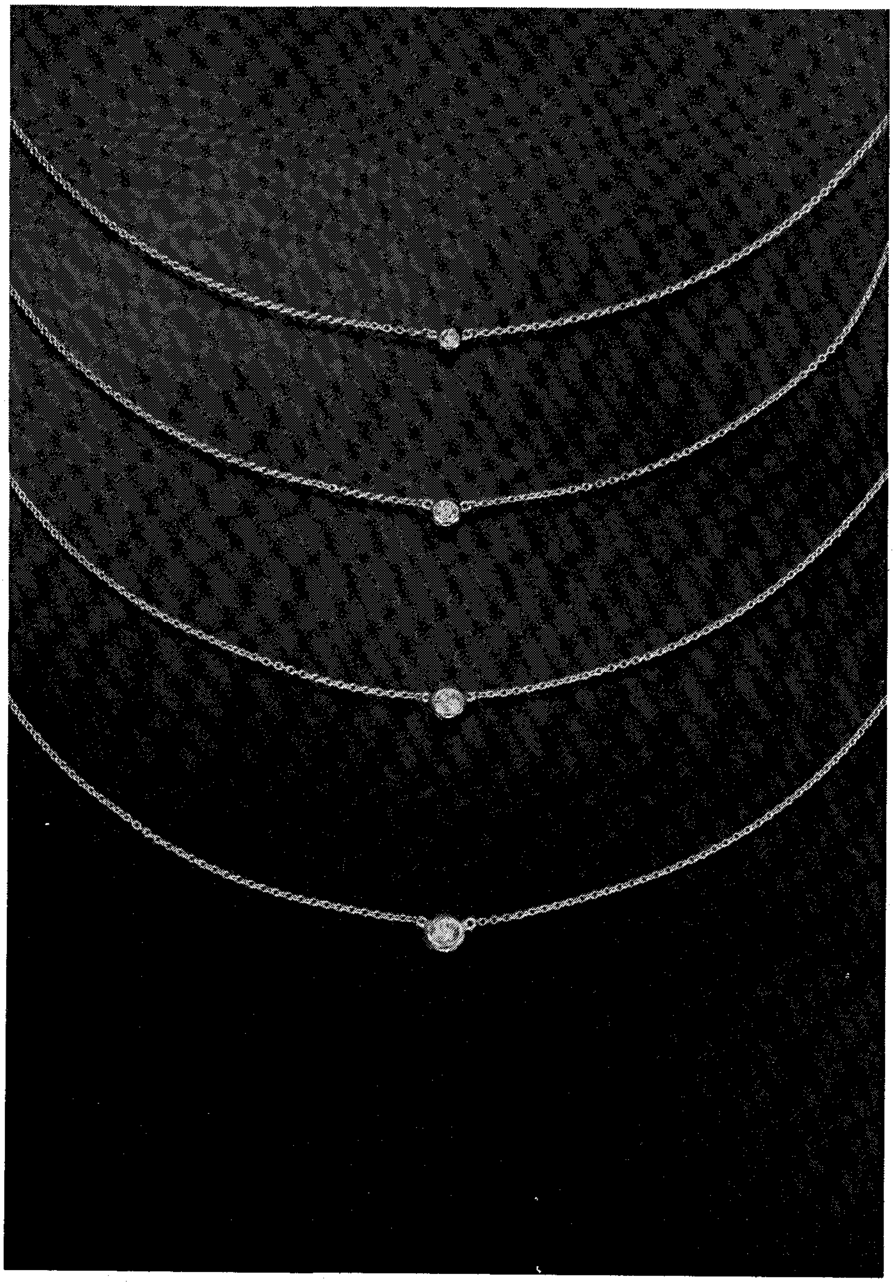

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8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

John Gabriel Borkman—A revival of Ibsen's play, with Irene Worth, E. G. Marshall, and Rosemary Murphy. Austin Pendleton is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 18, and will run through Sunday, March 8. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Judgement—Philip Anglim in a one-character play by Barry Collins. Staged by Ellen Burstyn. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14.)

A Lesson from Aloes—A tragedy about apartheid. The author, Athol Fugard, is a man of high principles, but his play is didactic and in want of dramatizing. (12/1/80) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Life—Hugh Leonard is so eloquent a playwright that he is able single-handed to sustain the Irish reputation for having a way with words. The hero of this sad comedy is a "dry old stick" of a man, bitterly humorous even in the face of death. The excellent cast is headed by Roy Dotrice. (11/10/80) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Through Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Lunch Hour—A new comedy by Jean Kerr, about a mild case of adultery in the Hamptons. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

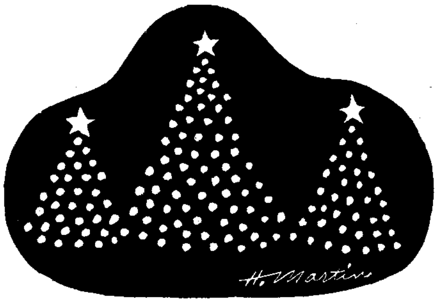
Morning's at Seven—A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Naomi Court—A revised version of the comedy-thriller by Michael Sawyer, originally produced at the Manhattan Theatre Club in 1974. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The second in this season's series of four productions is **ZOOMAN AND THE SIGN,** a strong, accomplished play, by Charles Fuller, about the murder of a little girl by a vicious street kid and the effect of the killing upon her shattered, courageous family. The production has been masterfully directed by Douglas Turner Ward, and the cast does him proud. With Giancarlo Esposito as the frightening Zooman; Mary Alice as the girl's mother; Ray Aranha as her brave father; and Alvin Alexis and Frances Foster, among others. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Onward Victoria—A musical by Charlotte Anker and Irene Rosenberg (book and lyrics) and Keith Herrmann (music) in which Jill Eikenberry will portray the suffragist Victoria Woodhull. Directed by Julianne Boyd. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 13. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 14. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Perfectly Frank—Sixty-five songs by Frank Loesser, most of them first-rate, placed in a framework more suited to TV than to Broadway. (12/8/80) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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The Philadelphia Story—A delightful new production of Philip Barry's masterly examination—at once admiring and mocking—of life on the Main Line. Blythe Danner is the irresistible Tracy Lord. The gorgeous set (itself worth the price of admission) is by John Conklin. (11/24/80) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The Seagull—Even Rosemary Harris's fine Mme. Arkadina cannot save this shallow, scattered production, under Andrei Serban's direction. (11/24/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14.)

The Slab Boys—John Byrne's very funny (very sad) comedy about young workers in a carpet factory in Glasgow. The performance, under Peter Maloney's direction, is impeccable. With Daniel Gerroll in the leading role. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 21.)

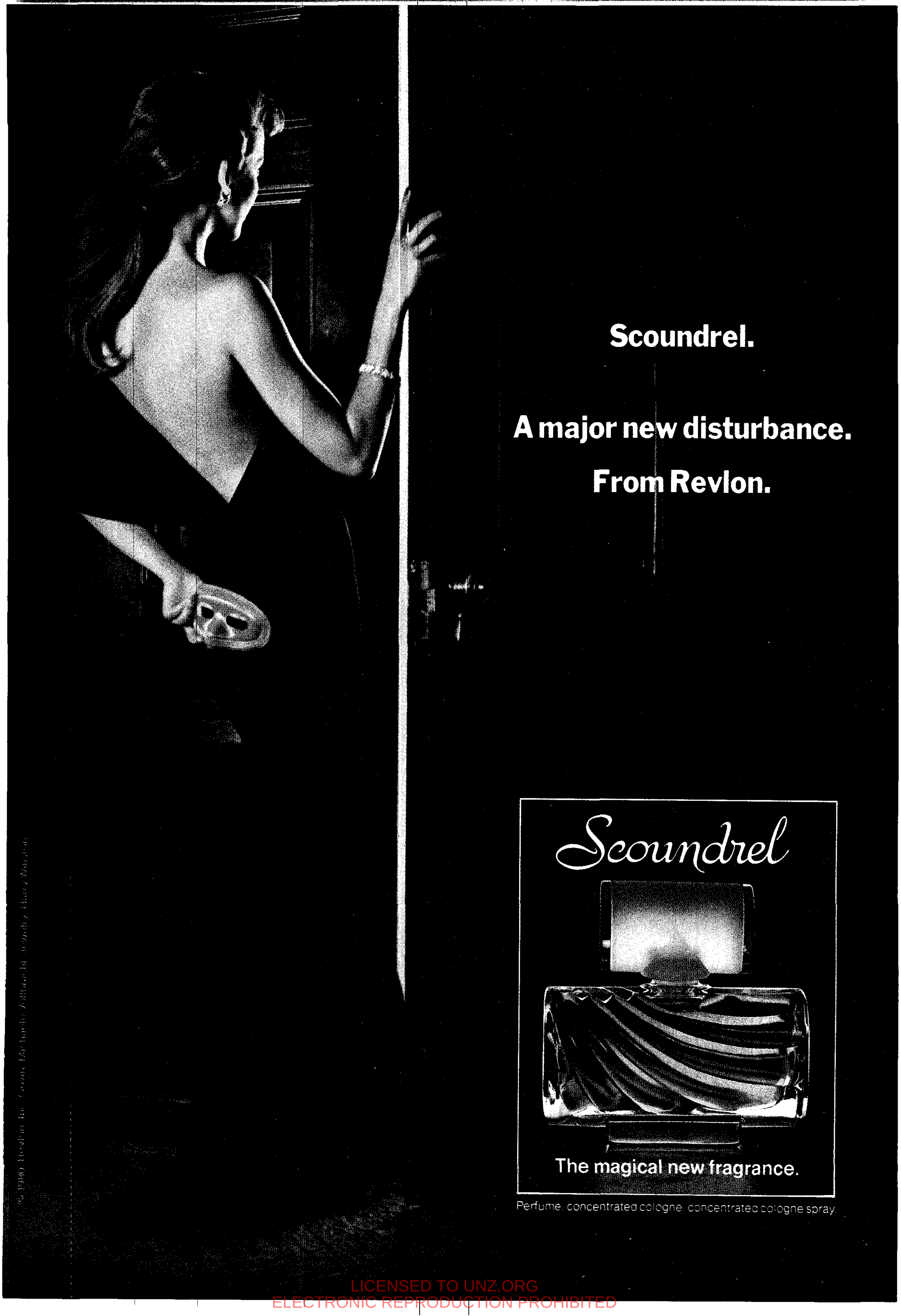
Tintypes—Five young people, all exceptionally talented, singing and dancing and making delightful fun of our turn-of-the-century forebears. (11/3/80) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Trixie True, Teen Detective—A campy disaster. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Winslow Boy—A respectable, summer-stock kind of production of Terence Rattigan's play based on the actual case of a thirteen-year-old boy who is falsely accused of stealing a five-shilling note. With Remak Ramsay as the barrister who defends him. (11/10/80) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Wish Me Mazel-Tov—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. With Alice Ghostley playing the role of Miss Hannigan. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Robert Reed, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. David Bowie is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,576 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at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7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN:** Why not? (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Truman Capote at Lincoln Center—Mr. Capote presenting a holiday program of readings from his own short stories. Opens Saturday, Dec. 13, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 28. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2:30; Monday, Dec. 15, at 7:30; Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 7; and Wednesday, Dec. 17, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, at 7:30.)

Radio City Music Hall—This year's Christmas show incorporates a hundred performers, a spectacle called the "Living Nativity," the singing of Chanukkah songs—and, of course, the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 2:30; Friday, Dec. 12, at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 13, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2 and 6:30; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 15-18, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Circus—The Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey annual rooty-toot of people and animals doing things that nature never intended them to do. The final days of an eleven-day engagement. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 10-11, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 12, at 3:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 13, at 11, 3, and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 1 and 5:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 4. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 6; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5; and Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—A three-week engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Butterfly," "Love Songs," "Les Noces," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Later That Day," "The Still Point," "Inside," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Night Creature," "The Time Before The Time After," "Masekela Langage," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2: "Phases," "Tilt," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Flowers," "Fire Sermon," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2: "Butterfly," "Inside," "Les Noces," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 14, at 7:30: "Night Creature," "The Time Before the Time After," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Later That Day," "Inside," "The Still Point," and "District Storyville." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Flowers," "Phases," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Masekela Langage," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Tilt," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2: "Butterfly," "Love Songs," "Les Noces," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Later That Day," "Inside," "The Still Point," and "Memoria." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Dec. 21.)

Splits—Final performances of a series of jazz and dance collaborations. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11-12, at 8: George Lewis and Blondell Cummings. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 13-14, at 8: Julius Hemphill and Joanne Robinson. (Black Theatre Alliance, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Weekend jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, pianist **RICHARD WYANDS** will join forces with **MAJOR HOLLEY,** the humming bassist, and drummer **JACKIE WILLIAMS;** and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, one of the world's greatest rhythm sections—pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BEN RILEY**—will be performing. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—This new club, named for the great Creole soprano saxophonist, is encrusted with mirrors, and in them, through Saturday, Dec. 13, will be reflected saxophonist **EDDIE DANIELS** and his trio. On Monday, Dec. 15, soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** will take over with *his* trio. Sundays are devoted to Anne Marie Moss, who sings with her backup trio. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An intimate—there are only four hundred seats—rock palace. The varied line-up: T. Roth & Another Pretty Face on Wednesday, Dec. 10; singer **ESTHER SATTERFIELD** on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13; and **RICHIE HAVENS** on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: Pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, Dec. 13, and pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and Mr. Mitchell beginning Monday, Dec. 15. Sundays are the property of the omnipresent Red Mitchell and pianist **MIKE ABENE.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

FIRE DEPT.
EICKE

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, works with pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** holds court with his trusty sidemen—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBERT SCOTT**—at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—With its exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and general ramshackle feel, this downtown rock-and-roll club looks like exactly what it is: the ultimate garage—i.e., the place to which garage bands everywhere aspire. The musicians: Humans from Earth, Mistakes, and Propellors on Wednesday, Dec. 10; John King & the Cats, the Drongoes, and the Narrows on Thursday, Dec. 11; Outsets and Sue Greenwood Band on Friday, Dec. 12; and Lenny Kaye & the Nuggets and D. C. Tenz on Saturday, Dec. 13. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—Singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** is once again in action conserving American popular music, along with bassist **JACK SIX** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** sings "Down Hearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976, and other tunes. Her shows begin Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays, **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. On Sunday, Dec. 14, bebop vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will head up a group that comprises guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** bassist **RICK LAIRD,** and drummer **RONNIE BEDFORD;** from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and positively first-rate jazz. **CLARK TERRY,** who plays trumpet and flugelhorn, and sings, mugs, and mumbles, winds up his stay on Sunday, Dec. 14.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

On Tuesday, Dec. 16, rhapsodic pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** will arrive with his trio. On Saturday, Dec. 13, at midnight, **CLARK TERRY** will lead off a twenty-four-hour benefit for the non-commercial jazz radio station WBGO-FM; other participants will include the likes of **ART BLAKEY, STAN GETZ, JOHHNY HARTMAN, CLIFFORD JORDAN,** and **MAX ROACH.** The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

GRAND FINALE, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A big, square room that currently is bringing in pop-jazz stars. Keyboardist **LONNIE LISTON SMITH** heads up his band through Saturday, Dec. 13; on Thursday, Dec. 18, Argentine tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI** will arrive for a three-night visit. Shows at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was until last year—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Saxophonist **BILL SAXTON,** bassist **ART DAVIS,** and pianist **HILTON RUIZ** work together and also back up **JOE LEE WILSON,** a loose, gutbucket, scorching improviser of a jazz singer, through Thursday, Dec. 11. Pop-jazz pianist Robert Kraft performs on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 13-14; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18, will be claimed by pianist **STEVE KUHN;** and Friday, Dec. 19, will be the beginning of a three-night Brazilian music festival, with **ANGELA SUAREZ, CLAUDIO RODITI,** and **GUILLERME FRANCO** among the participants. On Mondays, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** performs with pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND.** Live pop, pop-jazz, and jazz music nightly after eleven. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **AL GAFA,** pianist **ANDY LA VERNE,** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA.** Saturdays from seven to ten and Sundays from five to ten, pianist **BROOKS KERR** plays stride numbers and sings a bit, too.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a juke box.) Stride pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is playing just about everything he can think of in his smooth, easy manner. He's at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **JILL MC MANUS,** an obvious Wynton Kelly admirer, plays on Sundays and Mondays from seven to eleven.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. The **MARTY NAPOLEON** trio performs for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Unlike a lot of Hurrah's rock-disco competition, this second-floor space is amply large, its ceilings are quite high, and its video monitors are aimed from above in several directions, all of which makes it possible for one not to feel trapped or gulp for air or miss a hot video recording of David Bowie. The live-entertainment schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 10, DNA; Thursday, Dec. 11, Joey Wilson and Marty Watt & Dread Astair; Friday, Dec. 12, Ruts and Mission of Burma; and Saturday, Dec. 13, Ruts and Strain. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sunday and Monday, Dec. 14-15.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, one will find a built-in balcony loft from which one can survey the whole room, appreciate at least one cheering fire going (there are two fireplaces), and listen to trumpeter **CHET BAKER** and his neo-cool-school quartet performing on Fridays and Saturdays. On Sundays, composer, arranger, guitarist, percussionist, and singer **THIAGO DE MELLO** directs a ten-piece loose and limber rehearsal-style Brazilian jazz band. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the sets by the guest musicians—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** and trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** co-pilot a combo.

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JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

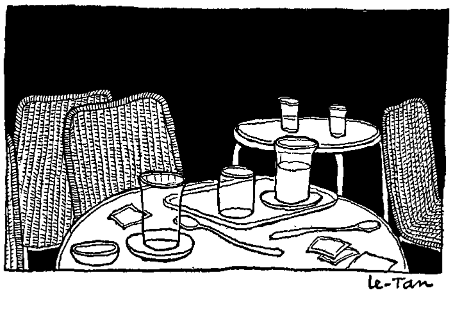
KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** are the musicians of the moment (through Saturday, Dec. 13). On Tuesday, Dec. 16, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA,** will take charge. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** play on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than Dallas. The musical standouts: **VASSAR CLEMENTS,** the Nashville fiddler who is not only technically astounding but who can cut loose, too, and his band on Wednesday, Dec. 10; Kinky Friedman, the Texas standup folkie, on Thursday, Dec. 11; Ray Wylie Hubbard, who sings and writes songs about being a Texas outlaw, on Sunday and Monday, Dec. 14-15; Chicago-blues-harp virtuoso **JAMES COTTON** on Tuesday, Dec. 16; and the Shaboo All-Stars, which features Chicago-blues guitarist **MATT MURPHY** (who used to work for Mr. Cotton), on Wednesday, Dec. 17. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singers' room on the upper East Side. **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL,** perhaps the most highly lauded vocal duo in jazz, are currently appearing in it. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 10, Stilettos, Volts, and the Lou Barone Group; Thursday, Dec. 11, Sally, Dick, & Jane, National Emergency, and Karyn Satyn & the Bedsheets; Friday, Dec. 12; Neon Leon and Eddie Dixon; Saturday, Dec. 13, Roland Alphonso and Science, Sunday, Dec. 14, BMT, Reality, and Rivitones; Monday, Dec. 15, Maroons, the Call, and Papers; and Tuesday, Dec. 16, Eddie Estrogen & the Hormones and John Eddie & the Front Street Runners. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK HYMAN'S** Perfect Jazz Repertory Quintet—trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN,** soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER,** bassist **MILT HINTON,** and drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN**—has settled i to perform Tuesdays through Saturdays. Th repertory: Irving Berlin songs. The first se begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, fror nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional Ne Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Alle comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.



MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864 8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper Wes Side night club that brings in satisfying jaz rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Soul an disco singer Tasha Thomas performs o Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 10-11. Music from ten to two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (26C 3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassis Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturday and Sundays from nine-fifteen until tw Mondays and Fridays are claimed by th Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sexte that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)— small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, bu there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown i here and there. **MICHAEL HURLEY,** a singer, guitarist, and songwriter who lives in Vermon will perform with his band on Friday an Saturday, Dec. 12-13; on Thursday, Dec. 1 Roomful of Blues will play blues and roc and on Friday, Dec. 19, Aztec Two-Step, folk duo, will begin swapping sets with singe Christine Lavin. Shows most nights at nin and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturday at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new talent showcase begins about nine-thirty Dining.

PALSSON'S, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—An up stairs jazz room and bar. Singer **SHEILA JORDA** and pianist **STEVE KUHN** work together o Wednesday, Dec. 10; Thursday throug Saturday, Dec. 11-13, tenor saxophonist **B NICK NICHOLAS** will lead his quartet; Sunda Dec. 14, will belong to tenor saxophonis **CHICO FREEMAN'S** quartet; Monday throug Wednesday, Dec. 15-17, pianist **ROLAND HANN** will perform with bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY;** and o Thursday, Dec. 18, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEE** and bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** will begin a three night stint. Music from about ten. Dining.

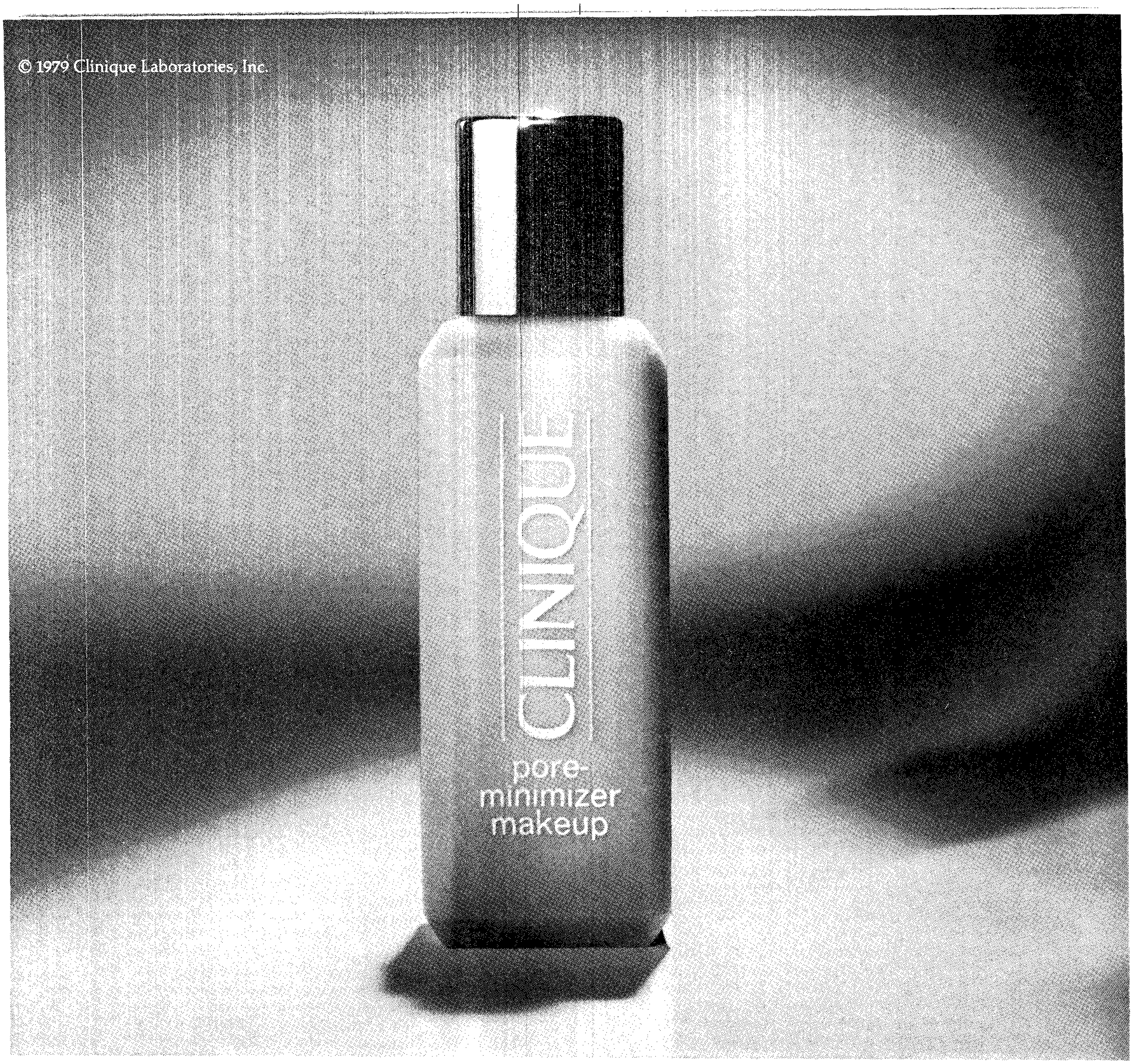
PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Par Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON'** playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting th hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch tha seems magically smooth and cushioned, an his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty t twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-909 —An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fift floor. **SY OLIVER** and his band play bounc dance music Tuesdays through Thursday from seven to one, Fridays and Saturday from eight to two, and Sundays from six t midnight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and ro in more Art Deco—in this case, a very larg ballroom: the dance floor measures forty b fifty feet. Wednesday, Dec. 10, Hall & Oate Thursday, Dec. 11, Ian Gillan; Friday, De 12, the Romantics and Joey Wilson; Saturday, Dec. 13, the Romantics; Sunday, De 14, the Babys and Off Broadway; Monda and Tuesday, Dec. 15-16, **GLADYS KNIGHT & TH PIPS** (at eight and eleven); Wednesday an Thursday, Dec. 17-18, **JOE (KING) CARRASC** Dirty Looks, Any Trouble, the Equators, an Tenpole Tutor; Friday, Dec. 19, Vapors; an Saturday, Dec. 20, Carlene Carter. Musi begins usually after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (75 4500)—In the King Cole Room, an unin spired tribute to Gershwin is under way with Annie Jo Edwards, Christine Andrea Ed Evanko, and Chip Garnett comprisin the singing and hoofing cast. Monday through Thursdays at nine-thirty, an Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty an eleven-thirty. Dining.

SALT PEANUTS, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach S (431-6044)—Convenient to SoHo (South Houston), NoHo (North of Houston), Tribec (Triangle Below Canal), and Benthwesh (Be neath the West Side Highway). The club i actually worth a trip from any part of th



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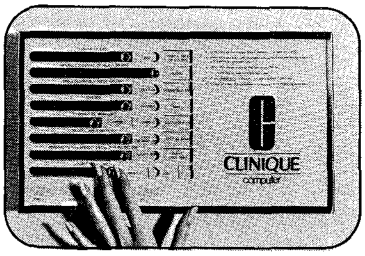

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

city. **RED GARLAND,** the pianist in Miles Davis's legendary mid-fifties quintet, is still as fresh and buoyant as ever, and he's leading his trio through Saturday, Dec. 13. On Monday, Dec. 15, trumpeter Tex Allen's quintet will move onto the bandstand. Music nightly, except Sundays, from ten to four. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A spacious, airy, second-floor room. The jazz and jazz-rock roster: French horn player **JOHN CLARK,** tuba player **BOB STEWART,** and saxophonist **GARY BARTZ** on Wednesday, Dec. 10; Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 11-14, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** and his group; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 16-18, Argentine pianist Jorge Dalto's band; and Friday through Sunday, Dec. 19-21, drummer **BILLY COBHAM.** Music from ten to two nightly. Closed Mondays.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Another outlet for absolutely first-rate piano-bass teams: **BARRY HARRIS** and **SAM JONES** through Saturday, Dec. 13, and **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER** from Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 17-20. On Tuesday, Dec. 16, Janet Lawson, a young bebop singer, will be on hand with her trio. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** leads his group through Saturday, Dec. 13; and Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 16-20, alto saxophonist **JOHN HANDY** will be making a rare New York club appearance. Sundays belong to singer **CHRIS CONNOR** and Mondays to guitarist **TINY GRIMES** and his trio. Shows from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford—line the wall. Thursdays through Saturdays are the property of saxophonist **CHARLES DAVIS** and his quartet, which begins playing about nine-thirty. Sundays belong to the **LOUIS HAYES-HAROLD MABERN-CLINT HOUSTON** trio (that's drums, piano, and bass); they start at eight. And on Tuesday, Dec. 16, pianist and singer Ellen Mandel and guitarist and singer Michael Lydon perform their own vaudeville-like tunes and comedy at nine and ten-thirty. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A rock, jazz, ska, and blues lineup. **RUFUS THOMAS,** an ex-DJ from Memphis and a soul singer in the sixties (his big hit was "Walking the Dog"), sings hoarse-voiced R. & B. with backup help from the young sextet the **REALTONES,** Wednesdays through Saturdays. Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Joni Peltz and Bob Duncan on Wednesday, Dec. 10; John Galt and Balloon on Thursday, Dec. 11; the Doolittle Band and Robert Ellis Oral on Friday, Dec. 12; **LEON REDBONE,** the folk-and-ragtime singer and guitarist, on Saturday, Dec. 13; and Kitsch on Monday, Dec. 15. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**THE WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA** plays dance music from the thirties and forties on Friday, Dec. 12. The following Friday (Dec. 19) drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** will return with his **SAVOY SULTANS.** And, fortunately, the management has installed a dance floor in the barnlike downstairs room where the bands work. The bands begin sometime after ten. Mondays are given over to salsa, which begins playing at nine. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here, and none are necessary. Violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** performs with pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **ROY HAYNES** through Sunday, Dec. 14. On Tuesday, Dec. 16, altoist **PHIL WOODS** will bring in his quartet. The **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts off on Mondays. Music from ten.

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WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Esther Blue on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Harris Simon Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. The **COUNTSMEN**—ex-Basie-ites **DICKY WELLS** and **EARLE WARREN** and their Kansas City-style quintet—are present through Tuesday, Dec. 16; Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 17-20, **BIG NICK NICHOLAS,** a tenor saxophonist with a Satchmo singing style and stage presence, will head up his quartet. Music from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

RETURN OF THE JAM SESSION—Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Richie Cole, Benny Bailey, Junior Mance, Major Holley, Walter Perkins, and Bob Dorough. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

WILLIE NELSON—With Carlene Carter. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11-12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

JACK BRUCE & FRIENDS (CLEM CLEMPSON, BILLY COBHAM, AND DAVID SANCIOUS)—With the Michael Stanley Band. (Palladium. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN & THE E STREET BAND—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19, at 8.

THE ROCHES—With David Roche & the Beeline. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8 and midnight.)

TED CURSON SEXTET—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. 924-5026. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8 and 10.

PAUL WINTER AND THE WINTER CONSORT—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.

MELBA LISTON & COMPANY—Jazz Gallery. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8 and 10.

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8:30: Fred Frith and Bob Ostertag. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30: Youseff Yancy Consort and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30: Ronald Shannon Jackson's Decoding Society and Divine Monochord. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30: Vortex. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3: Commitment. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 9: Sonny Sharrock. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30: Rashied Bakr and Friends. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, at 9: Paquito d'Rivera Quintet, with Hilton Ruiz. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Tito Puente and the Dave Valentin group will give a concert, the proceeds of which will inaugurate the Tito Puente Scholarship Fund at the Juilliard School of Music. (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

VINCENZO AGNETTI—An installation (four sculptures, four photographs) by an Italian Conceptualist. Through Dec. 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

BENNY ANDREWS—Paper collages that were studies for the artist's ninety-six-foot mural at the Atlanta airport. One can trace the evolution of the strange bird that represents flight in the final composition—a bird that the artist says he hoped would make people smile Through Dec. 24. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

FRANCO ASSETTO—Small, painstaking studies of storefronts in Italy, California, and New York, done in oil on wooden panels. (Bodley 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.) . . . ¶ The front room of the gallery is showing works by Mary Faulconer, Jeanne Owens, and Richard de Menocal. Through Saturday, Dec. 20.

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E 75th St.)

FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-70)—A benefit loan show of more than sixty paintings, drawings and tapestries. Through Friday, Dec. 19 (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays closed Saturdays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER (1898-1976)—A performing seal painted red, white, and blue, who balances a circusy trinket on his nose is typical of the cheerful standing mobiles in this exhibit, many of them never shown in public before. Through Jan. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

ANTHONY CARO—The principal elements of these Constructivist sculptures were cast in bronze or brass by the artist and then welded together. Through Dec. 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

CLARENCE H. CARTER—Paintings and drawings from the twenties through the forties by a realist. Two of the tipoff titles are "Good Crop" and "War Bride." Through Jan. 3 (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

BRUNO CIVITICO—A nude bathed in bright sunshine, and a view of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, from the artist's studio are among the recent works on view. Through Dec. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

COLO—Thirty abstract works: black oil stick on unstretched canvas and pencil drawings Through Jan. 31. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-73)—Twenty-three box constructions and nine collages. Through Jan 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. A Cornell retrospective is currently at the Museum of Modern Art.)

JOSÉ DE RIVERA—Hand-hammered steel sculptures in his familiar style—endless whirls of meta that seem to spin in the air, and, in this case actually do revolve slowly on their pedestals Through Thursday, Dec. 18. (Borgenicht 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOHN DOBBS—Recent works by a social-realist artist whose style and subject matter reflect his tutelage under Jack Levine and Ben Shahn. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

LÉON HARTL (1889-1973)—Landscapes, still-lifes and figurative works of a gentle, shimmery nature. Through Dec. 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—Fruit and flower still-life paintings. Also jewelry made in collaboration with Bessie Jamieson. Through Dec. 30 (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

YURI KUPER—Large watercolor and tempera ren-

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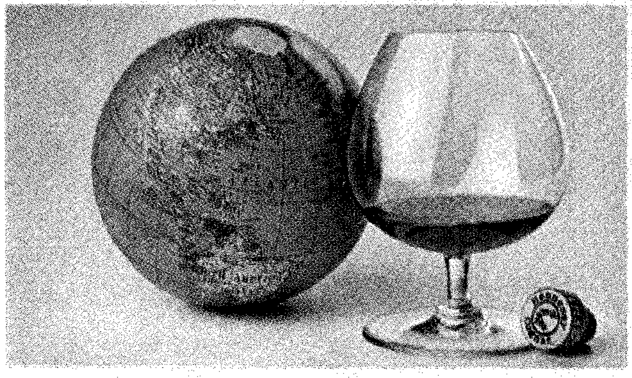

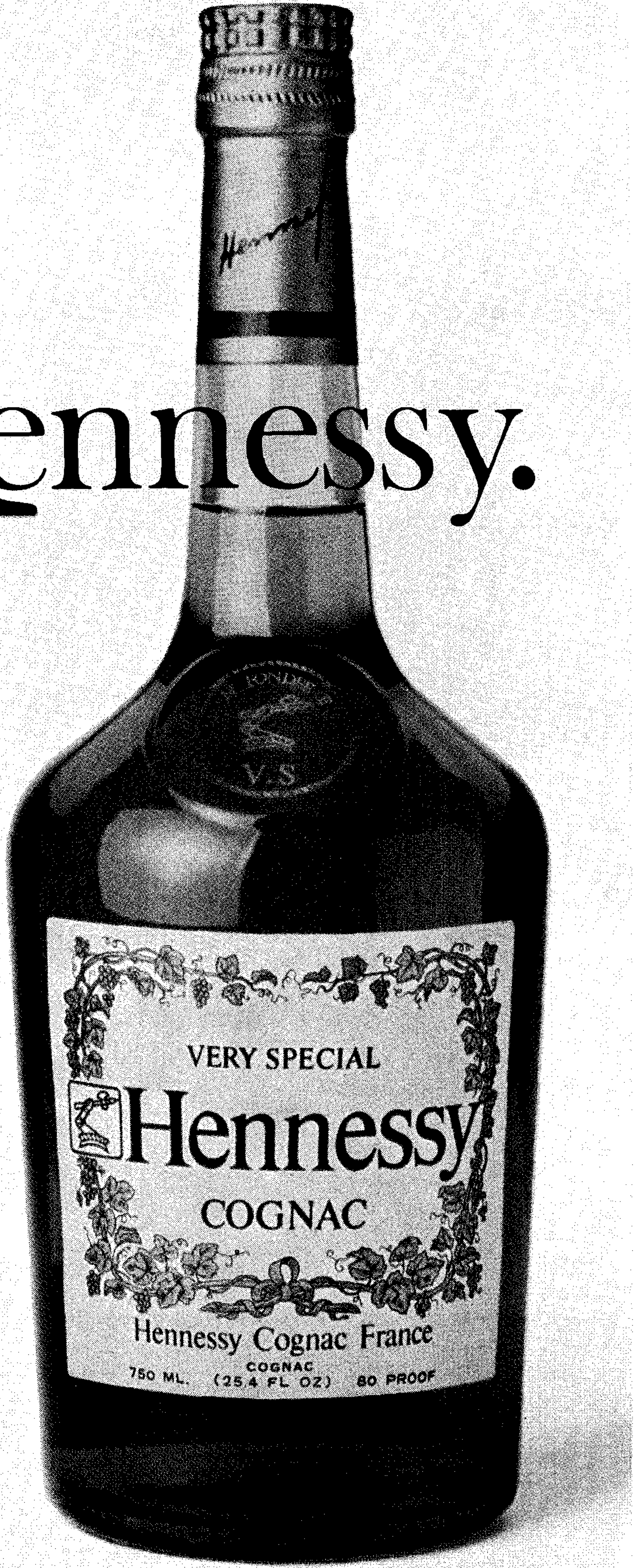
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ditions of time-worn surfaces—doors, for the most part—which the artist says have a hypnotic appeal for him. Through Jan. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Edward Larson—Fourteen quilts (designed by the artist, stitched by rural Midwestern quilters), twenty carved-and-painted toys (for adults, the artist says). Through Jan. 7. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Alice Neel / John White Alexander (1856-1915) —Recent paintings by this artist who, at the age of eighty, shows no signs of mellowing in her honest appraisals of her fellow-citizens. / Portraits of Mark Twain, Booth Tarkington, and the actor Joseph Jefferson are among the selected works by this painter, whose specialty was idealized, Whistlerian figures. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Forty-eight works ranging from bordello vignettes to a large pastoral landscape of Hamman Lif, a Tunisian spa, painted on black paper in 1924. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

George Rickey—Twenty-one pieces dating from the fifties to the present by an innovator of kinetic sculpture. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

William Tucker—Abstract metal sculptures; also drawings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 17. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Tod Wizon—Small acrylic paintings of what appear to be violent volcanic eruptions, done by an artist whose professed aim is to express emotions with color alone. Through Dec. 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Piet Zwart (1885-1977)—Calendars, catalogues, advertisements, and photographs by the Dutch designer and typographer. Through Jan. 9. (Ex Libris, 160A E. 70th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **CASTELLI,** 4 E. 77th St.: Prints and photographs, for the most part, by contemporary artists Ralph Gibson, Frank Stella, Sandy Skoglund, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: Eleven artists showing a single new work each; an oil on canvas by de Kooning and a Formica sculpture by Heizer are two. Through Dec. 31. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works on paper and a few oils (by Balthus, Masson, Tanguy, and others); some Matisse drawings that came directly from his family, and one oil and two works on paper by Picasso are on exhibit in this country for the first time. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **TUNICK,** 12 E. 81st St.: More than three hundred eighteenth-century Italian prints, including views of Rome by Piranesi and Panini, and views of Venice by Carlevaris and Canaletto. Also: Tiepolo, Bellotto, and others. Through Dec. 31.

Sculpture—Thirty-two works by as many artists. Harmony Hammond has one of her cloth-wrapped ladders; Boaz Vaadia has a five-foot freestanding work in wood, fur, and stone; and Helene Brandt's "Scarab" is a large welded-steel movable sculpture. Through Jan. 3. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Mordecai Ardon—Thirty paintings executed between 1967 and 1980 by an Israeli artist. Through Jan. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ernest Briggs—Recent Abstract Expressionist paintings, done with bold, broad swipes of color. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Patrick Henry Bruce (1881-1936)—Still-lifes and landscapes done between 1910-12 which reflect the influence of his friend Matisse but give little hint of the lyrical Synchromist abstractions that he was to be doing a few years later. Through Dec. 31. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Walter Dusenbery—Impressive eight-foot columns carved of travertine or Arabascato marble and shown in pairs, sometimes supporting a short section of entablature. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

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Janet Fish—Outsize paintings of glittering glassware and table silver. Through Dec. 31. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Fleischner / Ezra Stoller—Drawings and photographs, both related to a sculpture the artist recently completed in Woodlawn, Maryland. / Photographs of architecture, 1939-80. Through Jan. 10. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Sunlit interiors, bright with flowers, and landscapes of downtown Manhattan and the Hamptons by this well-known realist. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Melanie Greene—Large floral watercolors evocative of both Art Nouveau designs and Japanese scrolls. First solo show in New York. Through Jan. 3. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Grossman—Hand-carved life-size wooden heads sewn up in a leather skin with openings for the nose, eyes, and, occasionally, mouth. Through Jan. 3. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Elga Heinzen—A third-dimensional quality is achieved in these charcoal drawings of draperies done on raw, shaped canvases. There is also a collection of small painted ceramic pillows. Through Dec. 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jess—Large montages composed of clippings from a wide variety of sources—saccharine figures in advertisements, Winslow Homer reproductions, antique steel engravings, Bruegel prints, anatomical charts. Through Jan. 16. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918) **and Egon Schiele** (1890-1918)—Paintings and drawings by the Austrian Expressionists, including Schiele's famous portrait of his father-in-law and Klimt's two portraits of Mäda Primavesi. Nearly all the works were handled by the dealer Otto Kallir, in whose memory the loan exhibit was organized. Through Dec. 27. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Kortlander—Sunlit cumulus clouds rising above the Ohio woodlands are a favorite subject for this artist, a fifth-generation landscape painter. Through Jan. 3. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

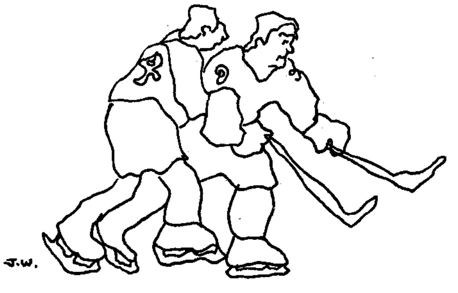
Rosemary Mayer—Sculptures from the seventies. Through Dec. 23. (Women's Interart Center, 549 W. 52nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

George Mayocole / Louise Fishman—Eighty-six abstractions made of found objects—radio parts, saw blades, wire, hinges—and each meant to represent a different fish are assembled together in a thirty-foot wall sculpture called the Big Fish. / Small abstract paintings of interlocking forms done at the MacDowell Colony this past summer. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Oscarsson Hood, a recently opened gallery at 41 W. 57th St. Open Tuesday evenings until 7:30.)

Michael Mazur—Monotypes. Through Jan. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Zero Mostel (1915-77)—Paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 24. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Judith Murray—Sharp-edge abstract paintings and drawings, predominantly in red, black, and ochre. Through Jan. 2. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)



Ben Norris—Oils and watercolors by an artist who specializes in painting puddles of water and a wide variety of subjects reflected in them. Through Thursday, Dec. 18. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Archie Rand / Stanley Boxer—This artist, known for his synagogue murals, is now painting small, as a discipline, and filling his work with art-history references. For instance, a de Chirico horse shares a canvas with a Chardin settee; a Hudson River-school murk provides the background for a bottle of gin. Through Dec. 31. / Marble sculptures (beige shell and Belgium black) that are alternately roughly chiselled and smoothly polished. Through Jan. 8. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard Shaw—Porcelain sculptures that exactly reproduce a stack of objects—baskets, plates, pencil-marked books, playing cards. Through Jan. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

William Thon—Oil paintings of fishing boats and winter scenes around Port Clyde, Maine. Through Jan. 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Mimi Weisbord—Large floral designs, partly painted on paper and hung on the wall and partly sketched on the wall itself. There are also projected floral paintings for the outside walls of buildings. Through Dec. 26. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Zao Wou-ki—Landscape paintings and ink drawings in which Oriental brushwork is combined with an Abstract Expressionist style. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: Travel sketches by Louis Kahn and collages by Richard Meier are among the works in "Art by Architects." Through Jan. 3. . . . **GOODMAN,** 38 E. 57th St.: "Further Furniture" is a show of tables, chairs, lamps, and the like by Arman, Meret Oppenheim, Max Neuhaus, and other artists. Through Dec. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG,** 50 W. 57th St.: A black-and-white show that contains some impressive nuggets—drawings by Matisse, Adolph Gottlieb, Larry Rivers, and Tom Wesselmann, for instance, and sculptures by Bolotowsky and Louise Nevelson. Through Jan. 10. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: A rousing exhibition of American painting which ranges from 1750 to the present but concentrates on recent realists—Burchfield, Levine, O'Keeffe, Marsh, Marin, Demuth, and so on. Through Jan. 9. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PEARL,** 29 W. 57th St.: A Christmas show entitled "All That Glisters" includes tall Grecian columns topped with miniature Parthenons by Eliot Lable; a gilded torso by Lynda Benglis; and a sort of homage to the Cimabue crucifix by Barbara Siegel, which includes photographic portraits of her and her husband as Mary Magdalene and Saint John. Through Dec. 31. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Abstract works by East Hampton artists done during the vintage years 1946-56, including pieces by Pollock, Motherwell, de Kooning, Ossorio, and thirteen others. This show was originally organized for an exhibition at the American Cultural Center in Paris last year. Through Jan. 3. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Daniel Buren—By way of announcing the Weber Gallery's move to Greene Street next month, the artist has blocked off (with striped linen fabric) everything in the present location except for a corridor leading from the elevator entrance to the stairway exit. Through Dec. 23. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Arthur Cohen—Paintings of East River views and of Provincetown. Through Dec. 31. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Agnes Denes—Greatly magnified color photographs dramatizing the germination of rice seeds. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Stevan Jennis—Quirky sculptural pieces made of painted cardboard—a large octagonal urn, a piano, a full-size Queen Anne chair.

Through Jan. 3. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Franc Palaia—Trompe-l'oeil sculptures of decaying billboards, city walls (a couple of them with a window left intact), and the like, plus color photographs of the same themes. Through Wednesday, Dec. 17. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Ray Parker—Large abstract acrylic paintings, including what looks like a vastly enlarged (six feet six inches by fourteen feet ten) landscape sketch from his notebook. Through Dec. 24. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Ed Paschke—Figure paintings that border on surrealism. Through Jan. 7. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Joel Shapiro—Minimalist sculptures—figures, houses—in cast bronze, wood, and iron. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Frank Stout / Herman Somberg—Sculptural works, for the most part small wall pieces done in high-relief plaster or terra-cotta—nudes with cupids, classical figures, portrait heads. / Portraits. Through Thursday, Dec. 18. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

James Turrell—A light installation that makes use of the gallery's skylight as well as track lights. Through Jan. 17. (Castelli, 142 Greene St. A larger Turrell exhibition is at the Whitney Museum.)

John Walker—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Tom Wudl / Paolo Colombo—This artist paints abstract designs on female nudes and then photographs them (he lives in Los Angeles), and also makes drawings of similarly decorated models, among other subjects. / Small works on paper, plus collages and hand-lettered statements by the artist in Italian. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 420 West Broadway: The walls are jammed with a drawing apiece by some two hundred contemporary artists, many of them famous. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . **jack**, 138 Prince St.: A holiday show of works by fourteen artists, among them Erté, Douglas Hofmann, Knox Martin, and Juan Sanchez. Through Jan. 4. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **soho 20**, 99 Spring St.: A new work each by twelve of the gallery members, among them Kate Resek (pastels on unprimed canvas), Rosalind Shaffer (a portrait construction), and Diane Kaiser (a wall sculpture). Also a formal portrait in acrylics by Shirley Gorelick. Through Dec. 24. (Opens at noon.) . . . **thorp**, 419 West Broadway: Drawings by more than twenty artists, including Morris Graves, Barry Le Va, and Jane Rosen. Through Jan. 10. . . . **washburn**, 113 Greene St.: An all-star show demonstrating the effect of Matisse on American abstract painting. Among the eight artists represented are Diebenkorn, Stella, and Motherwell. Through Dec. 31.

OTHER GALLERIES

Sonia Delaunay (1885–1979)—A retrospective of more than two hundred works (paintings, graphics, books, textiles, and costumes) by the School of Paris painter, who also collaborated on commercial endeavors with, among others, Tristan Tzara, Jacques Heim, Blaise Cendrars, and Diaghilev. Through Dec. 27. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Anatol Kovarsky—Oil paintings—circus scenes, parades, crowded beaches, stripteasers, prizefighters—by an artist who has contributed many drawings to this magazine. Through Sunday, Dec. 14. (Zoma, 327 Columbus Ave., at 75th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:30; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Louise Kruger—Roughly carved pine and cedar sculptures of figures and animals; nearly all of the pieces have moving parts. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

Joe Neill—Sculptures and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

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Michael Vessa—A large-scale architectural environment. Through Jan. 9. (City University Graduate Center, *ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)*

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eve Arnold—A show of color photographs of China taken in 1979 has been mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Michael Bishop / Nicholas Nixon—Color photographs that include views of small cities and rural areas. / 8x10 portraits. Through Jan. 3. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson / Brassaï—A small group of vintage prints from the thirties and forties are compared with those same works printed in the seventies. / Nineteen photographs in the "Secret Paris of the Thirties" series. Through Jan. 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays *through* Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

T. Lux Feininger—The photographer was a Dessau Bauhaus student in his teens when he began doing these prints recording the more lighthearted moments there—for one, the Bauhaus swing band. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

William Garnett—A series of aerial views by a photographer-pilot. Through Dec. 31. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Gjon Mili / Robert Bourdeau—A retrospective of the works of a *Life* photojournalist responsible for introducing high-speed electronic flash units into the craft. / Contact prints of Utah mountains, the British Isles, and Canada. Through Jan. 18. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

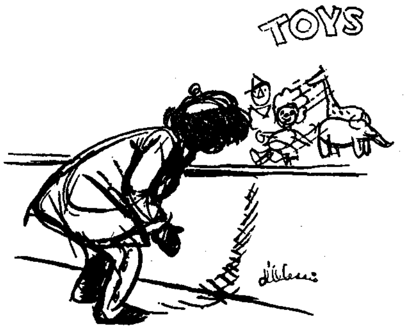
Lucas Samaras—Polaroids: large-scale and not-so-large, some of them manipulated, and all showing Samaras with nude models. Through Jan. 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Julie Thayer—Photographs of European shepherds and their sheep. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jerry N. Uelsmann / Charles Pratt—Montages, many stemming from a visit to Japan. / Wilderness photographs by an artist whose work has appeared in *Audubon* and *Natural History.* Through Jan. 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of gold and silver jewelry, gilt-bronze objects, stone, wood, and ivory carvings, and other *cartes de visite* the Vikings left behind in Denmark, England, and elsewhere. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A showing of Hans Hofmann's "Renate" series; the nine paintings were completed shortly before his death, in 1966. . . . ¶ Among the eighty nineteenth-century French drawings from the Lehman Collection are those by Seurat, Redon, Renoir, and Daumier. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesday through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.— Joseph Cornell retrospective consisting of tw hundred assemblages in boxes and seventy five collages. Through Jan. 20. A complementary show is at Castelli Feigen Corcoran 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of nearly a hundred photographs b William Klein. Shown primarily by slid projection, the works are street scenes i New York, Rome, Moscow, and Tokyc Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ A show of Rober Motherwell's graphics. Through Tuesday Dec. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 1 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.— show of German Expressionist painting drawings, and prints, centering on tha movement's leading exponents—Nolde Kirchner, Heckel, Marc, Kandinsky, Ko koschka, and Beckmann. Through Jan. 1 (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tues days, 11 to 8, with no admission charge fro *5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 t* 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Av at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works c Edward Hopper, beginning with schoolbo drawings of locomotives and horse-draw wagons; going on to his earnest art-studen studies; and culminating in such maste pieces as "Early Sunday Morning," "Coas Guard Station," and "Lighthouse at Tw Lights." The painstaking preliminar sketches for many of the renowned painting are also shown. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Six in stallations by James Turrell, a California art ist who uses natural and artificial light a both his medium and his subject. Throug Jan. 1. A complementary show is at Leo Cas telli, 142 Greene St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twen ty paintings and collages by Ad Reinhar from the permanent collection. Through Fe 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tue days, 11 to 8, with no admission charge aft 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Th Dinner Party," Judy Chicago's sculptur tour de force of a table with place settings f thirty-nine celebrated women, real an fictional. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ "America Drawing in Black and White: 1970-80, works by such artists as Johns, Dine, an Motherwell. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A show furniture, ceramics, and other objects twentieth-century American design. Stickle Noguchi, Eames, and others are represente Through Feb. 8. . . . **photography:** Eve Arnol showing prints of China taken in 197 Through Jan. 11. (*A note of caution: som* galleries are open on only a rotating bas Hours in general: Wednesdays through Sa urdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Centr Park W. at 79th St.—The Gardner D. Sto *Hall of Asian Peoples, a permanent exhib* tion of the museum's vast collection of Asia ethnographic materials, as well as rare a objects. (Open daily. Hours: Monday through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesda evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts an Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memori exhibition of paintings by Alexander Broo Philip Guston, and Clyfford Still. . . . ¶ Th annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund sho about forty paintings by contemporary ar ists, some of which will be bought by th Academy/Institute as gifts to museum (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Bo shows through Dec. 21.

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The origi and various guises of the "wild man"—th mythical figure so popular in medieval art— are explored in this show of some sixty o jects: a woodcut of a werewolf by Luc Cranach the Elder, a pair of gilded-an enamelled ewers (once belonging to the Ord of Teutonic Knights), a Swiss tapestry en tled "Wild Folk Working the Land. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mo days. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturday 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91

St.—A treatise on functional domestic wares, both historical (a fifteenth-century alcove bed, a prototype of Buckminster Fuller's 1937 "Dymaxion" bathroom) and ecumenical (chopsticks, a fifty-piece Tiffany place setting). Through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ A display of more than fifty plans for Central Park drawn up by the architectural firm headed by Frederick Law Olmstead and Calvert Vaux. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of paintings on scrolls, screens, and fans from the Rimpa school, which was originated in seventeenth-century Japan by a calligrapher and potter, Kōetsu, and a fan-shop owner, Sōtatsu, who themselves were greatly influenced by twelfth-century Heian-style painting, wherein a story, calligraphy, and decoration are unified in a single work. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Travel photographs of the Near East taken nearly a hundred years ago by La Maison Bonfils, a firm operated in Beirut by a French family (Felix and Lydie Bonfils and their son, Adrien). . . . ¶ Andy Warhol has done a set of portraits of twentieth-century Jews: Bernhardt, Brandeis, Buber, Einstein, Freud, Gershwin, Kafka, the Marx Brothers, Meir, and Gertrude Stein. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) Both shows through Jan. 4.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts and fifty single leaves. Through Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Small Folk," an exhibit of folk art made for children—stuffed animals, doll furniture, sleds, rocking horses, quilts. The earliest item is a 1771 checkerboard game. Starts Friday, Dec. 12. A companion show is at the New-York Historical Society; see below. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8; with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of American landscape paintings, selected from the permanent collection. The majority are from the second half of the nineteenth century, but three (by Anne Poor, Paul Resika, and Wolf Kahn) were painted as recently as the seventies. Kensett, Church, Cole, and Durand are among those represented. Through Feb. 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Small Folk," a display of American art works and other data that relate to children of the seventeenth century through the nineteenth: paintings of children, samplers and other hand-designed records of their vital statistics, infant furniture, and devices used to instill religion and an education. Starts Friday, Dec. 12. This exhibit dovetails with one at the Museum of American Folk Art; see above. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of architectural sculptures by George Smith. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings of Edward Clark. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Claire Fergusson (performance), Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Two exhibitions: one by eight artists from the Dutch experimental outpost De Appel (through Wednesday, Dec. 17), the other of copies of *View* magazine and other publications (1930-49) from the collection of Charles Henri Ford (through Jan. 31).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibi-

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tion hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Stuart Dempster (music), Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, at 8:30; Ralph Hocking & Sherry Miller (a video synthesis demonstration), Sunday, Dec. 14, at 8:30; Susan Rethorst & Dancers, Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 18-21, at 8:30; photographic works by Mike Glier, through Jan. 3.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—A group exhibition of watercolors as well as individual shows by such artists as Christo (sculpture), Catherine Porter-Scully (paintings), and Barbara Kruger (photographs). Through Jan. 25.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with the New York Vocal Arts Ensemble. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 864-6765.)

Orpheon Chorale and the Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost directing a performance of Berlioz' Christmas oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," *with Patricia Miller, mezzo-soprano;* John Gilmore, tenor; Arthur Thompson, baritone; and Malcolm Smith, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Cappella Nova—Richard Taruskin directing a program called "Christmas at Cambrai: Music from the Burgundian Court." (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

St. Thomas Choir—Gerre Hancock directing a performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," Parts I, II, and III, with Peter Becker, countertenor; Gary Glaze, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at *53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 7:30. Tickets* at the door on the night of the concert.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Michael Burt, baritone; and John Challener, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—A program of English, French, and German songs, with Lucy Shelton, soprano, and Frank Hoffmeister, tenor. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 838-3036.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program entitled "Christmas in Anglia," comprising vocal and instrumental music of the thirteenth century to the seventeenth. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Handel's "Messiah"—masterwork chorus and orchestra: David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst and Michael Best, tenors; Michael Burt, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sundays, Dec. 14 and 21, at 2 and 6:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8.) . . . **musica sacra:** Richard Westenburg directing, with Ashley Putnam, soprano; James Bowman, countertenor; Rockwell Blake, tenor; and Paul Plishka, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 7:30.) . . . **oratorio society of new york:** Lyndon Woodside directing, with Kathryn Bouleyn, soprano; Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Jerold Siena, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8.) . . . **sing-in at avery fisher hall:** Directed (seriatim, fortunately) by twenty-one directors. Michael Handy, tenor, and John Ostendorf, bass, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. With Kenneth Bowen, organ. (Friday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season—Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8: James Levine conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus in a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony, with Judith Blegen, soprano, and Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 12, and Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Lulu," with Teresa Stratas, Evelyn Lear, Franz Mazura, Kenneth Riegel, Frank Little, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, Geraldine Decker, Carlo Bini, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Craig, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Brian Schexnayder, and Philip Creech, with David Stivender conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Dialogues des Carmélites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, Jerome Hines, and Jean Kraft; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 19, at 8: James Levine conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus in a performance of Mahler's *Second Symphony, with Kathleen Battle,* soprano, and Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Lulu," with Teresa Stratas, Evelyn Lear, Franz Mazura, Kenneth Riegel, Frank Little, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; James Levine.

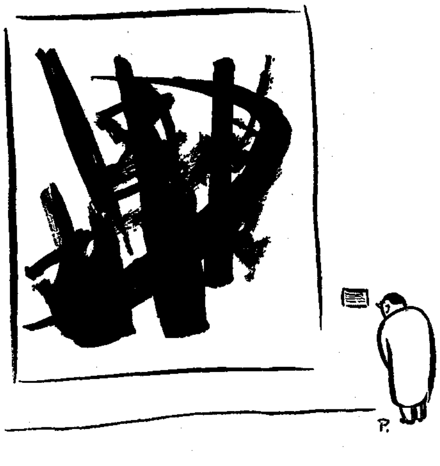
Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Hero." Staged by Mr. Menotti, with the Juilliard Symphony conducted by Christian Badea. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Dec. 10, and Friday, Dec. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

Bel Canto Opera—John McCauley conducting Verdi's "Stiffelio," staged by Nelson Sheeley (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

New York Lyric Opera Company—Two performances of Edouard Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys," conducted by Benton Hess and staged by R. Sebastian Russ. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Dec. 19, and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting a Debussy-Boulez-Dvořák program Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 11-13, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 7:30 (all with Yo-yo Ma, cello). . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim directing performances of Berlioz' dramatic symphony "Romeo and Juliet" on Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8; Friday, Dec. 19, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8 (all with Zehava Gal, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; Roger Soyer, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir).



Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Mozart-Webern-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 10-11, at 8.)

Boston Pops Orchestra—John Williams conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a program that includes Corelli's "Christmas Concerto." With Frederick Hammond, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

New York String Ensemble—Fritz Maraffi conducting, with Jeannette Ferrell, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Orpheus—Twenty-six wind and string players who perform without a conductor, with Richard Goode, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Manhattan Symphony—Bruce Ferden conducting a Sibelius-Stravinsky program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a Haydn-Mozart program, with Nina Beilina, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Y Chamber Symphony—At Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y—Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3: Henryk Szeryng conducting fifteen members of the Symphony in a Bach-Vivaldi program. With Ronald Roseman, oboe, and Mr. Szeryng, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 3: Gerard Schwarz conducting the full orchestra, with Bella Davidovich, piano.

Brooklyn College Chorus and Orchestra—Harry Saltzman directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation." (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2.)

Columbia University Collegium Musicum—Susan Hellauer directing a program entitled "Ultramontani: Northern Musicians in Renaissance Italy." (Holy Trinity Church, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

RECITALS

Herbert Levine—Classical guitarist. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Louis Bagger—Harpsichord. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Apple Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (All Saints Church, 230 E. 60th St. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Dora Short—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

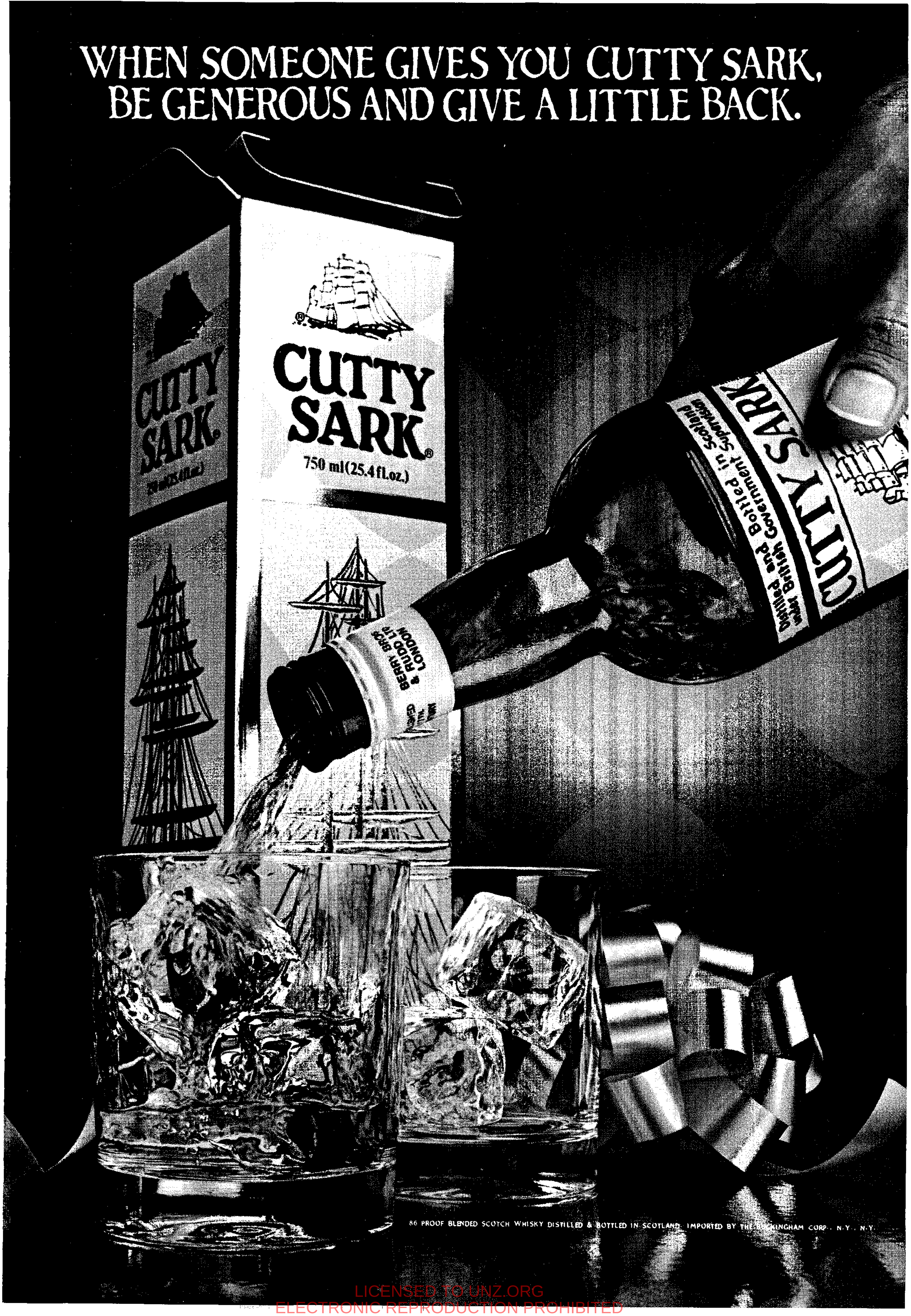
Ruth Glasser and Mara Waldman—Cello and piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The second in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

New Music Consort—The first in a series of three concerts of twentieth-century music, this one with Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Renée Siebert and Emily Mitchell—Flute and harp. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 666-7416.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Concert Hall, Lehman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College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Pierre d'Archambeau and Marilyn Mason—Violin and harpsichord, in the second of two Bach-Handel programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and André-Michel Schub and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 5. . . . ¶ Same program at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St., on Saturday, Dec. 13, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Jorma Hynninen and Ralf Gothóni—Baritone and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2:30.)

Quintet of the Americas—A program of contemporary chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Jan Peerce—Tenor, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3.)

Andrew Appel and Charles Sherman—A program of music for two harpsichords. (Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

An die Musik—Chamber music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

David Bean—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Ritva Auvinen—Soprano, in a program of Finnish vocal and instrumental music; with Carroll Glenn, Carol Zeavin, and Naoko Tanaka, violin; Harvey Sollberger, flute; Judith Davidoff, cello; and Jack Glick, viola. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Morris Moshe Cotel—*Composer/pianist.* (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Baroque Mondays—The second in a series of four concerts, this one involving Lucy Cross, lute; Wendy Gillespie, viola da gamba; Judith Malafronte, mezzo-soprano; and Julianne Baird, soprano. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal St. 777-2571. Monday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—The first in a series of three concerts, this one a program of Renaissance and baroque music, performed with the assistance of eleven former members of the quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Marilyn Horne—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

David Starobin—Guitar, with assisting artists. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

John Feeney—Double bass, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Schubert program performed by, among others Gary Graffman, piano; Jaime Laredo and Arnold Steinhardt, violin; Julius Levine, bass; Sharon Robinson and Leonard Rose, cello; and Michael Tree, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 16-17, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—The first in a series of three programs of contemporary music, this one featuring premières of works by Preston Trombly and Susan Blaustein. With William Parker, baritone, and Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Jerry Brainard—Harpsichord, performing Book II of Bach's "The Well-Tempered Keyboard." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

Roger Goodman—Harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Daniel Phillips, violin; Yo-yo Ma, cello; and Kenneth Cooper, fortepiano and harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Mini-Minimal Music Festival—Phillip Glass, Paul Alexander, Jon Gibson, Richard Munson, and others performing works written by themselves and others. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8. For tickets, call 777-3240.)

Naumburg Foundation 10th Anniversary Chamber Music Program—Among the participants will be Anahid Ajemian, Carroll Glenn, and Robert Mann, all violin; Alvin Brehm, bass; the Emerson String Quartet, the Primavera String Quartet, the Empire Brass Quintet; Speculum Musicae; and Gerard Schwarz, conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Utah, Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Denver, Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:05. . . . **rutgers university athletic center:** Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Sunday, Dec. 14, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-8888.)

College Football—The Garden State Bowl: Houston vs. Navy. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 12:30.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington, Saturday, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Jets vs. New Orleans Saints, at Shea Stadium, Sunday, Dec. 14, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami, Saturday, Dec. 20.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 13, and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 20. . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 17.

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—At the **92nd street y:** Edward Albee reading from his own plays, Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Richard Howard and Marilyn Hacker reading from their own poetry, Monday, Dec. 15, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.) . . . **st. mark's in-the-bouwerie:** Virginia Scott, Victor Hernandez Cruz, Brenda Connor-Bey, Jana Harris, Zoe Anglesey, and others reading from their own poetry and prose. (Second Ave. at 10th St. Monday, Dec. 15, at 8. Admission by contribution.) . . . **eisner and lubin auditorium,** Loeb Student Center: Joseph Heller reading from his own novels. (Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Monday, Dec. 15, at 8.) . . . **donnell library auditorium:** *Joseph Brodsky reading from his own poetry,* in Russian, with English translations read by Mark Strand. (20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . **city university graduate center:** Philip Schultz reading from his own poetry. (33 W. 42nd St., room 207. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

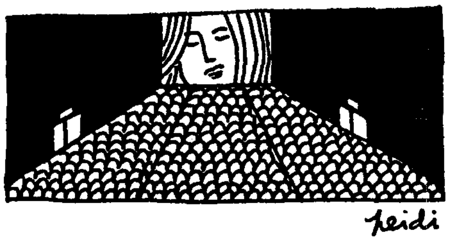
Exhibition of the People's Republic of China—Samples of modern and ancient arts and crafts, industrial exhibits, and demonstrations of paper cutting, brush painting, stone engraving, glassblowing, and jade carving. The continuous entertainment includes the martial arts, folk dancing, and cooking, the last provided by three chefs from Peking skilled in *haut-relief* cuisine. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Daily, through Sunday, Dec. 21. Three-hour viewing periods begin at noon, 3, and 6.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Saturday, Dec. 13, at 10:15: American and European paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 18, at 2: Dance, theatre, opera, and music-hall memorabilia, including twenty-five costume designs by Chagall for the ballet "Aleko." Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 13. . . . **sotheby's york avenue galleries,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, Dec. 12, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2: Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2: English furniture, clocks, and decorations. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 16-17, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental silver, watches, and *objets de vertu*. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 18, at 10:15: Chinese snuff bottles. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 18, at 2: Chinese paintings and Japanese paintings and screens from the estate of C. D. Carter. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 13. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Dec. 12, at 10 and 2: American furniture, silver, and decorative arts, together with Chinese Export porcelain. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 2: Old Master and modern prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 11, at 6: Photographs. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 18, at 10: American, English, and Continental silver, *objets de vertu,* and watches. Exhibition starts Monday, Dec. 15. . . . **phillips,** 525 E. 72nd St. Monday, Dec. 15, at noon: Nineteenth-century furniture and decorations, as well as American cut glass. (Exhibition hours: Saturday, Dec. 13, from 10 to 5, and Sunday, Dec. 14, from noon to 5.)

Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living—A twenty-block-long festival of Christmas carols will be held on Park Avenue on Wednesday, Dec. 10, from 8 to 9, with a dozen different singing groups, each on a corner of the avenue, from 67th Street to 86th Street. In case of rain, the festival will be held at the Einhorn Auditorium, 131 E. 76th St. . . . ¶ Sundays, from 10 to 3, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, is closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 23. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 14: "L'Amour Fou."
Dec. 15: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 16: "Empire of Passion."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
A two-a-day festival of British films (only titles are listed):
Dec. 10: "Quartet" and "Encore."
Dec. 11: "Genevieve" and "Simon and Laura."
Dec. 12: "Brief Encounter" and "Trio."
Dec. 13: "Hamlet."
Dec. 14: "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Royal Ballet."
Dec. 15: "To Paris with Love" and "Doctor in Love."
Dec. 16: "Doctor at Large" and "Follow That Camel."
Dec. 17: "Hooded Terror" and "Lady Craved Excitement."
Dec. 18: "Crimes at the Dark House" and "Lady in Distress."
Dec. 19: "Murder in the Red Barn" and "Cat and Mouse."
Dec. 20: "Demon Barber of Fleet Street" and "Time Without Pity."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 11: "The Idolmaker" and "Roadie."
Dec. 12-18: "The Jerk" and "The Blues Brothers."
From Dec. 19: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 11: "Falling in Love Again."
From Dec. 12: "Stir Crazy."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Dec. 11: "It's My Turn."
From Dec. 12: "Popeye."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Being There."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 18: "The Elephant Man."
From Dec. 19: "Inside Moves."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Flash Gordon."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 18: "Raging Bull."
From Dec. 19: "9 to 5."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Dec. 18: "Private Benjamin."
From Dec. 19: "The Formula."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Dec. 17: "The Elephant Man."
From Dec. 18: "The Mirror Crack'd."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 11: "Stardust Memories."
Dec. 12-18: "Tess."
From Dec. 19: "Inside Moves."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 13: "From the Life of the Marionettes."
From Dec. 14: "Tribute."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 16: "Gloria."
From Dec. 17: "Any Which Way You Can."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Apocalypse Now."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Dec. 11: "Falling in Love Again."
From Dec. 12: "Stir Crazy."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Dec. 18: "Flash Gordon."
From Dec. 19: "A Change of Seasons."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Dec. 18: "Resurrection."
From Dec. 19: "Flash Gordon."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Dec. 18: "Melvin and Howard."
From Dec. 19: "Raging Bull."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Dec. 18: "It's My Turn."
From Dec. 19: "Seems Like Old Times."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Stunt Man."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Dec. 14: "La Cage aux Folles."
From Dec. 15: "Tell Me a Riddle."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Competition."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Dec. 11: "Hopscotch."
Dec. 12-18: "The Tin Drum."
From Dec. 19: "Gloria."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Dec. 16: "Hopscotch."
From Dec. 17: "Any Which Way You Can."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 11: "The Happy Hooker Goes Hollywood" and "The Happy Hooker."
Dec. 12-18: "The Fifth Floor" and "Don't Go in the House."
From Dec. 19: "The Aristocats."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Dec. 11: "The Elephant Man."
From Dec. 12: "Popeye."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Dec. 11: "Ordinary People."
From Dec. 12: "Stir Crazy."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 18: "The Idolmaker."
From Dec. 19: "The Formula."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Flash Gordon."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 18: "Private Benjamin." From Dec. 19: "9 to 5."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Dec. 11: "Hopscotch."
Dec. 12-17: "America America."
From Dec. 18: "The Mirror Crack'd."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 16: "Gloria."
From Dec. 17: "Any Which Way You Can."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 18: "Private Benjamin."
From Dec. 19: "Raging Bull."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Melvin and Howard."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 11: "There Goes the Bride." From Dec. 12: "La Cage aux Folles."
Theatre 3: "Flash Gordon."
Theatre 4: "Flash Gordon."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Dec. 18: "Space Movie."
From Dec. 19: "The Aristocats."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Dec. 13: "Rockshow."
Dec. 14-18: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 19: "The Jazz Singer."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Dec. 17: "The Elephant Man."
From Dec. 18: "The Mirror Crack'd."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Dec. 18: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 19: "A Change of Seasons."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Dec. 18: "Stardust Memories."
From Dec. 19: "Inside Moves."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Dec. 16: "Bye Bye Brazil."
From Dec. 17: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Dec. 18: "The Great Santini."
From Dec. 19: "Stardust Memories."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 18 (tentative): "American Gigolo" and "The Warriors."
From Dec. 19: "Raging Bull."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Every Man for Himself."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Loulou."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Being There."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "The Jerk" and "The Blues Brothers." From Dec. 17: "Any Which Way You Can."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 11: "Wifemistress" and "How Funny Can Sex Be?" From Dec. 12: "The Shining."
Theatre 3: "Private Benjamin."
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 11: "One-Trick Pony." From Dec. 12: "Stir Crazy."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Dec. 11: "Hopscotch."
From Dec. 12: "La Cage aux Folles."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Dec. 11: "Cry Uncle" and "Harold and Maude."
Dec. 12-17: "Hopscotch."
From Dec. 18: "The Mirror Crack'd."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 11: "Gloria" and "Lost and Found."
Dec. 12-18: "The Jerk" and "The Blues Brothers."
From Dec. 19: "Stardust Memories."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 18: Theatre closed. From Dec. 19: "9 to 5." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Jerk" (†) and "The Blues Brothers." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 16: "Fame." From Dec. 17: "Private Benjamin." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 18: "The Awakening." From Dec. 19: "Raging Bull." (†)
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 18: "The Idolmaker."(†) From Dec. 19: "Raging Bull."(†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Dec. 11: "Gloria." (†)
From Dec. 12: "Ordinary People." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 11: "Star Trek—The Motion Picture." Dec. 12-18: "Gloria." (†) From Dec. 19: "The Elephant Man." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 18: "Airplane!" From Dec. 19: "Gloria." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 11: "Being There." (†) Dec. 12-18: "La Cage aux Folles." (†) From Dec. 19: "The Aristocats." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Dec. 18: "The Warriors" (†) and "American Gigolo." (†)
From Dec. 19: "A Change of Seasons." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Dec. 11: "Ordinary People." (†)
From Dec. 12: "The Shining." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Dec. 11: "It's My Turn." (†)
From Dec. 12: "Popeye." (†)

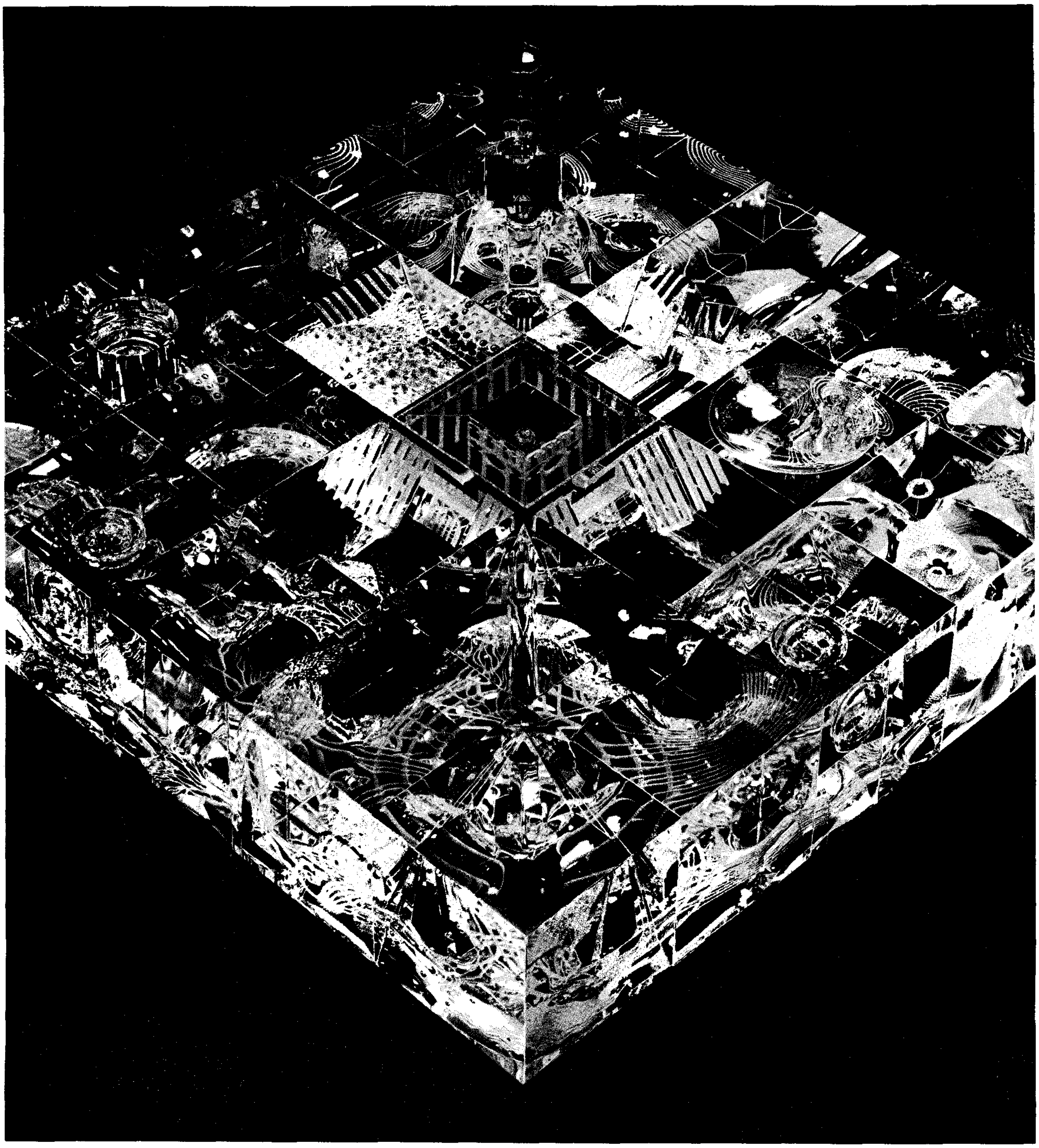
Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Dec. 11: "Cry Uncle" (†) and "The Best."
Dec. 12-18: "It's My Turn." (†)
From Dec. 19: "Seems Like Old Times." (†)

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Dec. 16: "Private Benjamin." (†)
From Dec. 17: "Any Which Way You Can." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Dec. 11: "Dragon vs. Needles of Death" and "Return of the Tiger."
From Dec. 12: "Stir Crazy." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Flash Gordon." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)



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Through Dec. 17: "Raging Bull." (†)
From Dec. 18: "The Mirror Crack'd." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Dec. 11: "Shogun Assassin."
Dec. 12-18: To be announced.
From Dec. 19: "The Formula." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Dec. 10: "The Age of the Medici, Part 1: *Cosimo de Medici* and Part II: *The Power of Cosimo*" (1973), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini.

Dec. 11: "The Age of the Medici, Part III: Leon Battista Alberti" (1973), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini; and "Blaise Pascal" (1972), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Pierre Arditi.

Dec. 12: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Caine Mutiny" (1954), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, and Robert Francis.

Dec. 13: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

Dec. 14: "Renaldo & Clara." (†)

Dec. 15: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978), in French, a documentary, directed by Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; and "Anaïs Nin Observed" (1974), a documentary, directed by Robert Snyder.

Dec. 16: "The Three Treasures" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Hidden Fortress." (†)

Dec. 17: "The Tarnished Angels" (†) and "Written on the Wind." (†)

Dec. 18: "The Nutty Professor" (†); and "Son of Paleface" (1952), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Bob Hope, Jane Russell, and Roy Rogers.

Dec. 19: "Which Way Is Up?" (1977), directed by Michael Schultz, with Richard Pryor; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.

Dec. 20: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Dec. 10: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Magician" (1958), in Swedish, directed by Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

Dec. 11: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa; and "Taira Clan Saga #3: The Dancer and the Warrior" (1956), directed by Koji Shima.

Dec. 12: "American Gigolo" (†); and "The Day of the Locust" (1975), directed by John Schlesinger, with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton.

Dec. 13: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Dec. 14: "Mozart—A Childhood Chronicle" (1980), in German, directed by Klaus Kirschner.

Dec. 15: "Antigone" (†); and "Medea" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas.

Dec. 16: "We're No Angels" (†); and "Scarlet Street" (1946), directed by Fritz Lang, with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea.

Dec. 17: "The Woman in the Window" (†); and "The Reckless Moment" (1949), directed by Max Ophuls, with James Mason and Joan Bennett. Miss Bennett will be present at 7:30.

Dec. 18: "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (†) and "The Lion in Winter." (†)

Dec. 19: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.

Dec. 20: "The Mouse That Roared" (1959), directed by Jack Arnold, with Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg, and David Kossoff; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 11: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

Dec. 12-13: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

Dec. 14-15: "The Getting of Wisdom" (†); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975), directed by Peter Weir, with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

Dec. 16: "The Ballad of Orin" (1979), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda, with Shima Iwashita; and "Sandakan #8" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Kei Kamai.

Dec. 17-18: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Louis Salou, Marcel Herrand, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casares.

Dec. 19-20: "Scum" (1980), directed by Alan Clarke, with Ray Winstone; and "Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Reggae Sunsplash" (1980), a concert film with Bob Marley, Third World Band, Peter Tosh, and Burning Spear.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Dec. 10: "City for Conquest" (1940), directed by Anatole Litvak, with James Cagney and Ann Sheridan; and "Blues in the Night" (1941), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Priscilla Lane, Richard Whorf, and Betty Field.

Dec. 11-13: "Jane Eyre" (1944), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles; and "Cry Wolf" (1947), directed by Peter Godfrey, with Errol Flynn and Barbara Stanwyck.

Dec. 14-16: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (†); and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

Dec. 17-19: "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "The Undying Monster" (1942), directed by John Brahm, with James Ellison, Heather Angel, and John Howard.

From Dec. 20: "Pride and Prejudice" (†) and "Blossoms in the Dust." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Dec. 10: "Easy Rider" (1969), directed by Dennis Hopper, with Hopper, Peter Fonda, and Jack Nicholson; and "Coming Home" (1978), directed by Hal Ashby, with Jane Fonda, Jon Voight, and Bruce Dern.

Dec. 11-13: "Alice's Restaurant" (1969), directed by Arthur Penn, with Arlo Guthrie, Pat Quinn, and James Broderick; and "Hair" (1979), directed by Miloš Forman, with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.

Dec. 14-16: "The Letter" (†); and "The Fountainhead" (1949), directed by King Vidor, with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey.

Dec. 17-20: "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942), directed by William Keighley, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley, Jimmy Durante, and Richard Travis; and "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 10: "The Working Class Goes to Heaven" (1975), in Italian, directed by Elio Petri, with Gian-Maria Volonte; and

“Red Desert” (1965), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris.

Dec. 11: “Hester Street” (1975), directed by Joan Micklin Silver, with Steven Keats, Carol Kane, and Mel Howard; and “Between the Lines” (1977), directed by Joan Micklin Silver, with John Heard and Lindsay Crouse.

Dec. 12-13: “Sam’s Song” (1969), directed by Jordan Leondopoulos, with Robert De Niro, Viva, and Jennifer Warren; and “Hungry Wives” (1973), directed by George Romero, with Jan White.

Dec. 14: “Breaking Away” (1979), directed by Peter Yates, with Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley; and “Foxes.” (†)

Dec. 15: A program of Popeye cartoons.

Dec. 16: “She Married Her Boss” (1935), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, and Edith Fellows; and “Saturday’s Children” (1929), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Corinne Griffith and Grant Withers.

Dec. 17: “The Conformist” (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and “Open City.” (†)

Dec. 18: “Wattstax” (1973), filmed at the Stax record company’s concert for the people of Watts, held at the Los Angeles Coliseum in August, 1972; and “The Cool World.” (†)

Dec. 19-20: “A Degree of Murder” (1969), in German, directed by Volker Schlöndorff, with Anita Pallenberg; and “The Killing Kind” (1974), directed by Curtis Harrington, with John Savage, Ann Sothern, Cindy Williams, and Ruth Roman.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 10: “Diabolique” (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and “Panique” (1946), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Michael Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

Dec. 11: “The Postman Always Rings Twice” (1946), directed by Tay Garnett, with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and “Honky Tonk” (1941), directed by Jack Conway, with Clark Gable, Lana Turner, and Frank Morgan.

Dec. 12-13: “Mr. Moto’s Last Warning” (1939), directed by Norman Foster, with Peter Lorre, Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Field, and John Carradine; and “The Shanghai Cobra” (1945), directed by Phil Karlson, with Sidney Toler as the detective Charlie Chan.

Dec. 14: “It’s a Wonderful Life” (†) and “Christmas in July.” (†)

From Dec. 15: Theatre temporarily closed.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films directed by Michael Powell: Dec. 11 at 2: “Contraband” (1940), with Conrad Veidt and Valerie Hobson. . . . Dec. 11 at 6: “Gone to Earth” (1950), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Jennifer Jones, David Farrar, Cyril Cusack, and Sybil Thorndike. . . . Dec. 12 at 2:30: “A Matter of Life and Death (Stairway to Heaven)” (1946), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with David Niven and Kim Hunter. . . . Dec. 13 at 2:30: “The Tales of Hoffmann” (1951), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer. . . . Dec. 13 at 5: “Gone to Earth.” . . . Dec. 14 at 2:30: “Contraband.” . . . Dec. 15 at 2:30: “The Tales of Hoffmann.” . . . Dec. 18 at 2:30: “The Elusive Pimpernel” (1950), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with David Niven, Margaret Leighton, Jack Hawkins, and Cyril Cusack. . . . Dec. 18 at 6: “The Small Back Room” (1949), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with David Farrar, Jack Hawkins, and Kathleen Byron. . . . Dec. 18 at 8:30 and Dec. 19 at 2:30: “The Lion Has Wings” (1939), co-directed by Brian Desmond Hurst and Adrian Brunel, with Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson, and June Duprez; and “The Volunteer” (1943), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Ralph Richardson. . . . Dec. 20 at 2:30: “The Small Back Room.” . . . Dec. 20 at 5: “Peeping Tom” (1960), with Carl Boehm, Anna Massey, and Moira Shearer. . . . ¶ Other, non-Powell, films scheduled during this period are: Dec. 10, four films starring Clint Eastwood—at 2, “A Fistful of Dollars” (1966), directed by Sergio Leone; at 4, “Escape from Alcatraz” (1979), directed by Don Siegel; at 6, “Play Misty for Me” (1971), directed by Eastwood; at 8:30, “Bronco Billy” (1980), directed by Eastwood. Eastwood himself will be present at the 6 and 8:30 showings. . . . Dec. 11-12 at noon: Two different programs of films directed by Joseph Cornell. . . . Dec. 11 at 8:30: “The Challenge” (1938), directed by Milton Rosmer and Luis Trenker, with Trenker and Robert Douglas. . . . Dec. 12 at 6 and Dec. 13-14 at noon: A program of animated films by John Halas and Joy Batchelor. . . . Dec. 14 at 5: “The Olive Trees of Justice” (1961), in French, directed by James Blue, a semidocumentary film about Algeria; English subtitles. . . . Dec. 15-16 at noon: “Co-Co Puffs” (1974), directed by Ira Wohl; “The Picnic” (1976), directed by Carlos de Jesus; and “Pacific Far East Line” (1979), directed by Abigail Child. . . . Dec. 15 at 6: A program of animated films by George Griffin. . . . Dec. 16 at 2:30: “House of Strangers” (1949), directed by Joseph Mankiewicz, with Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward, Richard Conte, and Luther Adler. . . . Dec. 16 at 6: “To the Count of Basie” (1979), directed by John Jeremy and Angus Trowbridge. . . . Dec. 18-19 at noon: Two different programs of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . Dec. 19 at 6 and Dec. 20 at noon: A program of animated films by John Halas and Joy Batchelor. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Dec. 14: Four short films dealing with psychoanalysis and Sigmund Freud. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 16: A program of five films by Kenneth Anger, including “Scorpio Rising” (1963) and “Lucifer Rising” (1980). Mr. Anger will be present on Dec. 18 following the 2 P.M. showing. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Dec. 10 at 3: A program of video films by Stephen Beck, Don Hallock, William Roarty, and Willard Rosenquist. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 8: “The General” (1926), a silent film, directed by, and with, Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 8: A program of video films by Frank Gillette. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 8: A program of films by Fernand Léger, Dimitri Kirsanoff, Humphrey Jennings, and others. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 11 A.M.: A program of video films by Frank Gillette. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 2: A video program by Dan Graham. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 5:30: A program by Amy Greenfield and Carolee Schneemann. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 8:30: A program of films directed by Warren Sonbert. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 3: A program of video films by Frank Gillette. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 8: “Carriage Trade” (1972), directed by Warren Sonbert. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 8: A program of films directed by George Landow. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 8: A program of video films by Beck, Hallock, Roarty, and Rosenquist. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 8: A program of films by Mike and George Kuchar, Willard Maas, and Marie Menken. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 11 A.M.: A program of video films by Frank Gillette. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 8: “Diaries, Notes & Sketches” (1963-68), directed by Jonas Mekas.

Entermedia, 2nd Ave. at 12th St. (475-4191)—A series of samurai films, shown as double features, with a new combination every three days. Through Jan. 2, starting at 2. Showing this week are: “Kwaidan,” “Samurai Rebellion,” “Samurai Trilogy,” “Wolves,” “Demon Spies,” and “Haunted Samurai.” For schedules, call the theatre.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

America America (1963)—Elia Kazan’s account, drawn from his own family background, of the fierce struggle of a Greek boy to get to the fabled land of opportunity. Flawed by miscasting, and almost destroyed by the desperate ambitiousness of the project, this unconvincing, poorly scripted movie is intermittently interesting for some of the performers (Linda Marsh, particularly, and Paul Mann) and for some of the images caught by the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler. (Waverly; Dec. 12-17.)

American Gigolo—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar, plus perks (he drives a black Mercedes convertible and buys his fancy vines at Juschi’s boutique, in Beverly Hills), from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the Polo Lounge, Perino’s, and the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way, and the story trails off into vacuity and violence. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/4/80.) (Embassy 5; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Dec. 18, tentative. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 12.)

L’Amour Fou (1968)—During the first half hour, there’s a strong temptation to flee from this legendary Jacques Rivette film, which moves back and forth between the rehearsals for an experimental production of Racine’s “Andromaque” and the disintegrating marriage of the actor-director (Jean-Pierre Kalfon) and his actress-wife (Bulle Ogier). But those who stick with the film may find that Rivette’s measured, unemphatic style begins to take hold. Tight little Bulle Ogier is ominously compelling; she gives a superlative performance. And there has never been anything like the *folie-à-deux* sex-and-destruction orgy that climaxes the marriage. The purpose of the juxtapositions remains damned elusive, but a highly intellectualized horror story develops inside the smooth, elegantly patterned, abstract camera movement. Rivette has a hypnotic style, partly because of his unusual spatial sense and his “normal” use of time. Four hours and twelve minutes. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Dec. 14.)

Antigone (1961)—An unjustly neglected version of the Sophocles drama, adapted and directed by George Tzavellas so that the action is lucid and uncluttered, the characters are driven by instinct and passion, and the voices (speaking modern Greek) are eloquent. The commenting chorus (the bane of movie adaptations of classic Greek plays, and of many stage versions, too) has been reduced to a minimum. The action moves from the formalized setting of the palace at Thebes to the natural landscape of hills and plains without sacrificing the formal power of the performances, though it may take viewers a little while to adjust to this mixture of stylization and naturalism. The young Irene Papas is the strong yet defenseless Antigone, daughter of Oedipus, who rebels against the kingly authority of her uncle, Creon (the great Manos Katrakis); she breaks an unjust law—a law that violates her deepest feelings and her sense of justice and obligation—and is condemned to be buried alive. Papas and Katrakis give splendidly matched antithetical performances, and there are memorable sequences, such as Antigone stealing into the countryside to bury her dead brother, who has been left exposed in the sun, and powerful images, such as that of the blind, decrepit Teiresias in the shocking daylight. The English subtitles, by Noelle Gillmor, are a demonstration that subtitling can be a branch of the fine craft of translation. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 15.)

Any Which Way You Can—With Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Geoffrey Lewis, William Smith, Harry Guardino, and Ruth Gordon; directed by Buddy Van Horn. (D. W. Griffith, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland; starting Dec. 17.)

Apocalypse Now (1979)—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who has done four movies for Bertolucci.) The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil, but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Cinema I.)

The Aristocats (1970)—A full-length animated film from the Disney studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. Mildly entertaining. (U. A. East, Guild, and Embassy; starting Dec. 19.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction as a movie. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Murray Hill, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Dec. 11.)

Blossoms in the Dust (1941)—Greer Garson, gowned by Adrian, coiffured by Sydney Guilaroff, and at her most sickeningly prissy. She plays a widow who battles for the legal rights of the homeless waifs of Texas; with her nostrils flaring and her eyebrows poised near her hairline, she enunciates such virtuous sentiments as "There are no illegitimate children, only illegitimate parents." Anita Loos, to her shame, wrote this high-minded prattle, and Mervyn LeRoy directed, in a dreary, inspirational style, for M-G-M. Walter Pidgeon is the husband who dies early. With Marsha Hunt, Felix Bressart, and Cecil Cunningham. (Mini Cinema; starting Dec. 20.)

The Blues Brothers—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she transcends the film's incompetence. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; Dec. 12-18.)

Bye Bye Brazil—A Brazilian film with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Paris; through Dec. 16.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and New Yorker 1; starting Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Embassy; Dec. 12-18.)

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Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

A Change of Seasons—With Shirley MacLaine, Bo Derek, and Anthony Hopkins; directed by Richard Lang. (Gemini 1, 57th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 5; starting Dec. 19.)

Christmas in July (1940)—Preston Sturges wrote and directed this little slapstick romance when he was just warming up as a director. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew are the young couple whose luck turns when he thinks he's won twenty-five thousand dollars in a slogan contest. It's agreeable enough—it's rather sweet, actually—but it lacks the full-fledged Sturges lunacy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 14.)

The Competition—With Richard Dreyfuss, Amy Irving, and Lee Remick; directed by Joel Oliansky. (Loews Tower East.)

The Cool World (1964)—Shirley Clarke's film, based on Warren Miller's novel and the play by Miller and Robert Rossen. Hampton Clanton plays Duke, the fourteen-year-old Harlem boy who is trying to get a gun from a racketeer (Carl Lee) so he can be leader of his gang, the Royal Pythons. The semidocumentary footage, shot by Baird Bryant, is often fine in itself (and it's far superior to the juvenile-gang story), but it's used for a facile cry of social outrage and for "art," rather than being integrated with the story. The film tries to encompass too much: you get the feeling that the director thought she could use everything good that she caught. There are beautiful bits, but they don't come together. Dizzy Gillespie and others are on the jazz and rock-and-roll track; Fred Wiseman was the producer. Screen adaptation by Shirley Clarke and Carl Lee. The cast includes Gloria Foster and Clarence Williams III. (Thalia; Dec. 18.)

Cry Uncle (1971)—Sex satire. Cry off. With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. (New Yorker 2, and Loews State 2; through Dec. 11.)

Don't Go in the House—With Dan Grimaldi, directed by Joseph Ellison. (U. A. East; Dec. 12-18.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Loews Orpheum 1; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Manhattan 2, and Festival; through Dec. 17. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Dec. 19.)

Empire of Passion—Directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Dec. 16.)

Every Man for Himself—This 1979 picture, which Jean-Luc Godard calls his "second first film," has been widely hailed as a return to his great, innovative work of the sixties. It's wonderful to feel the pull of Godard's images again, but the movie may also make you feel empty. The setting is a nameless Swiss city, where the lives of the three main characters are loosely intertwined—Jacques Dutronc is a video filmmaker, Nathalie Baye is the woman who is leaving him, and Isabelle Huppert is a practical-minded prostitute. It's about money and people selling themselves—their minds or their bodies. Godard's political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, shaded by masochism. He's saying, "Everything is for sale." It's simplistic cynicism, like that of the barroom pundit who tells you that every man has his price. The look of the picture isn't inhuman, even though what it's saying is; that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what might have been. He also tickles the audience with a variety of jokes about the joylessness of sex, but he's too despairing to be really funny. In French. (11/24/80) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Falling in Love Again—With Elliott Gould and Susannah York, directed by Steven Paul. (Gramercy, and Cinema II; through Dec. 11.)

The Fifth Floor—With Bo Hopkins and Dianne Hull, directed by Howard Avedis. (U. A. East; Dec. 12-18.)

Flash Gordon—With Sam J. Jones in the title role, directed by Mike Hodges. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; starting Dec. 19.)

The Formula—With George C. Scott, Marlon Brando, and Marthe Keller; directed by John G. Avildsen. (Manhattan 1, 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Dec. 19.)

Foxes—This minimally significant depiction of the glittery, car-borne, California-decadent social life of four sixteen-year-old Los Angeles girls is sporadically alive and funny, but it has no point of view or any ideas beyond the wish to oblige these middle-class waifs in their dreams, which are probably to keep house instead of doing Quaaludes and sleeping around. Marilyn Kagan, Cherie Currie, and Kandice Stroh are convincingly spaced-out teen angels, but the beautiful Jodie Foster seems far too composed and intelligent to be wasting so much of her time with the wrong set. With Sally Kellerman as a neurotic—and no wonder—mom. (3/17/80) (Thalia; Dec. 14.)

From the Life of the Marionettes—With Robert Atzorn, Christine Buchegger, and Martin Benrath; directed by Ingmar Bergman. In German. (Coronet; through Dec. 13.)

The Getting of Wisdom (1977)—A minor post-Victorian autobiographical novel about an Australian girl's coming of age, re-created for the screen in its own terms—or, rather, in what the re-creators think are its own terms. At thirteen, an impoverished girl (Susannah Fowle) from the backcountry who is highly precocious and a gifted musician comes to Melbourne, and she spends five years there at the Presbyterian Ladies College, a select school for the daughters of the wealthy, where the teachers sneer at her because her mother runs a post office in the bush, and the girls are harpies. She almost succumbs to snobbery, but she has her brains and her talent and her intrepid nature to see her through. This self-infatuated fantasy is presented in the guise of harsh realism, and the faithful, meticulous period re-creation makes it hard for us to connect with the heroine or with anything else. Directed by Bruce Beresford, whose attitude toward the material is cold and literal, as if we were in need of a muckraking exposé of the Victorian education of ladies. From a script by Eleanor Witcombe; cinematography by Don McAlpine. (9/15/80) (Cinema Village; Dec. 14-15.)

Gloria—With Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; directed by John Cassavetes. (Olympia, and Embassy 1; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and Greenwich Playhouse 1; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Dec. 12. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Dec. 19.)

The Great Santini (Called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (Cinema 3; through Dec. 18.)

The Happy Hooker (1975)—With Lynn Redgrave as Xaviera Hollander. Directed by Nick Sgarro. (U. A. East; through Dec. 11.)

The Happy Hooker Goes Hollywood—With Martine Beswicke, Adam West, and Phil Silvers; directed by Alan Roberts. (U. A. East; through Dec. 11.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—Bud Cort is Harold, a rich, suicidal introvert with a soft, unformed face—he's nineteen but looks younger. Ruth Gordon is poor but spunky Maude, the wizened seventy-nine-year-old woman who's like a cheerleader for Life. She lives in a railway car, would like to change into a sunflower, frets over how to save an ailing tree, prankishly steals vehicles and drives crazily; she advises Harold to "reach out." In this satirical-whimsical romantic comedy, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Colin Higgins, Harold reaches out by falling in love with Maude, and their love is consummated on the eve of her eightieth birthday. Many young moviegoers have returned to this eccentric film repeatedly (in 1974, one twenty-two-year-old claimed to have seen it a hundred and thirty-eight times); maybe this is partly because of its mixture of the maudlin and the highly sophisticated. The message is not very different from that of "Hello, Dolly!" or "Mame," but Harold's flaccid asexuality (he's like a sickly infant, a limp, earthbound Peter Pan) and Maude's advanced stage of pixiness give that message a special freaky quality. And the film has been made with considerable wit and skill. The early scenes, in which Harold tries out various gruesome methods of suicide without getting much of a rise out of his acidulous mother (Vivian Pickles), have a stylized humor, and Ashby has *directed* eccentrically. The actors are often seen at a great distance, and the dialogue often reaches us from a distance, too; the sound level varies so much that we keep losing the voices, and Harold's lines often fade away. With Cyril Cusack, Ellen Geer, and Charles Tyner. Music by Cat Stevens. (New Yorker 2; through Dec. 11.)

The Hidden Fortress (1958)—The setting is the Japanese civil wars of the sixteenth century, but Kurosawa appears to be influenced by John Ford in this stirring fairy-tale Western, with its fighting and clowning and horsemen escaping across the border. There's a treasure in gold, a princess in anachronistic-looking shorts, and Toshiro Mifune as a heroic general. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 16.)

Hopscotch—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, and Ned Beatty; directed by Ronald Neame. (72nd Street East, Waverly, and New Yorker 1; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ New Yorker 2; Dec. 12-17.)

How Funny Can Sex Be? (1973)—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 11.)

The Idolmaker—With Ray Sharkey, directed by Taylor Hackford. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and Criterion Center; through Dec. 18.)

Inside Moves—With John Savage, directed by Richard Donner. (34th St. East, Baronet, and Little Carnegie; starting Dec. 19.)

It's a Wonderful Life (1946)—Frank Capra's most relentless lump-in-the-throat movie. The hero (James Stewart) is a self-sacrificial good man who runs a small-town building-and-loan association that is threatened by the local ogre, the wickedly selfish Lionel Barrymore. The picture is fairly humorless, and, what with all the hero's virtuous suffering, it didn't catch on with the public; the Capra view of small-town life didn't match the post-Second World War mood. (It might have seemed patronizing even in the post-First World War period.) Thinking he has no resources left, the hero is on the brink of suicide when he is given a vision of what life would have been like for his family and his town if he had never been born. Donna Reed plays his wife, Gloria Grahame is the town "fast" girl, and the excruciatingly familiar cast includes Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Ward Bond, H. B. Warner, and Samuel S. Hinds. In its own slurpy, bittersweet way, it's well done. But Capra takes a serious tone here even though there's no basis for the seriousness; this is doggerel trying to pass as art. (Marlo Thomas played the suffering protagonist in the 1977 TV remake, "It Happened One Christmas.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 14.)

It's My Turn—With Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin; directed by Claudia Weill. (Bay Cinema, and Loews State 1; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Loews State 2; Dec. 12-18.)

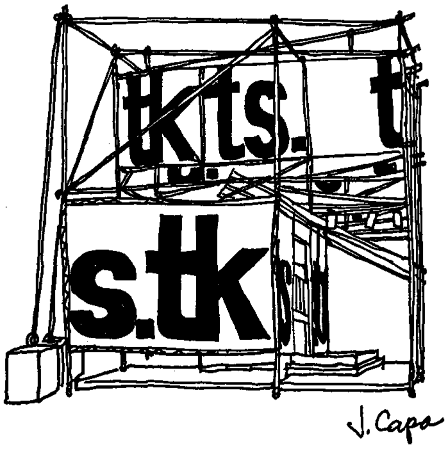
The Jazz Singer—With Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Ziegfeld; starting Dec. 19.)

The Jerk—A dreary farce about a backcountry boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; Dec. 12-18.)

Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

The Letter (1940)—Bette Davis's forty-third movie; it marked her tenth year in films, and it is one of her few good vehicles. Somerset Maugham's melodrama (generally believed to be based on an actual incident) had been a Broadway success for Katharine Cornell and was filmed—memorably—in 1929 with Jeanne Eagels. (Those blessed with movie-loving parents may still retain images of Eagels' corrupt beauty, and of her frenzied big scene when the heroine tells off her husband.) The central figure is the wife of a rubber-plantation owner—a woman of such unimpeachable respectability that she can empty a gun into her lover and get away with it (in the courts, at least, because in Singapore the white ruling class must stick together). Davis gives what is very likely the best study of female sexual hypocrisy in film history. Cold and proper, she yet manages to suggest the passion of a woman who'd kill a man for trying to leave her. She is helped by an excellent script (by Howard Koch) and by two unusually charged performances—James Stephenson as her lawyer and Herbert Marshall as her husband. The cast also includes two formidable women—Frieda Inescort, who seems ineffably absurd as the lawyer's wife, and Gale Sondergaard, whose performance as the Eurasian woman was actually taken very seriously by many people. With Bruce Lester, Cecil Kellaway, Victor Sen Yung, Willie Fung, Tetsu Komai, and Doris Lloyd. The insistent music is pure, adulterated Max Steiner. It demeans William Wyler's clear, taut direction and the erotic awareness he brings to the material. (Regency; Dec. 14-16.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 18.)



Lost and Found (1979)—If there is a way to pass off George Segal and Glenda Jackson as a comic loving couple, it has not been discovered by Melvin Frank, as hinted at by his first attempt, "A Touch of Class," and proved beyond satisfaction by this misconceived and clumsy movie, which he produced, directed, and wrote (with Jack Rose). (7/30/79) (Olympia; through Dec. 11.)

Loulou—With Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand; directed by Maurice Pialat. In French. (Cinema Studio 2.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch counterman at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Dec. 18.)

The Mirror Crack'd—With Angela Lansbury as Agatha Christie's Miss Jane Marple, directed by Guy Hamilton. (Manhattan 2, Waverly, Festival, New Yorker 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Dec. 18.)

Mon Oncle d'Amérique—With Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Paris; starting Dec. 17.)

9 to 5—With Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton, and Dabney Coleman; directed by Colin Higgins. (Sutton, R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion Center; starting Dec. 19.)

The Nutty Professor (1963)—Jerry Lewis in a Jekyll-and-Hyde story that provides him with one of the best gimmicks of his career: as Julius Kelp, he's a shy, clumsy chemistry professor, a simp with specs and rabbity teeth, but when he drinks his formula he turns into a brash, domineering hipster singer named Buddy Love—i.e., a cartoon of Dean Martin. Working within this format, he has some scenes that can hold their own with the classic silent comedies. The picture is very erratic, and it's too long and repetitive; Lewis, who also directed and wrote the script (with Bill Richmond), has always had trouble knowing when to drop something. But he had the good taste to cast Stella Stevens as the heroine; with her just faintly infantile sexiness, she's a remarkably curvy and pert straight woman. Lewis plays the hapless Julius for childlike pathos, and Buddy for hollow-man Las Vegas loathsomeness; yet in his TV appearances in the years that followed he has moved ever closer to Buddy Love—even down to singing loudly and off key, and being aggressively maudlin as he milks the audience for approval. With Kathleen Freeman, Howard Morris, Henry Gibson, and Les Brown and his band. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 18.)

One-Trick Pony—With Paul Simon, Blair Brown, Rip Torn, Joan Hackett, and Allen Goorwitz; directed by Robert M. Young. (Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 11.)

Open City (1945)—Roberto Rossellini burst upon the world with this film, made just after the Allies took Rome. The fame of his brutal, melodramatic account of the underground resistance to the Nazi occupation rests on its extraordinary immediacy and its rough, documentary look; at its most startling, it seems "caught" rather than staged. Many Americans, used to slick war films, reacted to it as if it actually were documentary footage, and mistook the great Anna Magnani and Aldo Fabrizi, Maria Michi, and the other actors for nonprofessionals—this despite such stock elements as a rapacious lesbian Gestapo agent and a Hollywood-and-Vine-type Gestapo chief. The plot devices are often opportunistic, but there's a unifying fervor; shot on odds and ends of film stock, with fluctuating electricity, and showing people who a few weeks before had been part of the events, the movie gave us a cross-section of a city under terrible stress. When the initial twenty-five thousand dollars that Rossellini had raised was used up, he and Magnani sold their clothes; Maria Michi, who had hidden men like Togliatti—and the scriptwriter, Sergio Amidei—in her flat, now provided the flat for some of the sequences. Federico Fellini assisted Amidei on the script. In Italian. (Thalia; Dec. 17.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews Astor Plaza; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting Dec. 12.)

Popeye—With Robin Williams and Shelley Duvall, directed by Robert Altman. (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; starting Dec. 12.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a reasonably faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, adapted by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin from Helen Jerome's play. But when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life at M-G-M, everything is changed—broadened. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen; once one adjusts to this, it's a happy and carefree viewing experience. The movie belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. In the role of Elizabeth Bennet, Greer Garson is not as intolerably noble as she became later. She's effective and has nice diction, though she's arch and incapable of subtlety, and a viewer can get weary watching that eyebrow that goes up like the gold curtain at the old Met. The cast includes Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Melville Cooper, E. E. Clive, Bruce Lester, and a batch of girls in overstarched dresses (Marsha Hunt, Maureen O'Sullivan, Karen Morley, Ann Rutherford, Heather Angel), and a villain (Edward Ashley) and a villainess (Frieda Inescort, of the slurpy voice). Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Mini Cinema; starting Dec. 20.)

Private Benjamin—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honeybunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbishes the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likeableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically it's just Daffy Duck-TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Movieland; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1, R.K.O. 86th St., and Greenwich Playhouse 2; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Dec. 17.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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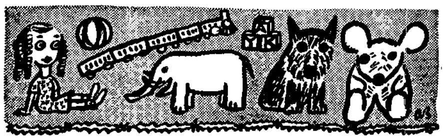
The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the robust, gluttonous monarch; among the ladies he marries are Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester. Alexander Korda directed this war-horse of the movie repertory, which is still alive and in good spirits. With Robert Donat and John Loder. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 18.)

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes (1970)—Billy Wilder's detective picture is meant to be a put-on of the Sherlock Holmes mythology, concentrating on a case that Holmes (Robert Stephens) fouls up. But for this idea to have bounce and suspense we need to see the clues and draw our own inferences, so that we can spot where Holmes is going wrong and enjoy his booboos. And for it to be somewhat romantic, as it's intended to be, we need to see much more of how he's distracted by the charming treachery of the lady played by Geneviève Page. Instead, one must content oneself with the occasional clever lines, the handsome Victorian décor, and Christopher Challis's lovely, if somewhat dark, tinted-looking cinematography. It's a graceful picture, but it dawdles, and Stephens doesn't seem to have the star presence that Holmes requires. With Colin Blakely, Christopher Lee, Clive Revill, Stanley Holloway, and Catherine Lacey. Written by Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond; art direction by Alexander Trauner; music by Miklos Rozsa. (Mini Cinema; Dec. 14-16.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ, Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro), is a biography of the prize-fight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Sutton; through the afternoon of Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Paramount, and Criterion Center; starting Dec. 19.)

Renaldo & Clara (1978)—Bob Dylan made this three-hour-and-fifty-two-minute film, which was mostly shot during a Bicentennial (1975-76) tour. (The show was called the "Rolling Thunder Revue.") The performance footage is handsomely photographed, but it doesn't build up the excitement that one can sometimes feel at a performance film, because the movie keeps cutting away from the stage to *cinéma-vérité* fantasies of Dylan's life, which occupy more than two-thirds of the running time. Dylan has given himself more tight closeups than any actor can have had in the whole history of movies. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 14.)

Resurrection—With Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, and Sam Shepard; directed by Daniel Petrie. (Gemini 2; through Dec. 18.)



Roadie—With Meat Loaf, Kaki Hunter, and Art Carney; directed by Alan Rudolph. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 11.)

Rockshow—Paul McCartney & Wings in a filmed concert. (Ziegfeld; through Dec. 13.)

Seems Like Old Times—With Chevy Chase, Goldie Hawn, and Charles Grodin; directed by Jay Sandrich. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 2; starting Dec. 19.)

The Shining—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. The father, who wants to write, brings his wife and child to spend the winter in an isolated, snowbound, haunted hotel in Colorado, where he is to be the caretaker—and where he goes mad and acts out his son's fears. Though taken from a pulp best-seller, by Stephen King, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. It has a promising opening sequence, and there is some spectacular use of the Steadicam, but Kubrick isn't interested in the people on the screen as individuals. They are his archetypes, and he's using them to make a metaphysical statement about the timelessness of evil. He's telling us that man is a murderer through eternity. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, though, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting Dec. 12.)

Space Movie—Directed by Tony Palmer. (Guild; through Dec. 18.)

Stardust Memories—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Baronet; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Cinema 3, and Olympia; starting Dec. 19.)

Stir Crazy—With Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder, directed by Sidney Poitier. (Gramercy, Cinema II, Loews Orpheum 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and National; starting Dec. 12.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (Loews New York 2.)

The Tarnished Angels (1958)—Rock Hudson said that this movie was not like his others—that he disapproved of it, and that such nasty stories shouldn't be presented to the American public. The nasty material is William Faulkner's "Pylon," adapted by George Zuckerman. Set in New Orleans in 1931, the movie attempts to re-create Faulkner's hectic, feverish atmosphere and heroes—the former Army pilots who will do anything to sustain the thrill of flying. The daredevils are played by Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone as his promiscuous parachutist wife, and Jack Carson as a mechanic; Hudson, limp as ever, is the heavy-drinking reporter who wants to do a story on the trio. This movie would have been better—in its odd, neo-thirties sort of way—if the last quarter hour had been left out. It's the kind of bad movie that you know is bad—and yet you're held by the mixture of polished style and quasi-melodramatics achieved by the director, Douglas Sirk. Shot in CinemaScope. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 17.)

Tell Me a Riddle—With Melvyn Douglas, Lila Kedrova, and Brooke Adams; directed by Lee Grant. (68th St Playhouse; starting Dec. 15.)

Tess—With Natassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson; directed by Roman Polanski. (Baronet; Dec. 12-18.)

There Goes the Bride—With Tom Smothers, Twiggy, and Martin Balsam. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 11.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (72nd Street East; Dec. 12-18.)

Tribute—With Jack Lemmon, Robby Benson, and Lee Remick; directed by Bob Clark. (Coronet; starting Dec. 14.)

The Warriors (1979)—Walter Hill's spectacle that takes its story from Xenophon's Anabasis and its style from the taste of the modern urban dispossessed—in neon signs, graffiti, and the thrill of gaudiness. The film enters into the spirit of urban-male tribalism and the feelings of kids who believe that they own the streets because they keep other kids out of them. In this vision, cops and kids are all there is, and the worst crime is to be chicken. It has—in visual terms—the kind of impact that "Rock Around the Clock" had when it was played behind the titles of "Blackboard Jungle." It's like visual rock. The action runs from night until dawn, and most of it is in crisp, bright Day-Glo colors against the terrifying New York blackness; the figures stand out like a jukebox in a dark bar. There's a night-blooming, psychedelic shine to the whole baroque movie. Adapted from the Sol Yurick novel. (3/5/79) (Embassy 5; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Dec. 18, tentative.)

We're No Angels (1955)—Humphrey Bogart, Peter Ustinov, and Aldo Ray trying very hard to be funny as a trio of convicts who escape from Devil's Island late in the nineteenth century. They take refuge in the home of a none too bright merchant (Leo G. Carroll) and his opaque wife (Joan Bennett), and coyly busy themselves protecting the kindly dumb merchant from his mean, rich cousin and boss (Basil Rathbone). Michael Curtiz directed this oppressive, misbegotten venture, adapted from the French play "La Cuisine des Anges," from which the Broadway play "My 3 Angels" was also taken. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 16.)

Wifemistress (1979)—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 11.)

The Woman in the Window (1945)—One of the best of Fritz Lang's American movies—a thriller with the logic and plausibility of a nightmare. Edward G. Robinson is the safe, serene associate professor of psychology in a New York City college who is interested in the relation of motive to homicide. The viewer identifies with the professor, who is in a woman's apartment when her lover comes in and unexpectedly attacks him, forcing him to kill the intruder with a pair of scissors. Joan Bennett is the woman in the case, Dan Duryea is a blackmailer, and Raymond Massey is an assistant district attorney. Nunnally Johnson adapted J. H. Wallis's novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 17.)

Written on the Wind (1957)—A Texas oil millionaire (Robert Stack) sweeps a secretary (Lauren Bacall) off her feet, marries her, and then gets to wondering whether the baby that she's going to have is really his or if it's the child of his best friend, a geologist (Rock Hudson). The Texan's nympho sister (Dorothy Malone) encourages his suspicions while trying to trap the geologist, who is, indeed, in love with the wife. The director, Douglas Sirk, shows his talent for whipping up sour, stylized soap operas in posh settings. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 17.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND of ours called in a state of high excitement. "I just heard a radio commercial for a catering firm that offers 'catered-affair-cancellation insurance,'" he said. "It's for when the happy couple split up just before the wedding reception, the guest speaker gets laryngitis, or the company picnic is rained out. Now I hope the insurance industry will move swiftly into a more intimate sector, with dinner-party-cancellation insurance. A forty-five-minute-deductible policy would leave plenty of time for the host to cancel his party at the first sign of faltering conversation, vacant gazes, or long anecdotes, and he still wouldn't be in the hole for the rack of lamb. 'Hold it!' the host would yell, leaping to his feet. 'That's it! Everybody out!' Then he'd dive for the phone to call his insurance agent, and the guests would take gratefully to the street."

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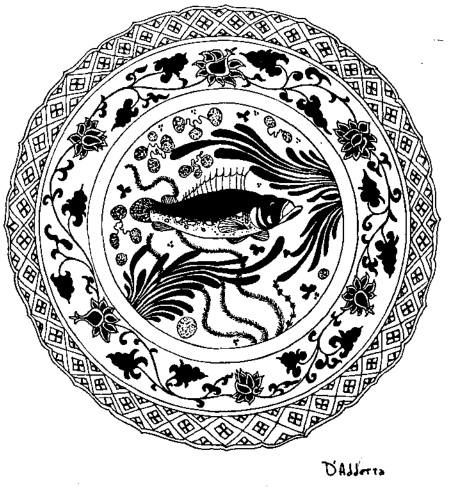
Light

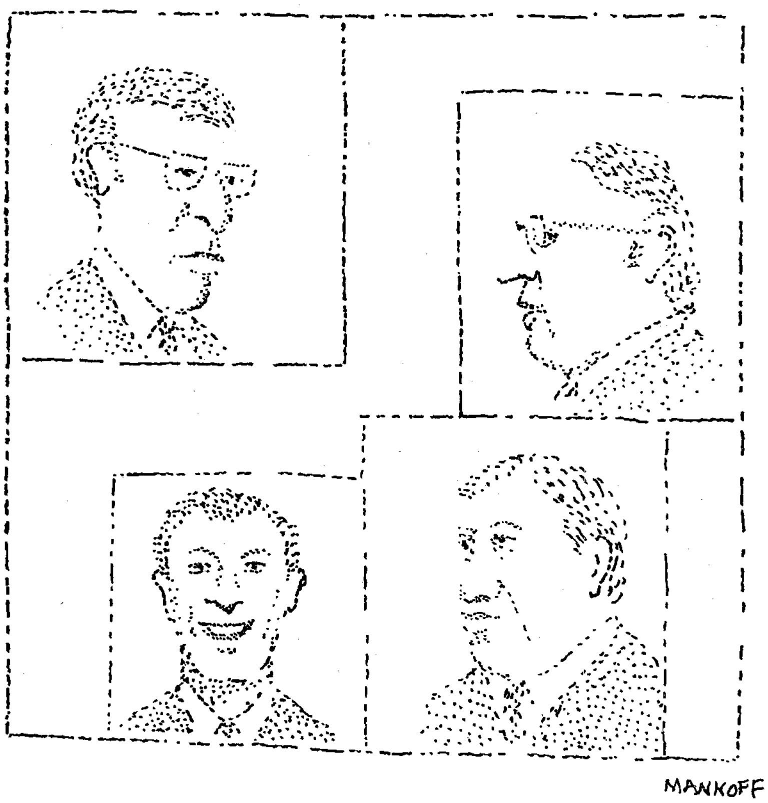
JAMES TURRELL, a California artist whose first New York show opened in late October at the Whitney Museum of American Art (where it will continue until January 1st), now has two shows running in the city and will soon have a third. "Phaedo," a Turrell "light-and-space installation," went on view at Leo Castelli's Greene Street gallery at the end of November; meanwhile, the artist has been constructing an ambitious "Skyspace" at P.S. 1, the former public-school building in Long Island City that is now an "alternative space" for art and artists. He will show this work as soon as he gets it finished—probably about the middle of January. Back in the sixties, Turrell was invited to show at the Pace Gallery here, but the plan fell through, and he is not sorry it did. "New York was going through the star system in art then," he told us the other day. "I just realized that it wasn't my time, and that I needed more work behind me."

The Turrell show at the Whitney, which is on the fourth floor, makes a fascinating companion piece to the Edward Hopper retrospective, on the second and third. Hopper was a master of painted light—that is, of the variety of ways in which light dissolves or illuminates shapes and surfaces. For Turrell, light is both the subject and the medium. You look *at* a Hopper, but to see a Turrell you have to step into it. Turrell defines spaces by means of light. "What interests me is the quality of light inhabiting a space, with nothing between you and it," he said. When you get off the elevator on the Whitney's fourth floor, what you see (or think you see) is a huge gray rectangle painted on the far wall. As you walk toward it, the rectangle appears to mirror the corners of the room behind you. But then, when you are only a foot or two away, you suddenly discover that the gray rectangle is actually an opening into another room—a room that seems to be filled with grayish, smoky light. What Turrell has done is to define two spaces with two different kinds of light. The outer space, the one you enter when you leave the elevator, is defined by direct light from four seventy-watt tungsten lamps pointed at the side walls; none of this direct light invades the inner space, whose illumination consists entirely of ambient, or indirect, light. At the point of intersection between the two spaces, your own visual equipment creates an illusion—a sort of glassy film, which dissolves when you get close enough to see through into the inner space. The experience is mysterious, a bit unnerving, and delightful.



There are five other installations in the Whitney show, each with a room of its own, and they add up to an informal retrospective of the work that Turrell has been doing for the last fifteen years. Two are projection pieces, with light projected through a small aperture making illusory three-dimensional shapes across the room. In another room, a wedge-shaped area is transformed by pink and blue fluorescent light into an exquisite, dreamlike space, which struck us as an ideal setting for a Balanchine ballet. One wall of a fourth room is dematerialized by light, so that it appears to float, and there is also a room that is flooded with a mixture of diffused daylight and argon-gas light—a mixture so apparently tangible that three viewers, at this count, have leaned up against what they took to be a wall and fallen slap into the art.

Turrell, a fine-looking fellow with a reddish-brown beard that does not quite diffuse a humorous expression, told us that all his work as an artist has been involved with light. At Pomona College in the sixties, he majored in experimental psychology with emphasis on perceptual psychology, which got him interested in the properties of light. He also took some art courses and looked at a great many projected slides of famous paintings. After a while, he began to look with increasing interest at the beam of light coming from the projector; it was often adrift with changing colors and with cigarette smoke, dust, and other particles not usually associated with high art. After graduating from Pomona, he decided to take a master's in art at Irvine, the newly founded branch of the University of California, but before the year was up he dropped out, feeling that it was time to stop "becoming" an artist and start being one. He rented a ground-floor space in the Mendota Hotel, an old structure in Ocean Park, which was a then run-down section of the Los Angeles beachfront between Venice and Santa Monica, and at once began to experiment with light projections. "One of the advantages of growing up in California is that you're not under pressure to repeat the past," Turrell told us. "I never even had a thought that what I was doing wasn't art." To support himself, he took on a variety of odd jobs, but in time he found that he could manage considerably better by buying old cars, restoring them (he is an ace with motors), and reselling them to collectors.

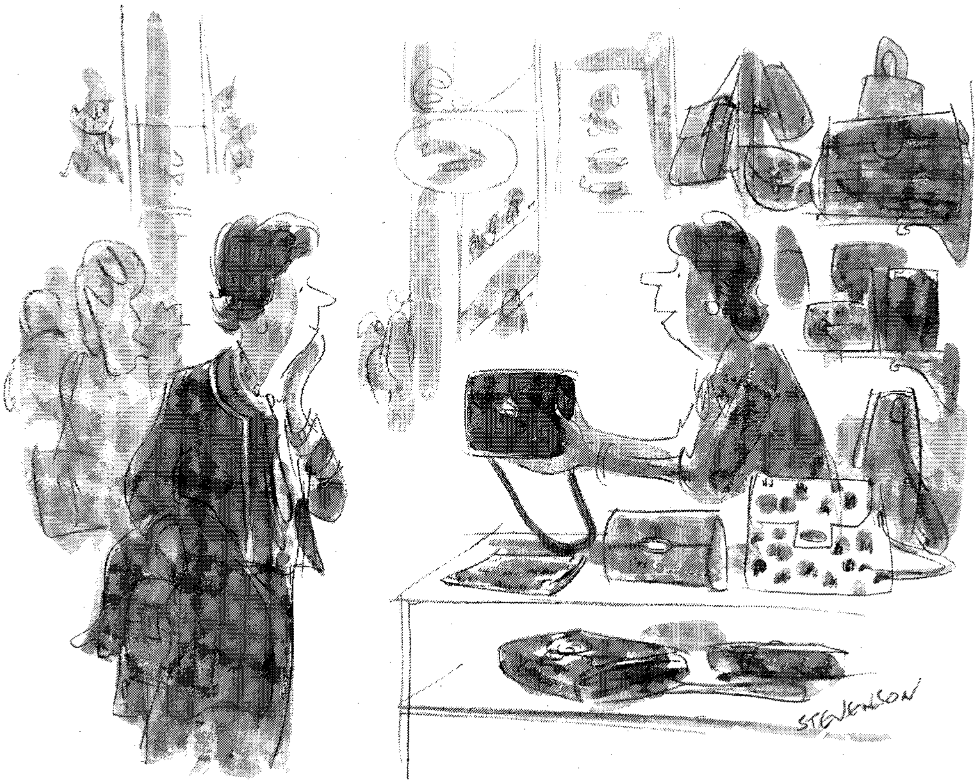


Clockwise from top left: Gregory Frey, Arthur Sabatino, Craig Holm, and Robert Moffat. Counterclockwise from bottom right: Ted Arkin, Louis Persky, Joel Nofziger, and William Pedriano.

Three other Los Angeles artists—Larry Bell, Robert Irwin, and Douglas Wheeler—happened to be working with light at that time (no one of them duplicating what the others were up to), and John Coplans, who was an art critic for and an editor of the magazine *Artforum*, arranged for them and for Turrell to have one-man shows at the Pasadena Art Museum, of which he was senior curator. Turrell showed his early projection pieces there in 1967. Arnold Glimcher, the president of the Pace Gallery, liked them enough to offer him a New York show, but when Glimcher went out to Los Angeles later and saw what Turrell was doing in his Ocean Park studio, his enthusiasm waned. Turrell had turned the studio into a sensorium for light. He had painted the floors, walls, and ceilings a pristine white, and was blocking off the windows and doors in different ways so that light entered only through a series of small, carefully chosen slits and holes. In the daytime, sunlight filtered in at certain hours; at night, automobile headlights created moving patterns, and other man-made sources contributed their bit, as did the moon. "Stoppages for the Mendota," as Turrell called the process, occupied him for nearly five years. He invited people in now and then—the evening viewing took two hours, sometimes four—and the work acquired an underground reputation. In 1974, Count Giuseppe Panza di Biumo, who may well be the most adventurous collector of advanced art in the world today, came over from Italy and commissioned Turrell to make six light installations in his seventeenth-century palazzo in Varese.

At that point, Turrell's thinking got a lot bigger. Two of the installations he devised for the Villa Panza, for instance, were "Skyspaces"—rooms whose ceiling and roof can be rolled back so that the viewer, standing inside the room, has the sensation of looking at the sky through a soft "skin" of light. In California, meanwhile, Turrell was being evicted from his studio—the old Mendota Hotel and its environs were marked for commercial development. Losing the studio freed him to investigate an idea that he had been thinking about for a couple of years, which involved the principle of celestial vaulting—the tendency of the human eye to perceive the sky as a curved, domelike finite space. Turrell bought a small airplane (he had learned to fly a few years before), and he then spent seven months flying over the Western states looking for a site where celestial vaulting could be experienced under ideal conditions. He found it in Arizona—a nearly symmetrical volcanic cone, six hundred feet high, rising from a level plain at the western edge of the Painted Desert. For the last four years, with interruptions for work at the Villa Panza and exhibitions in California and at the Stedelijk Museum, in Amsterdam, he has been preparing the site for work on the actual project, which will begin late next spring. His crater project is supported by the Dia Art Foundation, a New York-based organization that extends amazing sums of money to creators of amazingly advanced art works. Turrell, whose patience does not flag, says that it will be another four years before the project is completed.

Barbara Haskell, the Whitney Museum curator who brought the Turrell exhibition there, thinks that it is high time the California "perceptual" artists became better known in New York. So does Alanna Heiss, the executive director of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources, whose various operations include P.S. 1. There, Turrell is building a "Skyspace" that is considerably larger than the two he did at the Villa Panza, and his initial action, in August, was to remove the ceiling and roof of the room he had been assigned to work in. A torrential rainstorm struck before his workmen had finished installing drains in the floor, and the studio underneath his was flooded for a time. He told us that the installation is being built as a permanent one. The people at P.S. 1 seem to think it a "semi-permanent" piece, to be removed after three years, but Turrell said, "They're never going to get it out of there unless they tear the building down."



"I happen to know that Mrs. Reagan carries something very similar."

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Cat Story

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to look at the Queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under her chair.

MORRIS, who is a cat and is (so to speak) the star of a cat-food advertising campaign, has edited (so to speak again) a book about cats and how to take care of them. Morris, who is an orange tabby cat, and his trainer, a man with a severe crewcut, came to the city the other day to promote the book, so they invited people to come to Sardi's and ask questions and take pictures. Morris was placed on a table at one end of the room for all to see, and he licked his paws, rested his chin on his paws, half closed his eyes, moved one of his ears, moved both of his ears, lay down on his stomach, flicked his tail, and jumped off the table and tried to run away a few times.

"Is he drugged?" asked a woman, who later said that she is very concerned about the treatment of cats in public life, is against cat shows, has five cats, and takes her cats to a cat dentist regularly.

"No," said someone connected with Morris and his trainer. "People always ask that. But Morris doesn't have to be drugged. He's a real professional."

"But isn't Morris dead?" asked another woman.

"Well, yes, but that was the other Morris," answered the connection. "It's like a dynasty. Morris is dead. Long live Morris. This Morris was found in a cat shelter. He was a stray. This is the Morris that is now used in all the ads. But there are three more in reserve, in case he should suddenly drop dead."

A grown man in a Kool-Aid-orange-and-white cat suit walked by. On his stomach, written in black letters, were the words "Personal Ambassador to Morris the Cat."

"He looks highly flammable," said a man.

"It's rough," said a woman.

Morris left the room, presumably to eat a meal of fish, fish by-products, water, crab, shrimp, animal fat, wheat flour, dried yeast, dried whey, iron oxide, vitamin E, A, and niacin supplements, thiamin mononitrate, ethylenediamine dihydroiodide, calcium pantothenate, riboflavin supplement, vitamin D_3 supplement, and pyridoxine hydrochloride, which make up the contents of a six-and-a-half-ounce can of the brand of cat food that Morris represents.

Drama

PAVEL KOHOUT, the Czech playwright who was stripped of his citizenship and exiled after a series of government actions against him dating from his signing of the Charter 77 human-rights manifesto, met with a small group not long ago at New York University's Deutsches Haus. With him for an evening of conversation was Joseph Brodsky, the Russian poet, also in exile. Kohout, whose plays include "Poor Murderer" and "August August August: A Circus Performance," is now living in Vienna. He has blue eyes, light-brown hair, and a gentle manner. He was wearing dark-blue corduroy pants with a very large dark-blue cardigan sweater, a shirt, and a tie.

Joseph Brodsky asked, "Do you think that writers in Eastern Europe are lucky, in a sense, to be living in such a compromised situation with such compromised politicians, since both provide an infinite source for ridicule, for absurdities, and for making an audience happy?"

Pavel Kohout said, "Literature is the only thing that does well in oppression. Writers living with it know why they are writing. I see young colleagues in Western countries who have to search for problems. We don't. In repressed countries, literature becomes a substitute for politics; it plays a part that politics should normally play. I am fifty-two. I need ten years to write about my experiences of the last ten years, so I don't feel cut off from my source. But I don't think young writers should leave Prague very early. Years ago, Prague was the home of three literatures—Czech, German, and Jewish. It's not a coincidence that two of the best books in the world of literature—Jaroslav Hašek's 'The Good Soldier Schweik' and Franz Kafka's 'The Trial'—were written practically in the same street, only a few years apart, without the authors' knowing each other. They were both writing about the same experience. Many writers live in Prague because it is a source of life. The young writers are well advised to stay as long as possible."

Brodsky asked, "But don't you think that the political situation in the country, while it is a source of inspiration, also has the effect of mesmerizing, or hypnotizing, a writer? A writer is not free even when he or she is criticizing."

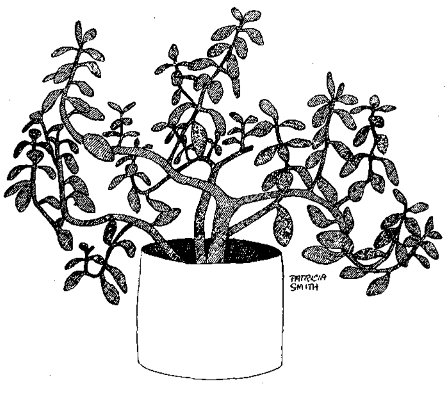
Kohout said, "This is very individual. Three great groups of Czech writers exist. The first is those who are published. They censor themselves or permit their work to be censored, and they live with a very bad conscience, for they are in a country where every second writer is prohibited and only one wrote a good book in the last ten years. Then, there is a big group of writers living in exile, writing good and bad books, like every other writer. *The third group is those* writing only for the typewritten editions—the padlock editions, as they are called. These writers are free. They write what they want, how they want. The only problem is the price they must pay—they are not published. So every Czech writer has three possibilities—to go away, to publish, or to write freely. The best ones—even those who have started writing in the last ten years, those who are twenty or twenty-five years old—go directly to the typewritten editions.

"There have been in this century alone three periods of occupation of Czechoslovakia—until 1918 by the Austrians, then six years by the Germans, and now by the Russians. We are living in the same place, but we are very much loved by all our neighbors and everybody seems to want to live with us in our country. The conditions for our survival are not very good.

"Theatre is more political than other art forms. It is the only one that has a lot of people acting together with the same notions, at the same time, at the same place. I don't think, though, that it can cause political demonstrations, but the authorities do, and therefore do not allow theatre.

"There are two great Czech actors—a lady who is now fifty-three years old and a man who is forty-six—who for the last seven years have been forbidden to perform. I asked myself why, if it was possible to make music at home in the nineteenth century, it was not possible to have theatre at home in the twentieth, and I adapted 'Macbeth' for a performance of five actors. The great actress played Lady Macbeth and the first witch. The great actor played Macbeth. A young lady, my daughter, read the stage directions. The fourth was a very good pop singer and a poet. He sang the hero parts. That was only in desperation; at first, I thought he would act with us—he was very talented—but when he started to speak it was terrible, and so I asked him to sing instead. For the last seventeen parts, for which I had no more actors, it was me, personally. Thirty years ago, it wasn't possible for me to go into the theatre, because I wasn't talented, so, you see, every situation has a positive aspect. Six hundred thousand soldiers had to come to Czechoslovakia to allow me to act.

"We were call actors, as if call girls. Everybody who wanted to have a 'Macbeth' at home could invite us, and *afterward we would be paid in wine* and goulash and discuss the performance with the audience. The play lasted eighty-five minutes and could be done in any living room larger than thirty-five square metres. We had thirty rehearsals, and after eighteen performances it was a renowned production. Very good. A lot of actors from the National Theatre, German actors working in Prague, diplomats, and friends of ours came, and, to the nineteenth production, the police, too. They came into the flat where we were performing, twelve or thirteen of them. They were very polite, told the owner that they had been called by neighbors suspicious that there was going to be a sex party with young girls and boys. They waited until we finished and then they came in. Everybody was surprised. There was a critic in Czechoslovakia who through the sixties gave all my plays very bad reviews. In the end, we were in the same situation—he was forbidden, I was forbidden. He was at this performance, and said, 'It's typical of Showman Kohout that he makes "Macbeth" for five and has twelve policemen arrive.'



"After this performance, the police appeared wherever the show was scheduled, every evening, earlier than the actors. So it was over. But then we made a last attempt—a Czech ruse. We gave five addresses where we would be performing for five evenings, and at a sixth flat we made a movie. It was my most complicated film work. We had a camera and one hundred and ten minutes of film for eighty-five minutes of 'Macbeth.' Usually, one has six times as much film as one needs and takes every shot five times, but we did it, and the film has been produced and shown on West German television."

A woman in the audience asked, "Isn't it true that the Prague Spring was initiated and carried on by intellectuals, the artists, whereas in Poland *it is the workers, blue-collar workers,* who are pressing for what they feel are their rights?"

Kohout said, "I don't think the two situations can be compared. There are not large class differences in Czechoslovakia. After the great Germanization of early modern times, the nation started again from working people. Every one of us has relatives who are workers or peasants. In the strict sense, we have no intellectuals, so we can't say that the Prague Spring was only the work of the intelligentsia. There is one power acting in Poland which we didn't have in Czechoslovakia, and that is the Catholic Church. Until recently, the living standards in Czechoslovakia were rather high. Those concrete problems of no meat, no potatoes didn't exist. Now I hear from Czech friends that these worries are beginning.

"I never prophesy. For thirteen years, I lived in the nicest square in Prague, in front of the castle. All parades went by my windows. In the autumn of '64, Nikita Khrushchev was in Prague. It was the last day of his visit, and in the great square were

Technology Review
NEXT
SCIENCE DIGEST
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
American Journal of Science
Science 80
GEO
OMNI
Popular Science
SCIENCE
new scientist

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dozens of state cars and President Novotný, with all the authorities and celebrities waiting for Khrushchev to go back to Moscow. Then, from the window, I saw dozens of black-dressed men going to talk to Khrushchev in his car, and everybody is sitting waiting, with the motors of nine or ten state cars running for thirty seconds, one minute. For me, as a theatre author, one minute is immense, and after two minutes a young man emerges from the car where Mr. Khrushchev and President Novotný are sitting and disappears into the castle. Three minutes later, a waiter in a smoking jacket appears with a silver platter with one glass and one bottle of mineral water. He came to the car and Khrushchev drank the glass of water and then went back to Moscow and he wasn't First Secretary anymore. It was exactly the hour when he learned he was deposed from office. Drama."

KNICKER, KNACKER, SNICKER, SNOOKER

(AN OBFUSCATING ROMP VAGUELY IN THE MANNER OF A RECENT TELEVISION SERIES)

(*Westminster Bridge and misty Houses of Parliament. Glistening wet streets. Sound of fog rolling in from the Thames.*)

Moderator (*crisp, businesslike*): We are at a vital crossroads in our tale of international espionage. C. W. Frisbee relentlessly pursues the one who has betrayed Operation Ladyfinger. Whom can trust who? Who can trust whom? (*Big Ben strikes nine. Little Ben strikes three.*) Demoralization in the bureau has reached all the way to Aorta himself, who is suffering from Gladwin's Syndrome. Central Central has entertained the notion of the unthinkable: one of their own is gnawing from within.

(*Row of metal baggage lockers at Waterloo Station. Frisbee is in greatcoat with long wraparound scarf. Big Ben strikes four. Little Ben strikes eight.*)

Frisbee: They are tearing the very fabric of our society, Cricket. The very fabric. I can remember when Big Ben was as solid as the Old Lady herself. A man could cock an ear for Big Ben, and, by God, when the bell rang that chap bloody well knew what time it was.

H. R. (Cricket) Maltby: Someone has been mucking about with the key to this locker.

Frisbee (*quietly*): Things began to go askew a long time ago, when someone—I think it was Cheesecloth, in the Foreign Office—first proposed the Little Ben idea. Supposed to be a backup scheme for the big fellow. Hasn't worked out that way.

Cricket: Do you remember how idealistic we once were? We thought the world was our *huître marinée.*

Frisbee: Give me that key, you fool! Everything has been shredded, destroyed, down the sluice.

(*Flashback to the Kidney Room at the Amphibians, a men's club in Pall Mall. Deep leather chairs. Long refectory tables. Magazines everywhere, their covers depicting horses jumping over sticks. Aged retainers stumble about, spilling drinks from tall glasses. Sounds of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" can be heard from adjoining chamber.*)

Weatherbee Bates: You're messing up the carpet, Monkton. Just put the umbrella in the crutch rack and let's get on with it.

Monkton Reese-Reese: We put Ludgate over the border at Sczllo at precisely eighteen-oh-eight forty-two-oh disguised as a monger. He had thrown away the fright wig at Brllgszy. That was intelligent of him. He had *everything*—the drop slots, the mail mucilage, the Brodono papers. Everything.

Bates: Except what?

Reese-Reese: Except inner conviction. He'd been thinking too much, cogitating, comparing present and past, questioning the values, the precepts, the *rules*. He went completely to pieces, they tell me, in Budapest, spouting hundreds of names from the Moscow phone book, addresses, phone numbers—wrong, thank God—chronology of the czars, lists of museums, housing projects, day-care centers, missile sites, gulags, places of noteworthy public interest, samovar-repair shops. Everything was mispronounced!

Bates: Everything?

Reese-Reese: Everything.

(*Musical sounds of trepidation, hesitation, and despair. Flashback to shop of neutral Swiss watchmaker, Max Budelmann. Hundreds of clocks swing in unsynchronized rhythm. Sounds of tinkle bells, glockenspiels, and cuckoos. Budelmann squints through eyepiece at the works of a pocket watch, its tiny wheels spinning violently. He carefully removes eyepiece.*)

Budelmann: Ach, Frisbee! Trouble again at Switchboard Plastic?

Frisbee: The gray paper left an intaglio on the ampersand. Tends to blow the game, you know.

Budelmann: Tsut!

Frisbee: Farnsworth was due in Pozno with the sponges and code books. Also, the spare parts for the digitals.

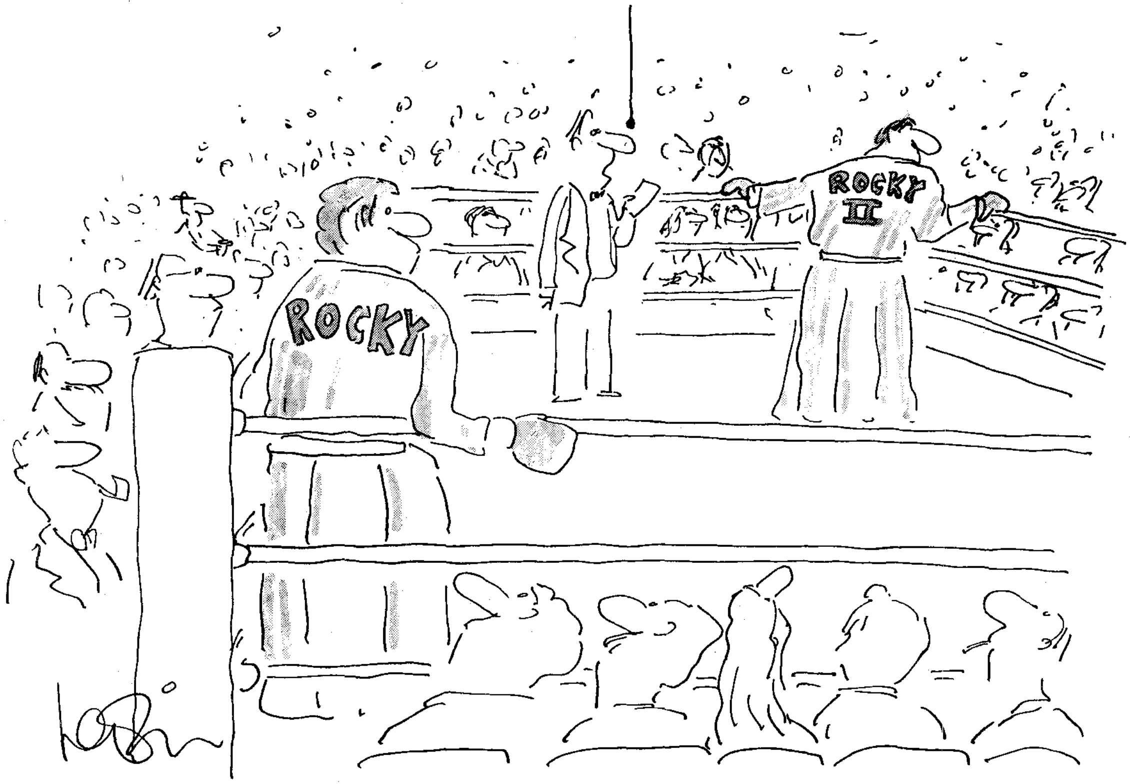
Budelmann: Tsut!

Frisbee: The quartz filaments reacted negatively to the Ben Tests—both Big and Little. We must devise a way!

Budelmann: Ach, so. Ja. Keep your eyes down, but the man approaching in the dirty raincoat from across the street is not one of yours or one of theirs.

Frisbee: He may be a man in a dirty raincoat. It happens. But there are serious chinks in our wall.

Budelmann: How is the lovely Fran D'Agin-



court—the one (*winks*) who likes to frolic? All in good clean fun, of course.

(*Old-fashioned kitchen in the basement of an elegant Edwardian town house in Belgravia. Hudson, the butler, is polishing tumblers.*)

Hudson: Without meaning to take issue with you, Rose, and of course no hard feelings, prudence alone demands that although one might disagree with Marshal Haig's over-all strategy, one must at least acknowledge his many years of military discipline and dedication.

Mrs. Bridges (*head emerging from hot oven*): Now, you listen, girl, to Mr. Hudson.

Rose: But Mr. Hudson, there is dreadful butchery in the trenches.

Mrs. Bridges: Steady, girl, steady. Heed Mr. Hudson.

Hudson: There are times when we must all make extra sacrifices for our country and our flag.

(*The fashionable sitting room of Fran D'Agincourt, Chelsea. She is tall, svelte, brunette, and stretched out on a chaise longue. She deftly handles a black cigarette in a maroon holder. Reproductions of international odalisques cover the walls. Tugboat sounds from the river. Provocatively erotic music, followed by several bars from the "Peer Gynt" Suite.*)

Frisbee (*cynically*): Still reading *Pravda* to the cat?

Fran: You were always the witty one, the brainiest, the most sacrificing, the gentlest, really, and hard in your own way, Frisbee. I've no quarrel with that, but when it came to love—

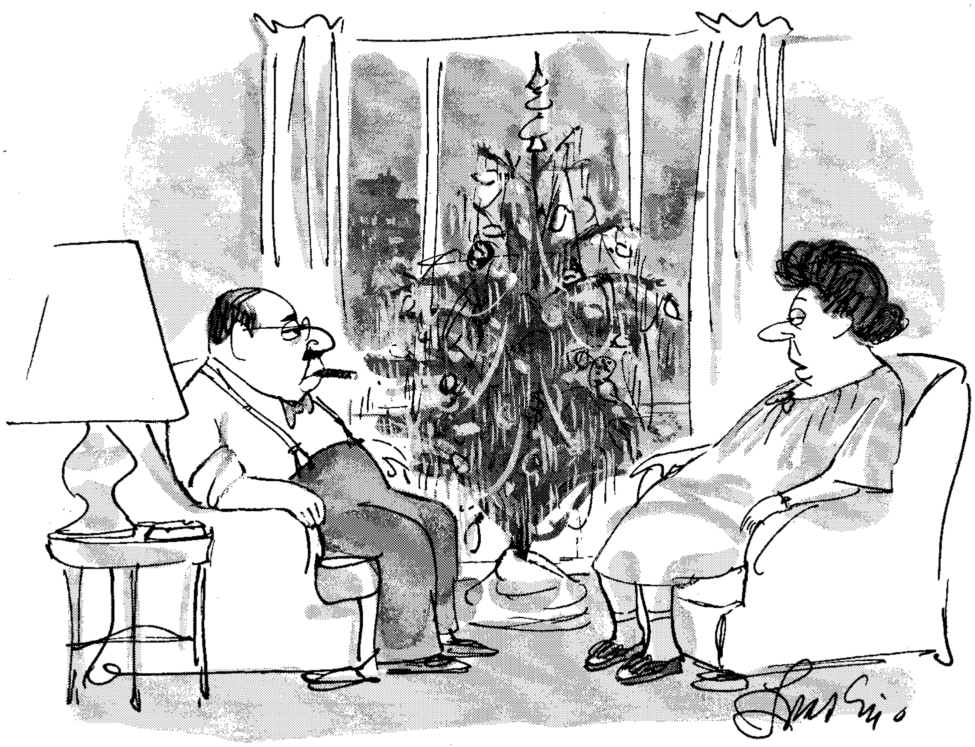
Frisbee: All the chaps rather doted on you, Fran. You represented some sort of female ideal, some unattainable goal. I tumbled hardest. I received the worst blow.

Fran: It was your choice to drop Greek pronouns and save civilization, not mine. It was never easy, with all those handsome square-jawed chaps at Swinburne's making a play for me, when they weren't making a play for one another.

(*Staccato drumbeat. Ominous wail of saxophone.*)

Frisbee: *You* know why I'm here. Aorta is dying. Central Central has lost confidence in the Platziger map. We must find the ferret in the woodpile!

Fran: Find the translucent pearl in the left ear of the girl with the blue turban on the second floor of the Mauritshuis, in The Hague.



"Let's get someone to snap a picture of you, me, and the tree for next year's Christmas card."

• •

Frisbee (*whispering excitedly*): Vermeer?

Fran: Not the pearl worn by the pale one in the Staatliche in Berlin-Dahlem, nor the pearl with the red hat in the National Gallery in Washington. That would entangle us with Yankee Doodle. And get the bill of lading. Thirty florins originally, I believe. With today's prices, God knows . . . And one more thing, Frisbee. Can't you and your chaps button your lips once in a while? Grown men babbling secrets!

(*Crescendo of urban sounds. High-strung violins seem close to hysteria. Tragic double bass. Limehouse. Strange night cries. Corner of a warehouse, near the river. Thick fog, like homemade minestrone. Not pea soup. Minestrone.*)

Drawbridge: I always knew it would end like this—a dismal warehouse near the docks, fetid odors rising from the river, the whole mighty intrigue and stink of the world concatenating in a pathetic confrontation between two helpless puppets.

Frisbee: For God's sake, man, fasten your choppers! What time is it? (*Big Ben strikes five. Little Ben strikes five.*) The bugger will be coming soon. He has a key to the warehouse. He'll put the key in the lock and turn it, and we will hear his footsteps as he crosses the loose planks. He'll walk in slowly and deliberately, beautifully pressed and tailored, with his damnable sweet, unwrinkled smile and his damnable genuine-pigskin dispatch case, and his thrice-garbled duplicity. We've been through it before, Drawbridge.

Drawbridge: And we'll be through it again.

(*They stand, tense and poised. Approaching footsteps. A great white searchlight sweeps across the warehouse, pinpointing the two men.*)

Moderator: This program has been funded and funded and funded.

—Philip Hamburger

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"We really have to deal with all sorts of things," said Anne. "The trouble that we get with how to spell 'Bermudian' is really a problem.

"That little 'i' causes so much trouble. The worst offenders are Lloyd's Shipping Register who always spell 'Bermudian' as 'Bermudian'.

"I rang them up once to tell them about this and they said, 'Well, you might spell it Bermudian but to us it's 'Bermudian'!

"That was the end of that," she said.

—*Hamilton* (*Bermuda*) *Mid-Ocean News.*

As well it might be.

NORTH AND SOUTH

Now, through the vigil of Venus—the steady star
that survives translation, if one can call this lamp
the planet that pierces us over indigo islands—
despite the critical sand flies, I accept my function
as a provincial elegist at the end of an empire,
a single, circling, homeless satellite.
I can listen to its guttural death rattle in the shoal
of the legions' withdrawing roar, from the raj,
from the Reich, and see the full moon again
like a white flag rising over Fort Charlotte,
and sunset slowly collapsing like the flag.

It's good that everything's gone, except their language,
which is everything. And it may be a childish revenge
at the presumption of empires to hear the worm
gnawing their solemn columns into coral,
to snorkel over Atlantis, to see, through a mask,
Sidon up to its windows in sand, Tyre, Alexandria,
with their wavering seaweed spires through a glass-bottom boat,
and to buy porous fragments of the Parthenon
from a fisherman in Tobago, but the fear exists,
Delenda est Carthago on the rose horizon,

and the side streets of Manhattan are sown with salt,
as those in the North all wait for that white glare
of the white rose of inferno, all the world's capitals.
Here, in Manhattan, I lead a tight life
and a cold one, my soles stiffen with ice
even through woollen socks; in the fenced back yard,
trees with clenched teeth endure the wind of February,
and I have some friends under its iron ground.
Even when spring comes with its rain of nails,
with its soiled ice oozing into black puddles,
the world will be one season older but no wiser.

Fragments of paper swirl round the bronze general
of Sheridan Square, syllables of Nordic tongues
(as an Obeah priestess sprinkles flour on the doorstep
to ward off evil, so Carthage was sown with salt);
the flakes are falling like a common language
on my nose and lips, and rime forms on the mouth
of a shivering exile from his African province;
a blizzard of moths whirls around the extinguished lamp
of the Union general, sugary insects crunched underfoot.

You move along dark afternoons where death
entered a taxi and sat next to a friend,
or passed another a razor, or whispered "Pardon"
in a check-clothed restaurant behind her cough—
I am thinking of an exile farther than any country.
And, in this heart of darkness, I cannot believe
they are now talking over palings by the doddering
banana fences, or that seas can be warm,

that I sat in a heated car through white Iowa—
there, too, the white flakes kept falling like words,
covering the visible world in a single language—
discussing "De Vulgari" with an assistant professor.
And why was this, too, not written in the vulgar tongue?
Will I always be as far from them as is winter?
They live in a culture without its own statues.

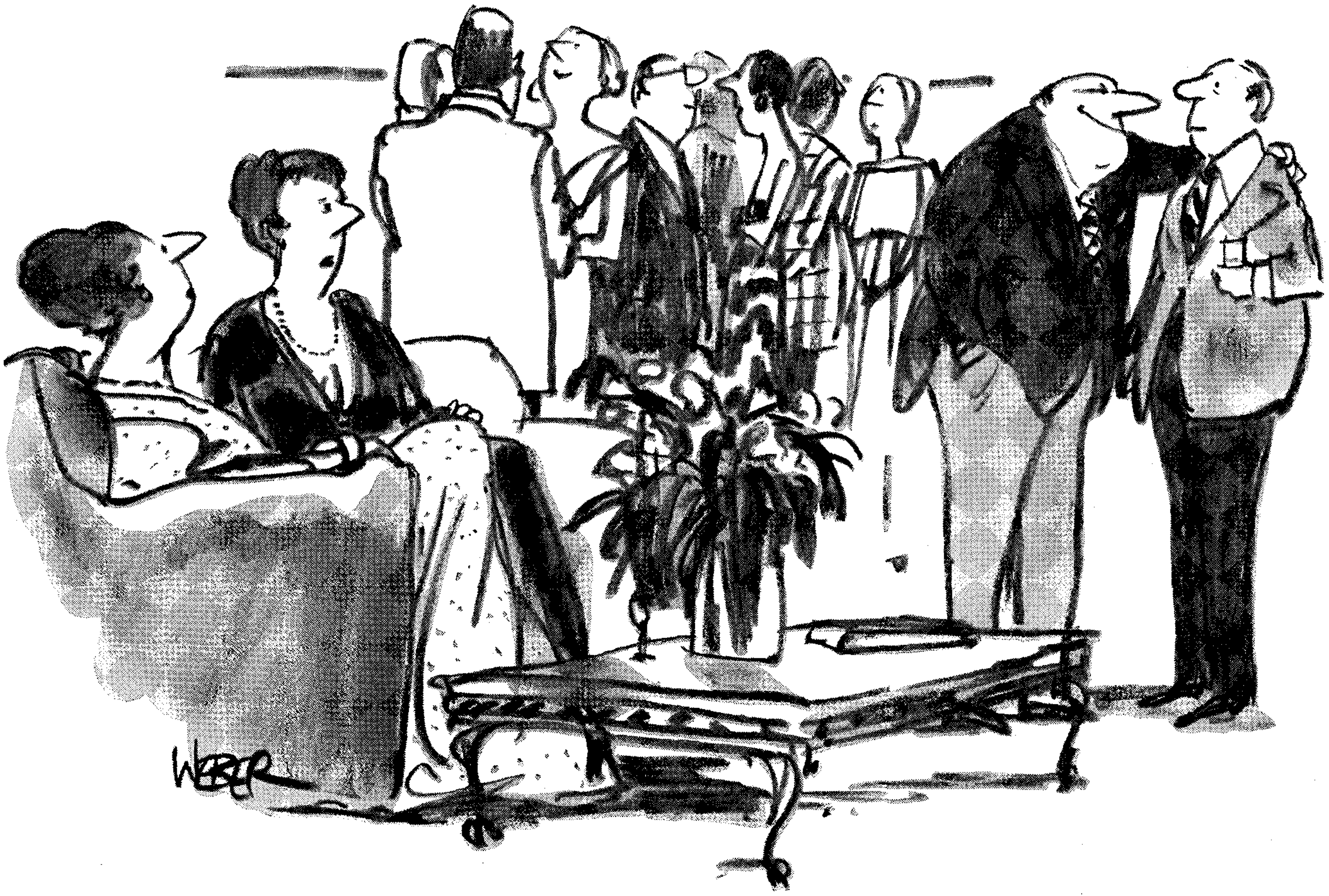
How far I am from those cacophonous seaports
built round the single exclamation of one statue
of Victoria Regina! There vultures shift on the roof
of the red iron market, whose patois
is brittle as slate, a gray stone flecked with quartz.
I prefer the salt freshness of that ignorance,
as language crusts and blackens on the pots
of this cooked culture, coming from a raw one;
and these days in bookstores I stand paralyzed

by the rows of shelves along whose wooden branches
the stiffened nightingales are trilling "Read me! Read me!"
in various metres of the old Attic pain;
or I shiver before the calfbound behemoths
with the snow still falling in white words on Eighth Street,
those burly minds that barrelled through contradictions
like a boar through bracken, or an old tarpon
bristling with broken hooks, or an old stag
spanielled by critics to a crag at twilight,

the exclamation of its antlers like a hat rack
on which they hang their theses. I am tired of words,
and literature is an old couch stuffed with fleas,
of culture stuffed in the taxidermist's hides.
I think of Europe as a gutter of autumn leaves
choked like the thoughts in an old woman's throat.
But she was home to some consul in snow-white ducks
doing out his service in the African provinces,
who wrote letters like this one home and feared malaria
as I mistrust the dark snow, who saw the lances of rain

marching like a Roman legion over the fens.
So, once again, when life has turned into exile,
and nothing consoles, not books, work, music, or a woman,
and I am tired of trampling the brown grass,
whose name I don't know, down an alley of stone,
and I must turn back to the road, its winter traffic,
and others sure in the dark of their direction,
I lie under a blanket on a cold couch,
feeling the flu in my bones like a lantern,

and my rheumy eyes watering from the white glare;
I often think of dying quietly then,
quietly as a bird floating behind gray glass,
but there are no birds, the birds have all gone south,
and I have learnt to wait—the fear will pass,
and the dry palms, and the dry, feverish mouth.
And your father writes this, going about his business:
I love my children too much for that nonsense despair.
The blacker the winter, the fiercer his heart's fire.



"The thing about George is he loves people—which, of course, isn't really true."

• •

nder the blue sky of this winter in Virginia
e brick chimneys flute white smoke through
skeletal lindens,
s a spaniel churns up a pyre of blood-rusted leaves;
ere is no memorial here to their Treblinka—
s a van delivers from the ovens loaves
s warm as flesh, its brakes jaggedly screech
ke the square wheel of a swastika. The mania
f history veils even the clearest air,
e sickly-sweet taste of ash, of something burning.

nd when one encounters the slow coil of an accent,
eflexes step aside as if for a snake,
ith the paranoid anxiety of the victim.
he ghosts of white-robed horsemen float
through the trees,
e galloping hysterical abhorrence of my race—
ke any child of the Diaspora, I remember this
ven as the flakes whiten Sheridan's shoulders,
nd I remember once looking at my aunt's face,
e wintry blue eyes, the rusty hair, and thinking

aybe we are part Jewish, and felt a vein
n through this earth and clench itself like a fist
round an ancient root, and wanted the privilege
be yet another of the races they fear and hate
stead of one of the haters and the afraid.
bove the spiny woods, dun grass, skeletal trees,
the chimney serenely fluting something
from Schubert—
like the wraith of smoke that comes from
someone burning—
veins the air with an outcry that I cannot help.

The winter branches are mined with buds,
the fields of March will detonate the crocus,
the olive battalions of the summer woods
will shout orders back to the wind. To the
soldier's mind
the season's passage round the pole is martial,
the massacres of autumn sheeted in snow, as
winter is white as a veterans hospital.
Something quivers in the blood beyond control—
something deeper than our transient fevers.

But in Virginia's woods there is also an old man
dressed like a tramp in an old Union greatcoat,
walking to the music of rustling leaves, and when
I collect my change from a small-town pharmacy,
the cashier's fingertips still wince from my hand
as if it would singe hers—well, yes,
je suis un singe,
I am one of that tribe of frenetic or melancholy
primates who made your music for many
more moons
than all the silver quarters in the till.

—Derek Walcott

THE BOOKSELLER

Saturday, November. Winter, thank heaven. Everyone is wearing something new in the fall line. Skirts are shorter and heels are, thereby, lower. Quite old ladies are in schoolgirl sweaters and men far from young are on silent roller skates—curving backward, slowly spinning around to make a deft, brilliant, soundless stop on the sidewalk.

November. People have stopped going to their country places for the weekend, because, it is said, there is too much going on in the city. How true that is. At the opera, machines float swans across the back of the stage and hurl swords through the air; ballet fans are gossiping on the mezzanine; the hardy are standing in fur or in fat jackets of spring-garden pinks and purples in the long lines outside the movie houses. The city people are as strong as athletes and in elevated spiritual condition, too. Happy hours inside the darkened halls, with so many performing up front in a flood of light. Creamy faces on the screen; thin chiffons and heavy velvets on the stage. He leaping, leaping, and she folding her arms in dejection, like the wings of a bird; another reaching so high, up, up, singing of her lover's treachery to the cause of her father. Saturday night, sold out.

The cafés are steaming, and from the restaurant doors garlic floats toward the hoods of cars waiting for the light. The newspaper kiosks have tomorrow's papers stacked outside and, as always, Roger's secondhand bookstore on Columbus Avenue is open for business. The store is called The Pleiade, but Roger likes to refer to it as the "play aid." He says he has learned to watch out for strangers who can pronounce the name properly, because they know what they are doing and are sure to steal him blind. This caution is not, in fact, Roger's way at all. He approaches theft—the thin volumes hiding in overcoats and the large volumes in shopping bags—with a short cry of pain and a long journey into his imagination, where he finds some poor truant, beaten down by self-awareness like the man in "Notes from Underground," poring with fevered eyes over his treasure.

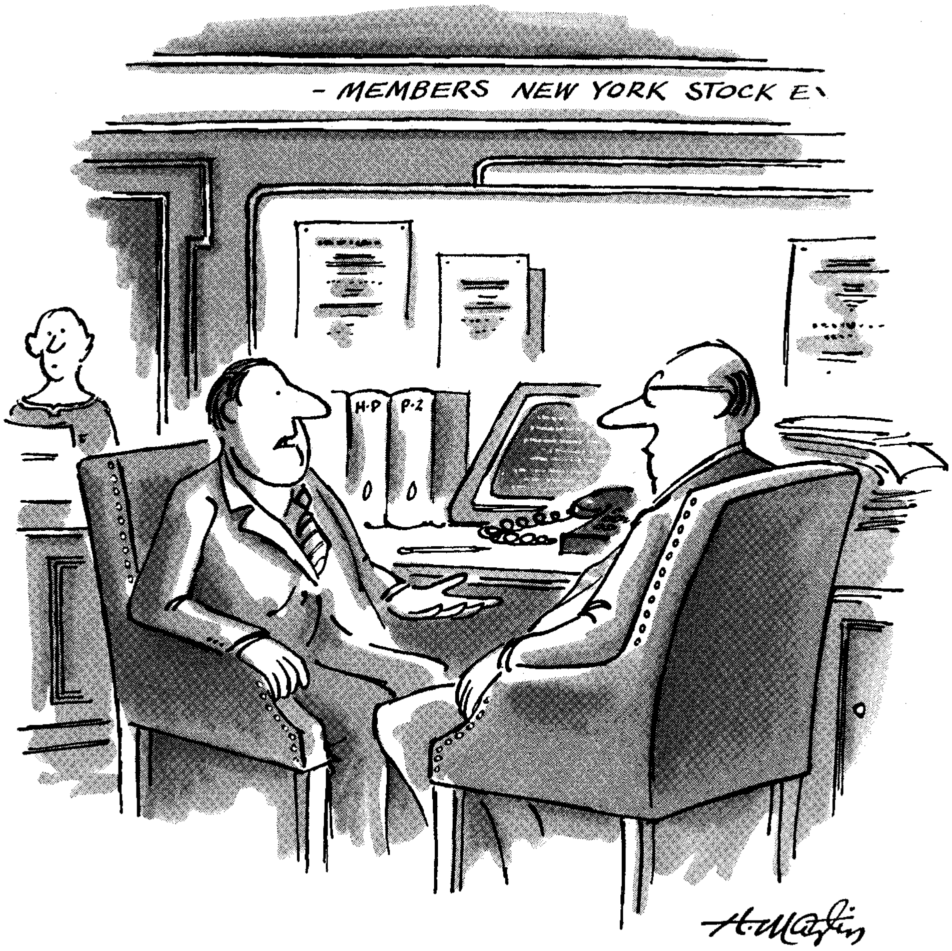
It is almost eleven when we stop at the shop. Roger says: The overflow from "The Marriage of Maria Braun" is terrific.

Roger is a large man, with sand-colored skin and hair of a curious tan shade, and he is dressed in a sand-colored corduroy jacket with leather patches on the elbows. The elbow patches and the pipe he sometimes smokes do not give him the air of a professor or of a sportsman. He is too seedy and rumpled and sand-strew for that. He is just the benign, beaming, outsized owner of The Pleiade and he and his shop are rooted lik cabbages in the mixed sod of Columbus Avenue.

Yes, a lot is going on, but Roge never goes to the opera, never goes t the ballet, seldom goes to the movies He is stuck in his shop, like a flagpol on the village green. He is a man wit a single overwhelming passion out o which his being flows. The modernis classics are his passion. Reverence, th tensions of love, the restlessness o pursuit inflect his utterance of th sacred names. Photographs o Frenchmen, Russians, Americans Italians, martyrs of inspiration, are i frames on the walls of The Pleiade and their mostly sombre images caught in the youth of radical invention, are lit like icons by the candle o Roger's beaming eyes. He is haunte by memories. Where, oh where, is hi lost copy of "A Barbarian in Asia' with the luck of Michaux's signatur circled by cryptic drawings?

Roger and his books. His old friend are aware that he does not *quite* rea them and that there is no word accurate for his curious taking in. He flip through the volumes delicately, carefully, and in some agitation of min and spirit. His classics, with their almost constitutional authority, live under a kind of glass in his admiration New books, not quit yesterday's or even of th last few years, he receives kindly and wit generous hope, and he i quick to sort out thos that have about the certain whisperings o futurity, of longevity But it is not true tha Roger has no knowledge of his books. Th truth is that he know them in an intimate peculiar fashion. H knows well each flavor each *spécialité*, each domain, and the ver quality of the aspiration In his cheerful hear all the ironies, overturnings, dissonances o modern art ring ou their sad notes and fil him with happiness.

If one were to say Roger, do you admir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"I'm sitting in the park reading my paper when a little bird flies up and says, 'Buy Nicolet!' Then another little bird flies up and says, 'Don't buy Nicolet!' Then a third little bird flies up and says, 'Buy Nicolet!' After that, no more birds fly up, so I figure, hell, two out of three ain't bad. So I'm buying Nicolet."

Bruno Schulz?, he would answer: Oh, yes, oh, yes. And then, reflecting, he might add: But I like "Crocodile Street" better than "Sanatorium." He has made a judgment, reached into the bibliophile quarry that is his head, and brought to life the elusive pages with their type, their chapter headings, their beginnings and endings, their place-names that sparkle with fresh consonants and vowels. And he knows what there is to know of lives—the terrible struggles of authorship that have undone so many.

At The Pleiade, a thin young woman, with hair cold and shiny like a wet cap, set over large, steady eyes, is drinking coffee at a long table at the back. Lois, Roger says.

Up front, there stands on tiptoe a not unusual bookshop scarecrow in black trousers, frayed jacket, and painful shoes long worn by feet much larger than the feet currently trying to find a grounding in them. This pitiful person is holding a book some distance from his eyes. Crazy, Roger says.

A very large dog, like a huge ball of dust, sleeps in the middle of the shop and must be circled by the customers. So it is, with small variations, seven nights a week at The Pleiade. Now a young couple, whispering, examine the titles on the shelves. Roger's eagerness follows their glances. He is in search of essence, the young couple's essence, to be revealed to him as a hand pulls a volume forward and then slowly pushes it back into place. Roger sees the light of recognition and the blankness of ignorance.

Pound's "ABC," the young man whispers to the girl. Twenty-five dollars. The expensive jewel lies in the young man's palm for a moment and then is returned to its alphabetical resting place.

Roger watches the unrolling, as it seems to him, of their biography. He is deeply interested, although the couple do not reveal any eccentricity and their passage through poetry, criticism, art, and fiction is unremarkable. But there is a longing, perhaps, a tenderness and wonder, before first American edition and original English edition, before the contemplation of the out-of-print, the signed, and the limited.

At last, the girl buys a paperback for two dollars and fifty cents. "Kafka's Diaries," Volume I. Roger's smile seems to fade a bit, although not in dishonor to Kafka, for whom he feels a love almost criminal. The fading seems to be a disappointment that the young couple had been thus far deprived of the volume.

They go out in their matching ski jackets, jog down the avenue with their blond hair flying behind. Roger collects his decisions about them. Poets, he says. I think they live downtown, but not in the East Village. Something like West Tenth Street. Respectable types, Amherst and Wellesley. Those two are spacing lines on a page.

ROGER. I can see again his large head bowed, as if in grief, in the Milton seminar at Columbia some years ago. He brought to graduate studies his pen and his notebook and the steady downward tug of his dilatory, procrastinating nature. It was the modernist T. S. Eliot and his resurrection of the metaphysical poets that had led Roger disastrously to the seventeenth century. By the perverse authority of institutions he was brutally dragged by his light curls into the study of Milton, a poet not even very high in the regard of Eliot at the time. Roger endured for a few months. He wrote in the margins of "The Student's Milton": "Cf. Virgil," after one line; and "See Pliny the Elder," after another; and at the top of a page "Pythagoras was the only one who had heard the spheres' music."

But his head was too big and his eyes were too small for the peering at lines, and he shuffled about in the text like a melancholy sheep in a pen. At last, he gave up and went cheerfully loping off into the meadow of upper Broadway, and came to a stop some years later as the proprietor of The Pleiade. And yet, even now, Roger can sometimes be heard in the doorway of his shop, greeting a friend with "Hail, holy light!," the only phrase from "Paradise Lost" sequestered in his memory.

Roger knows well a number of regular visitors to The Pleiade and he has friends, themselves a miscellaneous collection, from his Columbia undergraduate days. He knows a French-literature scholar, a Socialist, a Catholic poet, and a lawyer who plays the violin and reads Kleist and Novalis in German.

THE night is ending and Lois is nodding at the table. Before Lois, Maureen was for some months sitting at the table, sitting there silent and beautiful and abstracted—very, very much in the Lois manner.

Where is Maureen?

Gone for a spell to the topless towers, Roger says. Is there regret in his tone? No, not exactly. It is Roger's way to meet fate with the sweetest accommodation of the trivial or the violent alteration. Profound passivity, a little wonder, and a flash of puzzlement here and there, and the flux of his domestic arrangements serenely made its way to sea. For this, the troubled people who floated down on him, as if he were a pier for a sudden anchorage, were perhaps grateful.

The topless towers was his designation of Maureen's home town, Troy, New York. And it was there she would go when the peaceful vacancy of her nature took a little turn to the left or right and she had to be got back on the road again.

Lois is a friend of Maureen's, Roger explains. She's looking for work.

Lois nods, and her meditative gaze is so untroubled that it has the effect of a signal of trouble itself.

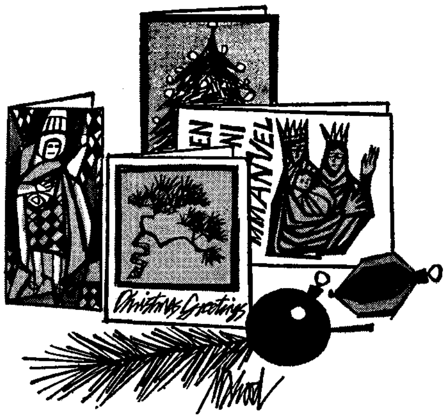
From time to time, the iron gates over the front of The Pleiade remained closed past noon, and some of Roger's commercial neighbors were taken by curiosity. The cook from the Chinese restaurant often walked out in his apron and peered through the gated windows into the impatient jaws of the dog. The fat palmist, awaiting the evacuation sure to arrive when the landlord, stuck with the derelict for so many years, could decide to what brilliant, prosperous use the palmist's street-front broom closet might be put, glared with deep intention at the locked gates, as if she had at last accomplished a predicted malediction.

There was no cordiality between Roger and the palmist, because he detested the occult and the pornographic and, to him, the palmist united the two in her black coils of hair and in the beseeching, whimpering noises directed at passersby.

But soon there would come Roger in a taxi, and out of the taxi came shopping bags filled with more books bought from a bankrupt hole-in-the-wall competitor. The gates rolled back, the cut-rate bin was trundled to the pavement, and the luckless, sneering palmist saw The Pleiade's Mostly Mozart poster return to life. The slim volumes again dozed in the afternoon light. The large volumes of the "High Renaissance" and "The History of Egyptian Art" listened once more to the gassy braking of the No. 11 bus. All was well, except that Roger was undergoing a brief sinking spell because of the new burden of his infatuated buying.

ROGER does not drink, but he eats quite a lot of apples, pizzas, and hamburgers, and makes many cups of coffee in his electric pot. He lives in the large, decaying building over the shop. He is one of those brought up by well-to-do parents, sent to good schools, to France for a summer—who, on their own, show no more memory of physical comforts than a prairie dog.

Once, in the bookstore, the lawyer friend spoke about a visit to the apartment to look at a violin Roger had bought. Lethal squalor, he kept repeating, lethal squalor. Yet he found in this jumbled, tumbled theatre of belligerent disorder a fine violin, old paintings of curious interest, fine brasses black with tarnish, rare books, carved wood: twenty-five years of desultory buying in junk shops, elephantine carting, and, at last, forgetful dumping. The lawyer observed that Roger would never starve but he might die from stepping on a rusty nail.



Roger has his dog, with its concentrated sleepy look, and his Maureens and Loises with their unconcentrated, dream-heavy eyes. He has his shop, where he spends his waking hours, and when that is over he goes upstairs to rest, like a peasant returning to his hut at sundown. Perhaps he sleeps on a pallet, wrapped in his winter sheepskin in the unthinkable darkness in which one imagines his bright, daylight smile there someplace in the clutter, beaming away like a night lamp. No matter—the patrician in him is not entirely erased and lingers on in an amiable displacement, remaining in his contentment to keep pace with just where he is, to raise prices as the rent rises, to keep out the street winds, to fill the shopping bags with new loot, and to feel a certain discomfort and confusion when he makes a sale. His father left a good deal of money, but Roger does no resentful bookkeeping. Instead, he shows a flare of pride that his mother is in her ninety-sixth year, consuming the real estate, the insurance, the stocks like an admirable, slowly grazing animal.

THE wind from the river comes up suddenly to disperse the Saturday-night rubbish. Into the air go newspapers, candy wrappers, loose tobacco, and the sluggish waters at the curb stir under the tidal moon. The bookstore empties and Roger sighs in the mixed feelings of the end of another day of his long, long celebration. He directs Lois to go across the street to the all-night Puerto Rican grocery store to buy cornflakes. She looks uncertain of this journey but takes the five-dollar bill, scurries away among the cars, looking like a small, blackened crossing sweeper of a century ago.

Majored in fine arts, Roger says. And then, looking up into the sky in which lights from so many rooms flicker like yellow stars, Roger drifts for a moment into a mesmerized, speculative mode. In the rooms, he says, he imagines miserable calculations in every head nodding off to sleep, figures added and subtracted, dreams of selling the very space that held the bed upon which the sleeper's head restlessly lay in its blur of arithmetic. On the street, he has noticed that people keep turning around suddenly, as if

"All right, food people—are you ready?"

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future income taxes were brushing by, grazing coats like a pickpocket.

Lois returns, the gates clang before the darkened window, and as they start up the stairs of the tenement Roger ends his historical reverie. Those that are not inside counting up, he says, are outside making marks in indelible ink on every clean wall. Good night, good night.

SOME days after, there is Roger at noon explaining things to the Hungarian woman who has for twenty-two years managed alone her dry-cleaning establishment and is now to be evicted in an imaginative glassy renovation which will add its signature to the old avenue's petition of hope. Roger is saying: Landless peasants, that is what we are. Till the soil for centuries and then the messenger comes from St. Petersburg to say the master wants his hectares for an iron foundry.

The dry-cleaning woman says: Mr. Spiegel does not live in St. Petersburg but in Bay Ridge.

ROGER, gregarious as a housefly, is not one asked to dinner at the home of his friends, although he presents a respectable bohemian appearance. He has not accumulated anything for social use and is no more fit for the inside of things than a flowering bush. The byways of life have captured him, even *captivated* his mind, and it is possible to think that his contentment comes from never having to set out the dishes, watch the oven, make drinks, freeze ice, have coffee cups ready and table chairs assembled. And his curiosity is disarming—harmless, quickly satisfied, unassuming, wide rather than deep. It is a sort of credulous, favorable curiosity and surrounds him like heat.

His memory for names is extraordinary. It is names he stores up out of the daily *Times*. Names of painters, names of sopranos, names of leftists and rightists, of murderers, of architects, of film directors, and, above all, the names of writers to go with their titles. These names lie on his brain, smothering it, like the blanketing of the acquisitions in his apartment. His cumulative index of dead and live souls, jangling bits of change with the pennies, nickels, and dimes of celebrity, often has a dampening effect on conversation and, being all-identifying information as it is, the terms of exchange cannot be agreed upon.

Obscure persons, those of some past accomplishment lying under the settled dust, are alarmed by Roger's mysterious recognitions. They start in embarrassment, seeming to fear they have been picked out of the heap by mistake.

Aren't you ——, author of ——? Roger asks with perfect courtesy.

How did you recognize me?

To this Roger can only reply that in truth he does not know. And he is unprepared for the burden his keen eye, his genial salute represented to the modest, the shy, and also to the arrogant.

WHAT is the noise in the back of The Pleiade? Like the sound of some smoothly running machine pleased to be doing its part. It is Roger and the great energy of his friendly, healthy, untroubled ways. Unaccountable exertions at the table in the back of the shop. Roger is typing away at an impressive speed, racing along as confidently as an alert stenographer in court. Behind him, stacked in neat black binders, are the thirteen novels he has written on the typewriter. During the slowness just before the dinner hour, there he is, sitting straight and tall for the protection of his back during his labors. Coffee cools beside him, a cheeseburger waits in its wrapping paper. Clang, clang, clang! Loud, joyful clangs from his thick, strong fingers. In goes a sheet of paper to be greeted by the happy rhythmical clatter and soon with a quick, practiced twist out it comes with a very pleasant zing, and another page rolls in. Pure pleasure rattles through Roger's body as the neat, perfectly typed pages pile up. What gladness in numbers: Chapter 7, page 210.

The pages arrive as if telephoned by the stack of index cards on the right, which contain, sketched in Roger's fine script, the characters who are sending the messages.

From an early work: Desmond, thirty-two, in the O.S.S. on the European front, World War II. English by birth but American citizen after marriage to Melissa, proper Bostonian background. These two were to be involved in a tangle of unbelievable but nevertheless predictable complication.

The gathering ledgers—for that is what they appear to be—ledgers with indecipherable figures noting some forgotten transaction, have seen the creation of disaster plots, cancer plots, celebrity-scandal plots, regional plots, international plots. But there is nothing at all in the stacks of black binders of the avant-garde, nothing of the beloved discordance of modernism, that is the pride of the bookshelves, the consolation of the proprietor. The violent, ecstatic typing—so like a fantastic, rejuvenating regime of arcane exercises. The pile of crisp pages sometimes goes out to the world in envelopes, and the return causes no discouragement.

The French scholar, a lonely man and a terrible snob with an almost paranoid resentment of certain French works in current esteem, among them the poetry of Francis Ponge and the essays of Cioran, often says: I do not understand this deranged typing. It is not hope of fame, of money, or even of publication. It is not anything that can be known.

And he tells of seeing Roger once in a mood of despair as he sat ready to attack the keys. A work in the autobiographical mode was planned, but a painful interruption, a stiffening, a paralysis struck Roger after only a dozen or so pages. Mournfully, he appealed to his reliable fingers, the faithful engines, but they could not be urged to move along. At last, he said: The "I" is not for me. The sheet came out, the black leather cover was placed over the typewriter with the solemnity of defeat—a burial.

PRECIPITATION

It comes down, it falls everywhere like some ruined hug
of canyons and wings, solitude and snow.
—*Miguel Hernández.*

Juncos, trying to feed, land on snow
so airy they have to swim it
with the arrested motions of dream

the way clouds do, in their slow collisions
with hills. This season, land's
under forms of water. The ordinary's

white-sheeted like the cheap
summer furniture it is, angles obscured,
hinting not itself, unfaithful reproduction,

but some sturdier original. A life
where I abandon metaphor
for the obscenities you're fond of

and find them another grammar
of evasion, no closer to bone,
no more accurate about love

and its guises—sex or a couple
of brown winter pears nudging
on the sill, looking overripe

but still green-hard. Or this snowlight
that bares us of shadow. Cutting
into a pear, you draw the knife

back toward your thumb. Dreading
the blade's slippage through skin,
later I will remember, wrongly,

your hand blooming red, as if
what we wait for as good as happens,
and this is the infidelity—

not other lovers but, like the statue's foot
eroded by petitioners, the one lover
kissed into vagueness.

—Debora Greger

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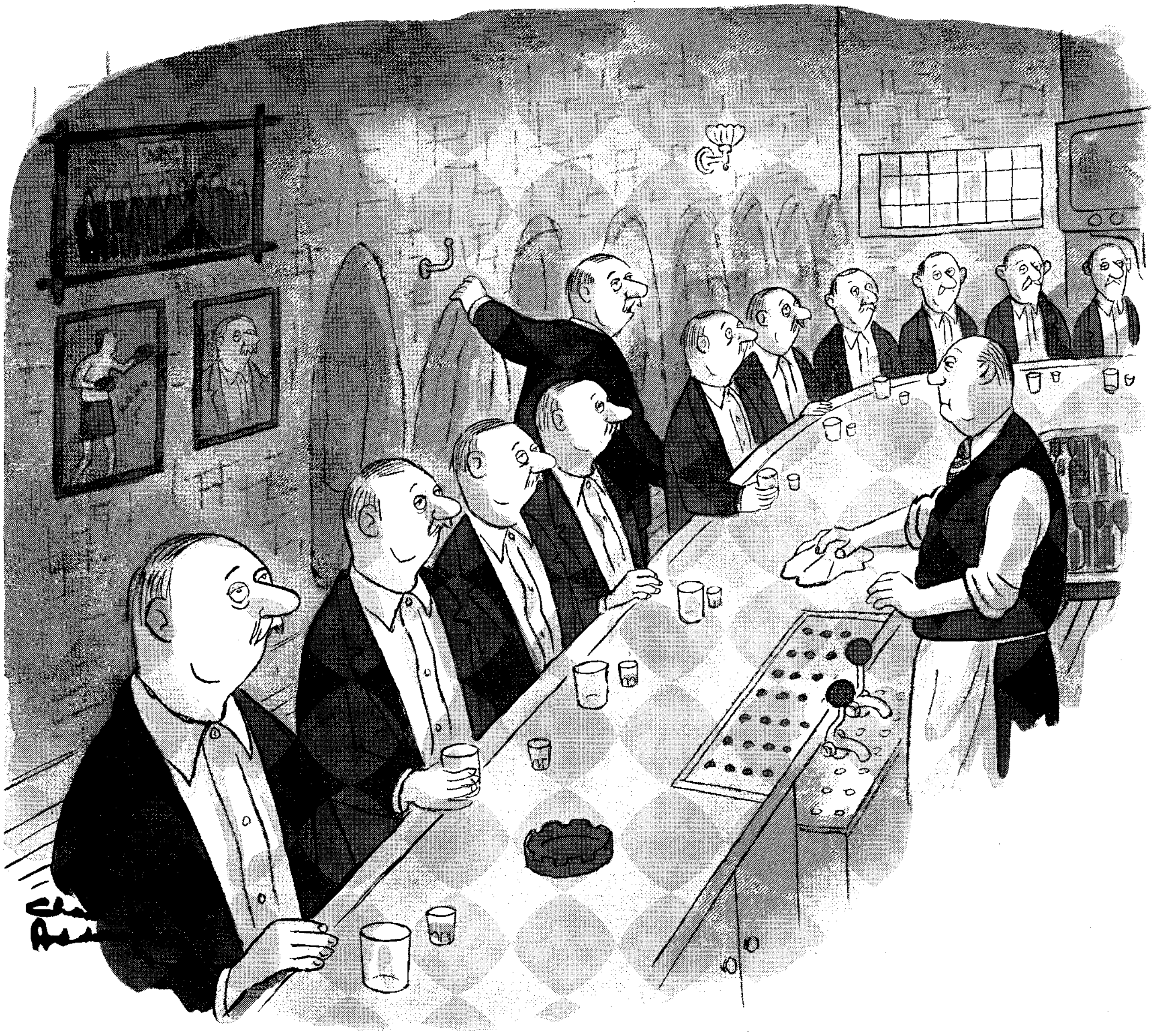
Disquieting events at The Pleiade, in December. Maureen returns suddenly from Troy, looking beautiful, with her tranquil eyes, her short curls, and wearing a graceful skirt of Indian cotton.

Sprung, Roger says.

Now Maureen sits at the back of the shop with Lois, also in her full beauty, if somehow edging into dishevelment, save for a new pair of expensive light-blue leather boots, stitched with patterns of pink roses.

They might be Roger's daughters. And what are they? Mistresses? They and the sulky despot, Jenny, whose reign, before Maureen, tormented the walls, accused the shelves, menaced with frowns the old New Directions paperbacks and the first hun-



"The usual."

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red titles of Anchor Books, which Roger, knight of perfect faith, had assembled.

Jenny, in her forties, had come to Roger like a message in a bottle, floating from Yugoslavia, where she was born, to London, where she was briefly married to a second cousin of Roger's, and on to New York with the address of The Pleiade in her hand.

Where indeed is Jenny?

New Jersey, Roger says. Relatives. Serbs chanting folktales from the old oral tradition.

Not one of his friends thinks Maureen or Lois is a mistress. It is unimaginable because of the presence of some cheerful absence in Roger, his blameless peculiarity of not seeming to have an interior. For all his curiosity, he is not inclined to analysis and detail, and those about whom he is curious come into his view as travelling objects. It is as if he were to look up and say: That one is blue with yellow stripes and this one is red and black. Except for the tyrannical Jenny. The violinist believes there might have been an affair in that corner.

And why does he think so? Her deprecating ill-humor, for one thing, he answers.

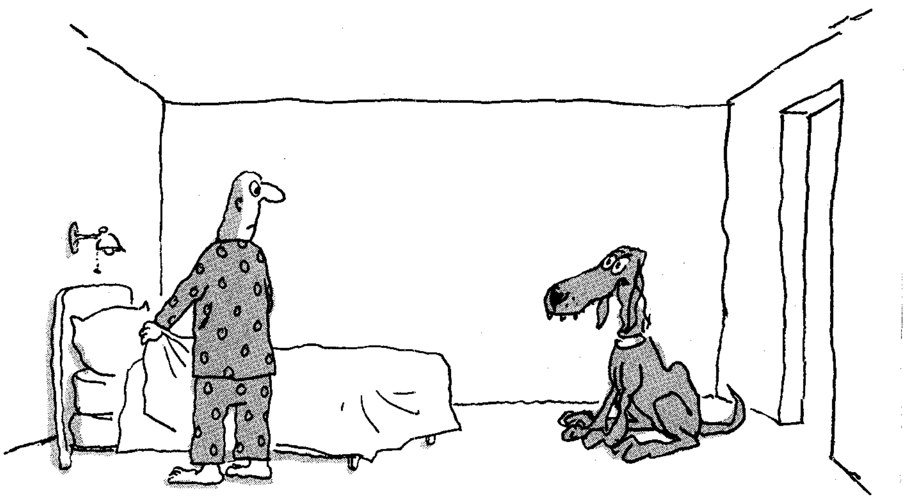
The two girls, Maureen and Lois, were not altogether friendly and took up more room than the shop could bear. They did not make change, did not advise about the existence of a title, never opened the interesting pages of *Books in Print*. Roger himself swept out in the morning, and at night, often the wrong one, took his huge plastic bags of rubbish to the curb for collection. Two girls might have been six girls, and the multiplication sent Roger into a state of mind unusual for him, a state of unhappiness and vexation. The unbalancing scheme seemed to demand something from him, but he was not clear just what that something might be.

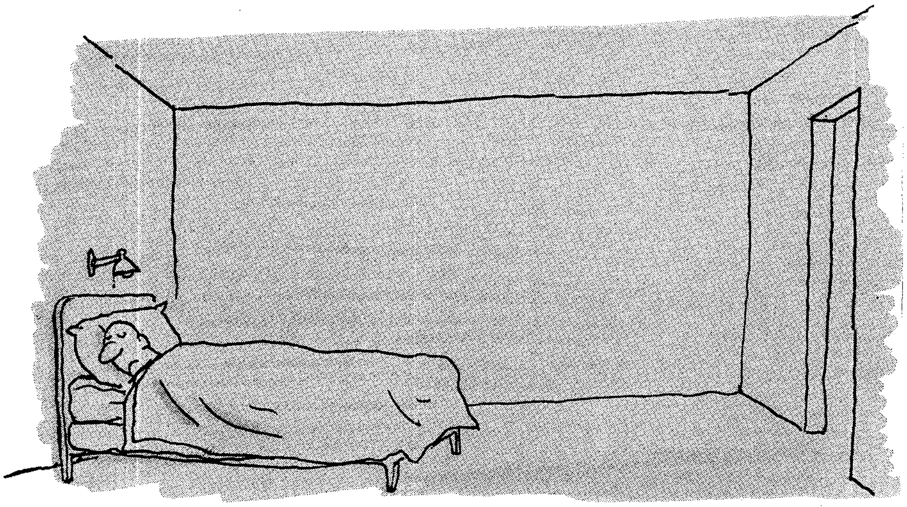
It is not as if they were down and out, he would say with a sigh. He repeated this again and again, and although the girls were only a few feet away they did not appear to be listening.

Both girls were indeed cherished by their confused families. They received money and mail, letters filled with encouragement, letters grateful that they were in beguiling, promising New York City in order to get on with their lives. Their home towns, scenes of disappointment and constriction, were not suitable for advancement. Lois had found early that in her own Pittsburgh there was nothing happening. The two had met in a private sanatorium and each had made her way to therapeutic New York and to the Pleiade hospice. And here they were, in a state of becoming.

The overpopulation left Roger gasping for air, unable to recover his stolen placid breathing. The unmoving freight, stalled, lay in his path, defying all the tools his accepting nature had at hand. He would find the two silently gazing at the store's landscape and limply he would suggest: Shoo! Take a walk.

We are not twins, Maureen would answer. Let Lois take the walk.





The Pleiade is downed by melancholy until Christmas, when Lois is lifted up by holiday sentiment and one morning abandons the bookshop and the apartment for the despised Pittsburgh.

She will not be back, Maureen says. It turns out that Lois's brother walked up and down in front of The Pleiade, entered the challenging stairway of the old tenement, looked in wonder like a detective on a case at Roger, Maureen, the dog, the unkempt and the fashionable customers, and decided that the setting was not promising for Lois's career. With the help of Christmas he led her to take up the trail back home.

The empty chair reassured, space opened up in Roger's heart once more and its steady, comfortable beating returned. The typewriter clanged from four until six in the afternoon. New classics were magically restored after the cruelty of time had spent itself. The tides flowed and Roger swam.

It is Christmas at The Pleiade. Roger's days soar as he dispenses, in the spirit of charity baskets, the gifts of the world. Storytellers from Africa, epics from Latin America, painful gutting rituals from Japan, women poets from the Russia of the twenties—the nineteen-twenties, the period of his first passions, now a hallowed battlefield filled with noble headstones. Suicides, early death, transfiguration, words, words, words, in all the tongues of the earth. Roger's head, with its wrinkled sandy waves lapping on the shore of his brow, bobs up and down in time to the sacred music.

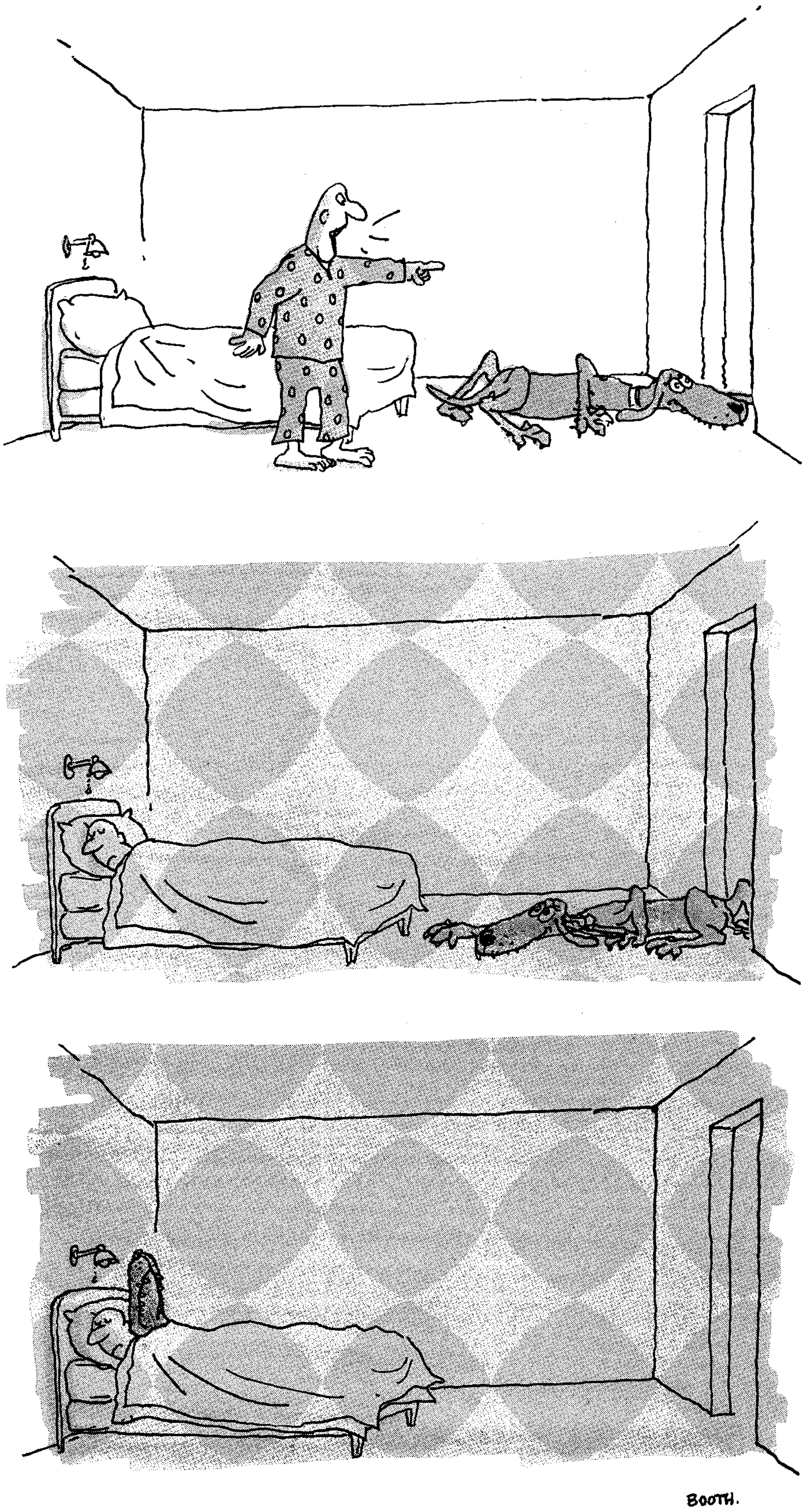
On the block, the sepulchre of the old fruit market is now a mausoleum of oak cabinets and kitchen tables from the back porches of the Middle West. Taste itself seems to be laughing in the street.

In January, Maureen dimmed and faded away. The dark star of Jenny, with her glimmering scowl, ascended without notice. Remarks burst from her like bullets. He is a toadstool, she would say of Roger in a loud gunfire.

After a pause of shock, Roger found his aim. You see, I am a *cavaliere servente*, he cried out gaily, calling upon page 1 of "The Charterhouse of Parma."

Jenny gradually displayed a few marks of chastening. An unwholesome strain of choleric domesticity invaded her thoughts, a lesson learned. She had turned a corner, but not the one that led to cooking and housekeeping. She was making her way, as if by a private radar, to the interests of ownership. Swift, proprietary gleamings, a sense of things. Her eyes surveyed the books, the collections, like a guard with his flashlight making the midnight rounds. Stirrings in the blood, storage plans for winter, gathering potatoes in the cellar; she was getting older.

Sometimes one would see her studying a piece of brass or old silver brought down from the apartment. A pawnbroker's stare, cynical smile, and shrug of feigned indifference. Roger did not speak of this alteration in her attention, but found relief in the fact that she stayed upstairs a good deal,



pushing objects from one corner to another, making promising groupings, looking for the right screw for a hole, an old curve that would welcome a stray rosette of gold leaf. No mending, no polishing. In her fitful accounting all was equal and she might have been engaged in a nightmare dialogue between buyer and seller. Here is the missing leg, in perfect shape; here is the piece that completes the red tail of the dragon on the green china plate; here is Volume IV. Sorting out, Roger said.

In the middle of March, our lawyer friend who played the violin and read Kleist and Novalis died. The death dug its teeth into Roger's soft heart and he looked backward to remember that the friend had not been in The Pleiade for a few months and had for the past year appeared frail and thin. At the Riverside Chapel, we mourned this death of a hero, with his antique passions, as they seemed, his poets known by heart and whose lives were shorter than his own.

He has gone their way early, Roger said in a throttle of tears.

Nothing in the memorial of all this. Instead, accomplishments unknown to us, the accretion of a short, handsome wife and the production of two tall daughters. They haven't got him right, Roger grieved as the tributes went on with their office jokes, mishaps on the tennis court, charitable contributions, and helping hands for the young.

The Pleiade has lost a star and yet, diminished, it faces another spring. Roger himself seems to be adorned with fresh innocence as he watches the begonias and forced gardenias expel the potted chrysanthemums and Jerusalem cherries from the sidewalk outside the florist's. The heavens are clear for a whole week. There is ballet at the State Theatre and yet another at the opera house. Hardly a night passes without an author to be recognized and to receive a murmured approbation, as if a breeze has passed the ear whispering, beloved, here you are at last.

The pleasing winds came one day, drifted away the next, and came once more. The dollar bin at The Pleiade now has a two-dollar sign on it. When the talk turns to unemployment and inflation, Jenny can be heard to say: There is a lot of money in pockets. The Chinese build a glass extension for their restaurant and fill it with smart blue chairs and white tables. In the antique shop a large Art Deco bar of black glass and chrome humbles the lowly, stripped oak.

So the coming of another spring still finds Roger ruling in the heavens like Zeus. And his great stars, Kafka, Beckett, Walter Benjamin, Joyce, Akhmatova, and old men from Japan with their whores in the snow mountains—all of these shine on and on and on. —Elizabeth Hardwick

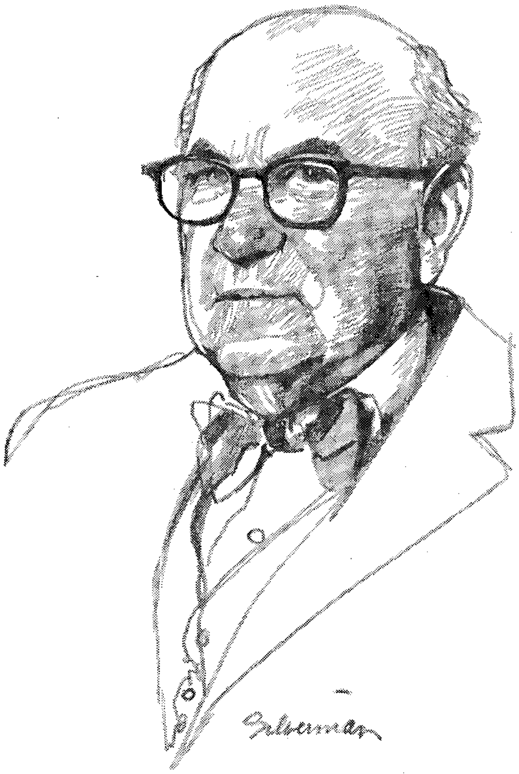
PROFILES

COURT BUFF

IN all sorts of circumstances, certain people in Brooklyn will commit murder. This fact fascinates Benjamin Shine more than it appalls him. Shine is a peaceable gentleman from Borough Park who would hate to be asked which he prefers—a sunny afternoon stroll alongside the Belt Parkway with his wife, Tillie, or a dukes-up double-murder trial. He is a self-taught student of the behavior of criminals, innocents, witnesses, lawyers, judges, and jurors. He is a court buff. As a sideline, he happens to be a student of the behavior of his fellow court buffs. Most weekdays, a dozen or more buffs show up at the State Supreme Court Building on Cadman Plaza, in downtown Brooklyn. Shine attends as regularly as any back-seat jurisconsult in the borough.

Although Shine has lived in Brooklyn for most of his seventy-three years, he is no provincial. He acknowledges that the other boroughs of New York City have bred their own miscreants. Having spent the past dozen years watching criminal trials—mainly murder trials—in Brooklyn, however, he has found it sensible and convenient to become a specialist. Consequently, he takes more interest in a corpse that has been deposited in an airshaft in Flatbush than in one that has turned up in the trunk of an automobile at LaGuardia Airport or in a vacant lot near Hunts Point. Shine realizes that in addition to murderers there are anti-social types out there who have the capacity for rape, theft, burglary, kidnapping, arson, or aimless mayhem—at times, of course, overlapping occurs—but he devotes most of his attention to homicides. He is not ghoulish, merely curious. "Where there's murder," he often says, quite accurately, "you know something's doing."

Anyone who regularly conducts business in the criminal courts of New York City grows accustomed to seeing buffs seated in the back of the room. Many shortsighted lawyers think of court buffs as part of the furniture, and ignore them. But enlightened and resourceful lawyers regard knowledgeable buffs as jurors' jurors. On occasion, during trial recesses, they seek the buffs' counsel. Attention of this sort pleases a buff. Just because one buff tells another that an inept lawyer is stinking up a courtroom with his performance, it doesn't mean that he wants the lawyer in question to know he thinks so. A lawyer who solicits a buff's opinion usually hears words of reassurance. It is in a buff's interest to massage a lawyer's ego. Lawyers call witnesses to testify, and courtroom testimony is often amazing. The way a buff sees it, lawyers deserve encouragement; they book a lot of free entertainment. "I'd pay a dollar to see a good trial, I really would," Shine has said—grateful, just the same, that he doesn't have to. "Some of these buffs, though, I think if you charged only fifty cents you'd lose quite a few."



Benjamin Shine

The State Supreme Court in Brooklyn—"Supreme Kings," in the parlance of the legal community—is an eleven-story building that covers two square blocks. It has a talc-gray concrete exterior punctuated by rows of rectangular windows, and it sits on Cadman Plaza like a Second World War battleship in permanent drydock. Inside, it is made of durable materials—pink marble, oak, brushed aluminum. All felony proceedings that originate with indictments are heard in the State Supreme Court; there were four hundred and thirty-six murder indictments in Brooklyn last year. Between trials, the buffs of Kings County shuffle through the corridors of the Supreme Court Building with the luxurious confidence of warehouse owners at a bankruptcy auction. A man named Harry Takifman, a colleague of Shine's, once explained this attitude to me in pragmatic terms. "In this joint, you got your rape cases, you got your murders, your muggings, your narcotics," he said. "So if you don't like what you see in one courtroom you can always go shopping somewhere else."

Like his friend Harry Takifman, Shine is not prone to lofty pronouncements about the nature of mankind. He subscribes to all Ten Commandments but never moralizes. He enjoys exercising his critical faculties, and avails himself of the chance to do so on a daily basis. From time to time, I join him at Supreme Kings and take in a murder trial or two myself. I met Shine one winter morning while we were both devoting our attention to People v. DiChiara, a homicide trial that contained ample measures of novelty and poignancy. After years of listening to hundreds of variations on a limited number of themes—toll collector discovers wife and upstairs neighbor in flagrante, gun goes off six times; bongo player, father of four, dies of stab wounds outside East New York social club on a Saturday night—Shine has come to resemble an uncommon sort of naturalist, the bird-watcher who studies flocks of starlings in the hope that a green wood hoopoe will fly by. Eventually, one does. As I saw more and more trials in Shine's company, I came to realize that People v. DiChiara, while not quite a green wood hoopoe, was still a bird that had wandered away from its natural habitat. Shine is happiest when a trial appeals to what he calls "the composite powers of my mind." Shine has made up the verb "to composite"—or, rather, has composited it. To composite, in his version, means to embellish; to embroider reality; to transport the facts to the exurbs of plausibility. A friend of Shine's, a buff named Leo Friedman, persuaded Shine recently to visit the Picasso exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. Shine came away saying that while he wasn't crazy about a lot of the artist's paintings he thought that "Picasso could composite—oh, and how."

People v. DiChiara had Shine compositing heavily. Frank DiChiara was a Brooklyn clothing-factory owner who had been accused of stealing fourteen thousand dollars—the entire savings of one of his employees, an Italian immigrant, and her husband—and, while burglarizing their home, of shooting the couple's only child, a thirteen-year-old girl, who, before dying, told the police, "My mother's boss, Frank DiChiara, shot me." The first day I sat in on the trial, I took a spot in the spectator gallery next to Shine. He nodded and smiled at me. A couple of minutes later, at the mention of Frank DiChiara's name, he nudged me with an elbow and tilted his head in the direction of the defense table.

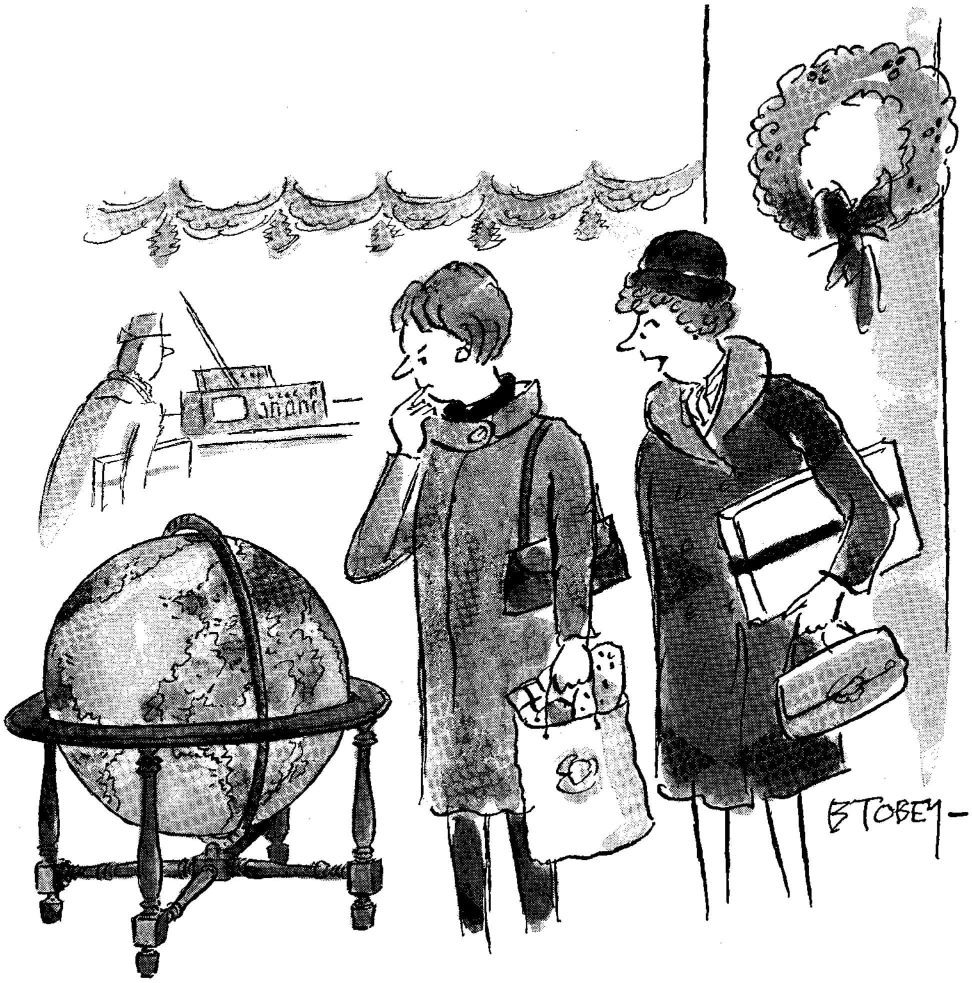
"That's DiGennaro," he said softly, compositing with the pronunciation of the defendant's name. Frank DiChiara wore a well-cut suit and had dark hair, the physique of a stevedore, and a blank expression.

"*That* guy?" I asked, aiming an index finger.

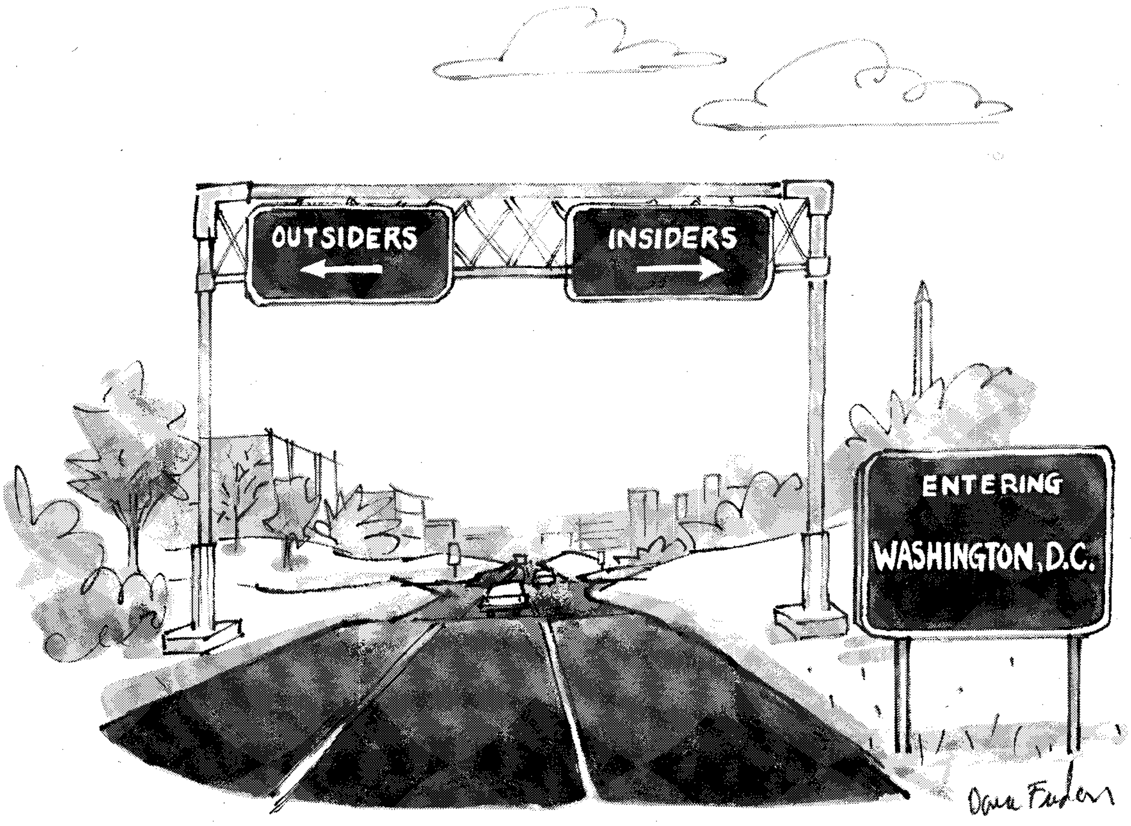
"Don't point," Shine warned. "Don't point in the courtroom, and don't talk in the elevator if the other passengers have jurorly appearances. Yeah. That one. And that's his family to your right."

After a discreet pause, I turned slowly and looked at two men and a woman who shared the bench with us. She was pretty and had black-dyed hair and wore a white wool coat with a white-dyed fur collar. The men wore dark pin-striped suits and white shirts with French cuffs and gold links. Each had a copy of *Il Progresso* folded in his lap. In profile, both men distinctly resembled Frank DiChiara. Someone in the group smelled of Juicy Fruit. My own mind began to composite.

The evidence in the case, as marshalled by Harold Rosenbaum, a district attorney who is as familiar to Brooklyn homicide buffs as Joe Torre is to Mets diehards, seemed conclusive. Rosenbaum is a journeyman who saw fit to introduce into evidence, apropos of nothing that I could figure out, a pair of heavy green cotton bloomers that the victim, Germania Zurlo, had customarily worn underneath her parochial-school uniform. Elena Zurlo, the victim's mother, a gray-haired woman in her early fifties, was on the witness stand at the time. Seeing the bloomers reduced Mrs. Zurlo to misery, and no doubt impressed the jurors. When the time came, they pronounced DiChiara guilty. Shine accepted the verdict as inevitable, but a seed of doubt lingered and germinated. "I was reluctant to go along with that jury in DiGennaro," he said weeks later. "You saw the guy in court. You saw how he looked. I didn't figure him to be the sort who steals fourteen thousand on a breaking-and-entering. He didn't look the part. Here he was with a factory in Williamsburg, a nice suit of clothes. I think he's more the type with a weekend house in the Poconos, maybe a limousine with a horn that honks out the theme from 'The Godfather.' A Poconos guy wouldn't be likely to try something like this." Shine paused and reshuffled the facts. "Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying fourteen thousand's not a good amount. Matter of fact, if you had a house in the Poconos already you could make some nice improvements with that much money." He paused again. "I don't think it would have happened if he hadn't panicked—this girl comes home from school and finds him there and he panics. And if the girl hadn't lived to say, 'My mother's boss shot me.' Now, there you have a classic example of a 'spontaneous declaration.' The victim knows she's gonna die, and she names her assailant. That's really something. Rosenbaum called this detective to the stand, and the detective said this girl said that DiGennaro shot her. Normally, hearsay they don't allow. But if it's a spontaneous declaration they allow the hearsay. It's an exception to the hearsay rule. She



"Personally, I can't imagine a gift that would be more depressing."



knows the end is near. So they allow it. On the other hand, you wonder about a guy who takes weekends in the Poconos. Of course, I'm only compositing."

When Shine wove this theory for me, it occurred to me that he might be an avid reader of mysteries and, perhaps, an underpaid literary critic. We had just eaten lunch and were taking a stroll. I asked him who his favorite compositors were.

"If I read too much anymore, my nerves fall asleep—which is what I want sometimes," he said. "I can listen to that guy Larry King on the radio and that puts me to sleep. I sleep the whole night through with the radio on. Reading—I used to like Maupassant and, yeah, Edgar Allan Poe and, whatsis, yeah, Arthur Conan Doyle. Poe I like a little less, because he gets too colorful before he gets to the point he's trying to make. Also, it's not compositing. It's fantasy. It's not close enough to the real thing. The only thing that's better than the real thing is maybe Arthur Conan Doyle. I classify Doyle's work as classic. After all, he's dead quite some time now."

It was a warm day, and we were walking across Cadman Plaza, moving between shade and light beneath a row of tall London plane trees, in no special hurry to find out what José Rotger and Miriam Acevedo had done with the shotgunned body of José Martinez after rolling it up in a rug on St. Marks Avenue.

"And not too much poetry," Shine added. "One poem I remember very well, though. You know this one?" He recited the first stanza of Shelley's "Love's Philosophy," applying a Brooklynese flourish to the lines:

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle.
Why not I with thine?

"There's more than that, but I won't go on," he said.

"That was nice," I said. "When did you learn that?"

"Fifty years ago. That's what I recited to my wife when I first knew her. It gave me a lot of trouble. Since then, no more poetry."

Shine knows all about the uses of hyperbole. He also knows that Tillie Shine is a gracious lady. It doesn't bother her that her husband has taken an avocation and turned it into a full-time occupation. She lets him go his way each day without any complaint and without any urge to tag along. "I'm not bloodthirsty," Mrs. Shine once told me. "Not that Ben really is, either. He likes a mystery. He always liked to read them. I remember from when we were first married, he always went to bed with a mystery."

ONE morning not long ago, I rode out to Brooklyn and met Shine on the steps of Supreme Kings. We walked through the lobby and took the elevator to the seventh floor. A guard there waved Shine past a metal-detector, and then they both watched as I emptied my pockets and submitted to being electronically frisked. Most of the courthouse personnel are familiar with Shine. They know his face, though they may not know his name. Someone new to the job could take a brief look at him and feel intuitively that he is not a man who would carry concealed weapons. He is myopic and, whether standing or sitting, seems always to lean slightly forward, as if in a perpetual state of aroused anticipation. The lenses of his eyeglasses are round, and the frames are thick and black. The eyeglasses suit his face, which is round and fleshy. He has peachy jowls, silky and plump, and they seem to have annexed the rest of him. From head to toe—a distance of five and a half feet—he looks like jowls with arms and legs. The top of his head is bald, but he has a fluffy fringe of white hair. Impressive salt-and-pepper tufts grow from his ears. Year round, he wears a hat. That day, it was a gray plaid snap-brim. It matched his gray plaid topcoat and gray vest, and managed not to clash with his blue plaid jacket, navy slacks, white shirt with blue stripes, and red-white-and-blue print bow tie. Before Shine became a court buff, he spent a quarter of a century as a travelling bow-tie salesman. During his career in bow ties, he travelled north as far as Buffalo, south to Richmond, east to Boston, and west to Chicago. Along the way, he always wore a nice piece of merchandise un-

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MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

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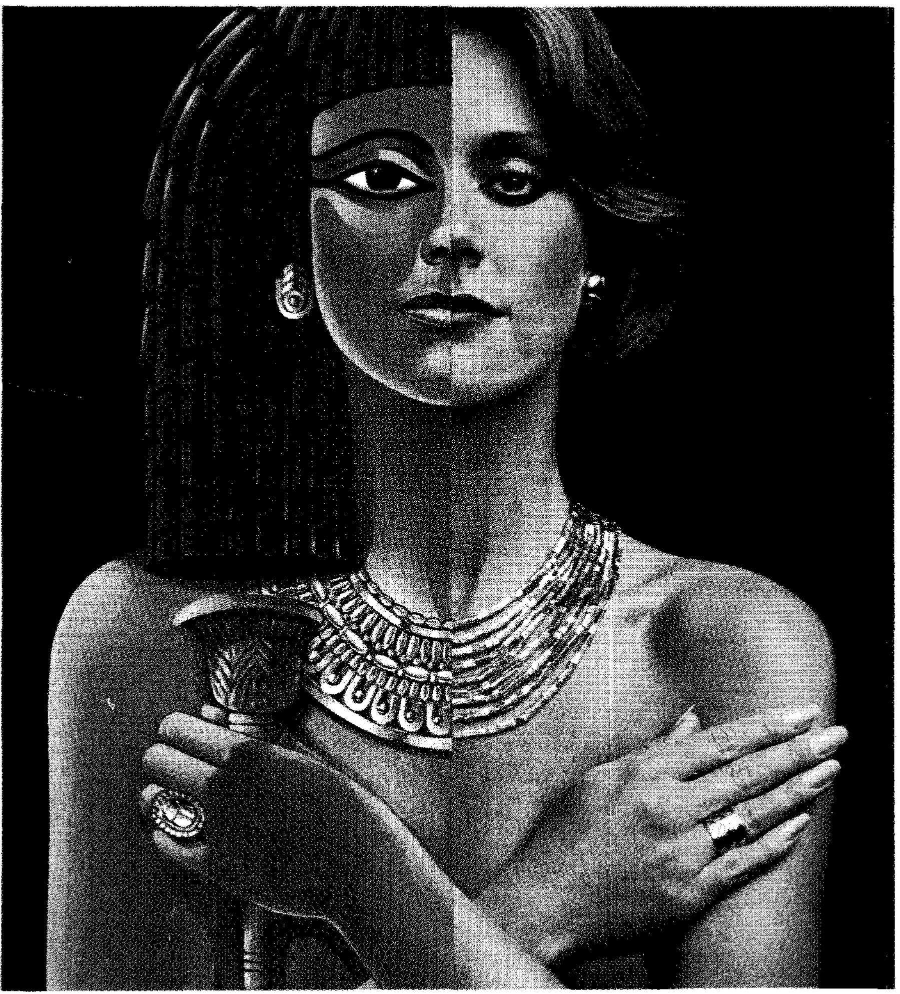

Gold Jewelry by M & J Savitt

A woman emerges from her bath, towels herself dry and begins her dressing ritual. In the next few minutes she reaches for a golden object—a necklace, a bracelet or a ring—and places it on her body.

It is a simple, unceremonious act yet in one aspect it is utterly remarkable, for it is an act both as ancient as recorded history and as modern as tomorrow. The wearing of gold on the body, beginning as it must have, as a primitive urge, has not only accompanied man through much of his evolution, it may even be his oldest surviving tradition.

One would think that a behavior so universal would have a universally accepted explanation, but this does not exist. The famous psychiatrists Freud and Jung disagreed. Others, too, have studied the phenomenon and the theories range from the almost incomprehensibly profound to the almost ludicrously superficial. More serious suppositions have included sexual enhancement, social or tribal status, an inner quest for immortality, self-deception, self-esteem, superstition, religion and, as in the case of Freud, a carnal hypothesis. What is generally agreed to at this point is only that gold's attraction *is* deeply psychological and that it has touched both male and female and in every culture that has ever known the metal.

But it is a world unseeking of theories that has dedicated itself to gold adornment and today it does so on an extraordinary scale. In 1977, it swallowed up almost two-thirds of that year's new gold supply. It also helped support industries of considerable proportions—mining, refining, manufacturing—all the way down to hundreds of thousands of retailers, over 30,000 in the U.S. alone.

It should be noted that although much of the world wears gold, it wears it in different shades—some Europeans, for example, prefer slightly redder golds while in America the choice is often yellower. Karatage, or degree of real gold content, varies, too, from country to country in a variety too extensive to list here.

It seems worth adding, however, that much jewelry manufactured everywhere in the world today uses classic techniques that date back centuries, and the gold ring you wear was probably formed using a "lost wax" method known at least 4,000 years.

Gold, of course, is not the only viable ornamentation for the body. But it is the *only* material known to man that contains in combination the four characteristics of lustrous beauty, virtual indestructibility, extreme rarity, and ease of workability. And somehow this seems to be the magic combination that satisfies the inner calling of the human psyche more than anything else.

This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information write to: The Gold Information Center, Department Y88, P.O. Box 1269, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022

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der his collar. Before he sold bow ties on the road, he owned a haberdashery. Each day now, he dresses with care. The act of selecting his daily wardrobe has a tonic effect. Shine believes that if he is going to spend a day in court he should make a businesslike appearance.

We walked down a corridor to Justice Edward Lentol's courtroom, where at that moment no business was being transacted. There were no jurors in the box, no lawyers or defendants in sight, no Justice Lentol seated on the bench beneath the engraved oak panelling ("The Welfare of the People Is the Supreme Law—Coke"). Two uniformed court officers sat in armchairs along one wall, making each other laugh. The bailiff stood nearby, reading the *Racing Form*. The clock on the wall above the spectators' section showed that it was almost ten-fifteen. At ten o'clock, proceedings were supposed to have resumed in People v. Aviles and Aviles—a case in which the charges included murder and attempted murder. When possible, Shine tries to watch a trial from the ceremonial first pitch and stay with it, for however long, until the jury departs to deliberate. The previous day, he had been in court for the opening innings of People v. Aviles and Aviles. It had looked promising.

These were the facts: The brothers Aviles—Carlos and José—were accused of the murder of Anthony Tinakos Goulias, who died at the corner of Fifty-eighth Street and Third Avenue in Bay Ridge, and the attempted murder of Nelson Ramos, who received a .22-calibre-bullet wound in the neck but subsequently recovered. At the time of the shootings, Carlos Aviles was the more or less constant companion of Cookie Adorno, Ramos' sister. Two of the first witnesses called by the assistant district attorney on the case were Carmen Ramos, the mother of Nelson and Cookie, and Nelson himself. Nelson, a lean, prematurely aging nineteen-year-old, told the court that he and his late friend Anthony Tinakos Goulias had paid a visit to Carlos Aviles one day after Cookie had complained that Carlos was being especially unchivalrous. As Cookie and Goulias looked on, Carlos and Nelson got annoyed with each other, Nelson struck Carlos, Carlos hit him back, Nelson struck Carlos again and headed for the door, making threatening remarks on the way out—something like that. A few hours later, on the street, someone shot Goulias and Ramos. One died; the other lived to tell the judge about it. This all happened on a Friday afternoon in July.

Near the start, the prosecution's case suffered because of these assertions by the defense: that Goulias had a widely known propensity for carrying a gun in his pocket even while he was running casual errands, and that Nelson, although he was still an adolescent, had accumulated a criminal record. Carlos Aviles' lawyer, a tall, gray-haired, crewcut man named Frederick D. Kranz, brought these facts to light during his cross-examination of Nelson Ramos. The state's case didn't improve at all when Carmen Ramos took the witness stand. The courtroom proceedings did not arouse Mrs. Ramos' enthusiasm—that, at least, was the impression she conveyed. She had orange hair, dark glasses, and a convincing scowl. Apparently, she was still annoyed that someone had shot Nelson, whom she naturally loved like a son, and whom, she acknowledged under oath, she "would lie to protect." During cross-examination, Kranz confronted her with an apparent discrepancy between her testimony at the trial and her testimony during the grand-jury hearing that preceded it. A delay ensued while Mrs. Ramos' private attorney, who happened to be in the courtroom, approached the witness stand for a consultation with his client. After he retreated and Kranz's question was repeated, the court's Spanish interpreter announced that Mrs. Ramos wished to invoke her right against self-incrimination, as granted by the Fifth Amendment. Upon hearing this, the assistant district attorney rested his forehead against his palms.

Now, in court for the next installment, Shine reviewed the proceedings with far greater relish than Mrs. Ramos had brought to her task as a sworn witness. "She made a bad move up there," he said cheerily, the way a Yankees-hater might describe Reggie Jackson's fumbling of a line drive. "When Kranz asked whether she lied to the grand jury, she should've said, 'I don't lie. I was mistaken.' After all, everybody makes mistakes, right?"

The question of Nelson's credibility suggested a different approach. "With him, I'm undecided. He's a Nelson and he sings, but he's no Nelson Eddy. Does he have a credibility problem? For this, I say, let's be Solomonic. I say let's cut him in half and see what's doing there."

Such a confection—the epigrammatic point of law layered between trenchant appraisals of human nature—is a specialty of Shine's. Although he does not aspire to become a walking version of Black's Law Dictionary, he does keep a generous supply of buzz-phrases at his disposal. He summons them regularly, alternating them with thoughts about, say, what jurors No. 4 and No. 9 might have eaten while watching television the previous evening. I have heard his explications of the rules regarding photographic evidence, the protection against incriminating testimony by a spouse, the evidentiary relevance of a witness's prior criminal record, and the admissibility of confessions. Upon request, he will do what he can to explain the distinctions between circumstantial evidence, direct evidence, technical evidence, and evidence-in-chief. He has memorized most of the exceptions to the hearsay rule. Shine, who is an adherent of the ours-is-not-a-perfect-system-but-it's-the-best-one-around school of thought, says that Roy Cohn is the most effective trial attorney he has ever seen. "He formulates sentences like a fresh-running brook," Shine says. "Very quick. It was a long time since I saw him. Two cases I saw, both in federal court. The one I remember, a guy hired out trucks. And one fellow didn't pay for the trucks, so he hired someone to break the fellow's legs. Roy Cohn lost, but he was very quick." In offering this compliment, Shine isn't comparing Cohn merely with the best in Brooklyn. Last winter, Shine happened to be in Miami for a couple of weeks at a time when F. Lee Bailey was defending a murder case there. "It was a nice case," Shine has recalled. "A guy accused of killing his mistress. A hung jury. Bailey was good, but he was only one of three lawyers on the defense team. I still say Roy Cohn has the sharpest mind."

To sit next to Shine in court and listen to his whispered running commentary often seems like watching a videotape with an out-of-sync play-by-play. He is adept at what amounts to simultaneous translation. As a lawyer rises from his chair to say "Objection, Your Honor," Shine mutters "Sustained" or "Overruled" before the judge ventures his opinion. Even more often, Shine raises a sotto-voce "Objection!" before the lawyer gets around to it. The lawyer, upon speaking, sounds like an amplified echo of Shine, who by then has ruled on his own objection. Instead of diminishing the suspense of the live action, this guessing game enhances the drama. Every now and then, Shine guesses wrong.

Many of Shine's jurisprudential ideas cannot be traced to any legal textbook. He enjoys speculating about how much certain lawyers earn, and he has opinions about how much their labor is actually worth. He gauges the degree to which a jury will be influenced by the similarity between a defense attorney's diction and a violin being played pizzicato. He knows intuitively when the wave in an accused man's pompadour amounts to a one-way ticket to prison. The crucial question in any criminal trial—superseding, ultimately, the absolute truth about guilt or innocence—is how the jury votes. Shine has heard a lot of perjury and feels confident that he can see a lie coming before the people in the jury box recognize it. Whenever he is asked to predict a verdict, he says, "I always say, 'With a jury, you never can tell.' " Then he proceeds to tell anyway. Shine tries to be soothing when he has to break bad news. "You're doing just great, just great," he is apt to tell a lawyer. "You're doing just great, but you aren't gonna win."

In certain circumstances, Shine will step forward to offer a lawyer an unsolicited opinion. A lawyer named John C. Corbett has been approached quite a few times with what Shine regards as a sound bit of strategic advice. Corbett, who is a former president of the Brooklyn Bar Association, is an imposing-looking man who usually wears a three-piece suit and a pocket watch and does his best to create the impression that neither he nor his client belongs in a criminal courtroom. During the past thirty-four years, he has defended two hundred and fifty accused murderers. Despite Corbett's efforts in their behalf, the vast majority of these people have gone on to become convicted murderers. It seems that one morning several years ago, Corbett and his pet dogs, dachshunds named Siegfried and Brünnhilde, were enjoying a walk along Avenue U, in Gravesend, when a city bus pulled over. The driver, who had once sat on a Corbett jury, emerged and began to tell the lawyer how skillfully he had defended the client. Recalling the case, Corbett pointed out that he must not have been skillful enough, because the accused man was sent away for twenty years. The bus driver was reassuring. "Oh, *him*," he said. "No, I just didn't like the looks of that guy. The minute I laid eyes on him, I told myself he was guilty." This episode impressed Corbett so deeply that he decided to make it the centerpiece of his closing arguments in the future. Nowadays, he ritually recites the parable of the misguided bus driver and implores jurors to judge his clients strictly on the evidence that has been presented during the trial. He includes graphic details of his stroll with Siegfried and Brünnhilde. After twelve years in the courthouse, Shine has heard this anecdote more times than he cares to, and he now makes it a habit, whenever he sees Corbett, to say, "The Humane Society wants to know when you're going to stop abusing those dogs." Or, "Hey, Mr. Corbett, isn't it about time those dachshunds were put to sleep?" Corbett, of course, pays no heed. Shine, however, regards such helpful admonitions as being part of a serious buff's unwritten contract.

Some court buffs believe that a criminal trial should be, in effect, a morality play—as if reality could be scaled down to the level of a tabloid-headline-writer's imagination. Shine does not share this notion. Which is not to say that he underestimates the importance of theatricality in the courtroom. A courtroom bereft of shameless posturing and caterwauling holds no more charm than an insurance office. The expectant tingle that permeates the air just before the opening of a trial can be matched only in a Broadway playhouse five minutes before curtain time. There is this important difference, however, between Supreme Kings and the Shubert Theatre: court proceedings are frequently interrupted by unanticipated intermissions of unpredictable duration. The fact was that nothing was destined to happen on this particular morning in the matter of People v. Aviles and Aviles, even though certain evidence indicated otherwise. Kranz, the defense attorney, entered the room carrying a brown leather briefcase, which he put down on the defense table. When Kranz's co-counsel, Harvey Greenberg, arrived, a few moments later, Shine said, "Good. We're in business." As the two lawyers conferred, Kranz fiddled, first idly and then intently, with the lock of the briefcase. Either he had forgotten the combination or the latches were stuck; nothing worked.

"Case closed," Shine observed.

"He should take it to Rikers Island," another buff said.

"These Aviles boys must be innocent," Shine concluded. "If Kranz had a decent clientele, one of them would know how to open that." Finally, Kranz gave up. It didn't matter. The presence of Kranz and Greenberg suggested that the defendants might be brought into the courtroom at any moment, that their handcuffs would be removed, that Justice

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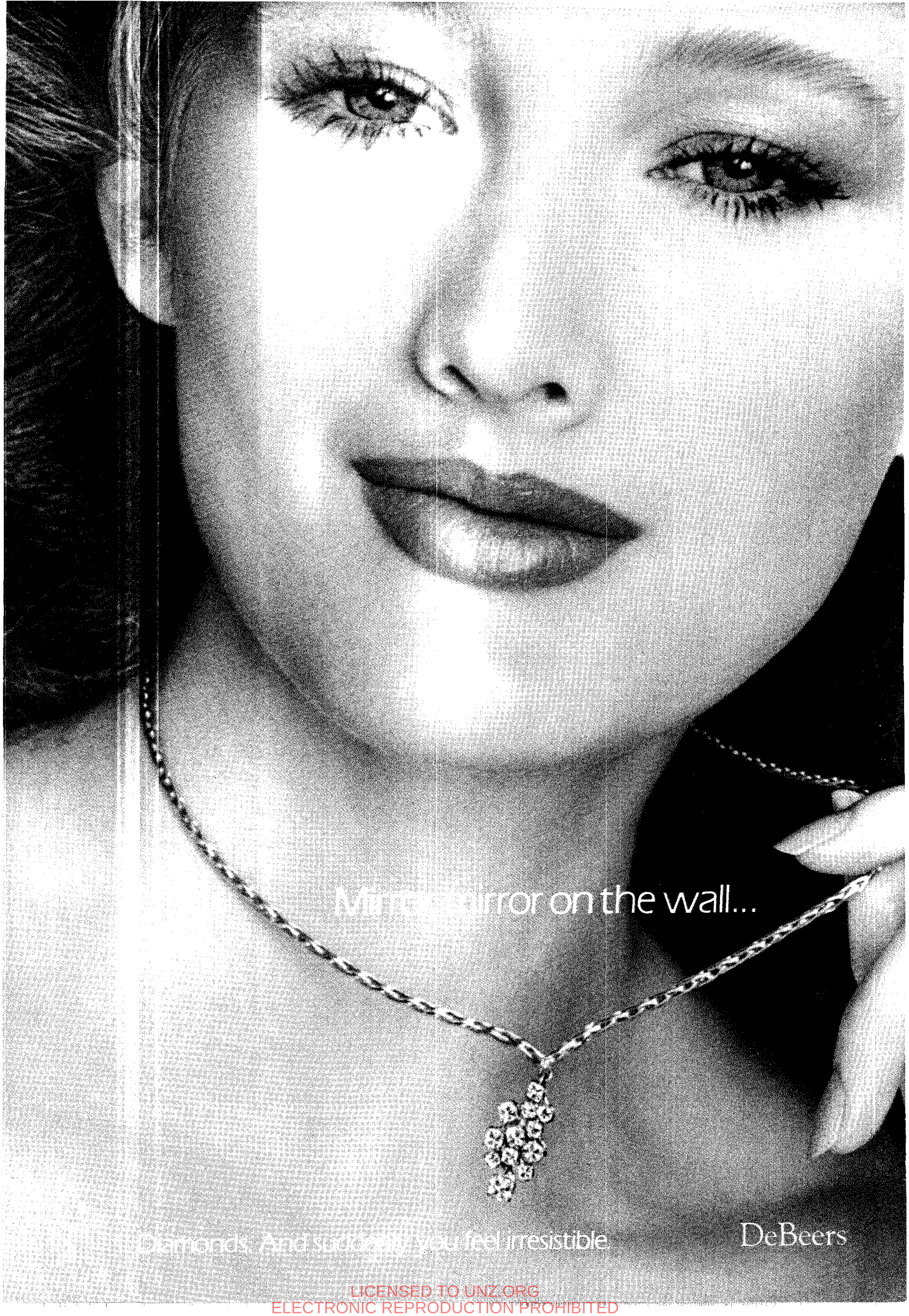

Mirror, mirror on the wall...
Diamonds. And suddenly you feel irresistible.
DeBeers

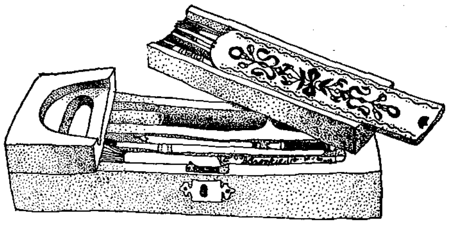
Lentol's arrival would be heralded, that all would rise in his honor, that the assistant district attorney would set up shop, that the court stenographer would enter and poise himself expectantly at the keyboard of his instrument, that the judge would at last tell a court officer to summon the jurors, that the court officer would disappear, that he would return in the company of twelve voting, taxpaying citizens of Brooklyn, and that Shine and his colleagues would indeed be in business. None of this happened. The briefcase latches didn't spring open. No Justice Lentol. No action. The occupants of the spectator gallery sat. They waited.

As a rule, Shine takes a seat in the second of the four rows of the gallery. The first row is reserved for policemen, for attorneys who drop in to kill time or to study someone else's trial work, and for members of the press. When there are significant facts that Shine wishes to remember—the street address where the corpse was discovered, the distance away that the head was found from the torso—he takes notes. He reaches into his coat pocket and removes a blunt soft-lead pencil, a giveaway from Brooklyn Better Bleach, Inc. With this, he scribbles on whatever is handy—the margin of a newspaper, say, or the paper bag containing his lunch. At the end of the day, before he boards the RR train at the Borough Hall station and rides home to Borough Park, he tosses away the newspaper or the paper bag. If a trial attracts a lot of publicity, Shine may clip a few relevant news stories and carry them in a jacket pocket. After a couple of weeks, he throws them away as well. Shine cannot recall the names or the details of most of the trials he has observed or the nodding acquaintances he has made along the way, nor does he care to. Much of the testimony he has heard, he says, "the average man shouldn't want to know from." Still, he takes pride in his attention to details and strives for accuracy. If members of the press are available, Shine regularly confers with them to verify his notes. When none are around, he depends upon his fellow-buff Leo Friedman, who has perfect grammar and lovely penmanship. Friedman is a retired social-studies teacher from Sheepshead Bay. Once, when I had not been at the courthouse for a few weeks, I received a note from him that said:

> Ben and I have been wondering about your absence from the court scene. You've missed some interesting cases. The last one—before the Honorable Justice Sybil Kooper—a lesbian convicted for killing a guy whom she found sleeping with her girlfriend.
>
> The best to you and your family.
>
> Leo

Not long before Kranz arrived with his recalcitrant briefcase, Friedman had entered the courtroom in the company of several other buffs. Friedman is Shine's closest friend among the Brooklyn regulars. He has a trim build, gray hair, and a thin face creased by a perpetual half smile. Most of the year, his face is nicely suntanned. During the winter, it is nicely windburned. Friedman loves to fish, and he frequently takes day trips aboard Sheepshead Bay party boats. An inverse ratio exists between the flounder population in the bay and Friedman's passion for justice. In the event of sustained poor fishing, he rededicates himself to the pursuit of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but. He always returns from a marine sabbatical in a refreshed frame of mind. Whenever Friedman makes a court appearance, he and Shine eat lunch together. From time to time, they are joined by Louis Entman, Sol Kenare, Moe Spector, Harry Takifman, Max Silverman, Charlie Rader, Charlie's sister Jean, and, on rarer occasions, Ann Lieberman, Sam Rosalsky, John Fulton, Anita Warrington, Murray Lauer, or R. C. Frank. These people make up the core of the Supreme Kings buffs.

Entman, Kenare, and Spector are a virtually inseparable triumvirate, who call each other by their nicknames—the Landlord, the Grocery Man, and Kissinger, respectively. The Landlord anointed the two others, and they, in turn, christened him. Louis Entman, the Landlord, is a slack-jawed man who once owned most of Flatbush—or, at the very least, four or five buildings. He still has some property there. The first days of each month, he tends to arrive in court late. Quite a few of his tenants need prodding. When he does manage to collect a nice lump of rent, he celebrates by taking a shave and changing into a relatively clean shirt. He owns a gray sharkskin suit, which has acquired a fine antique sheen, and a couple of neckties, which came into his possession around the time that Chief Justice Burger was studying for the bar exam. The Landlord has baggy eyes and looks somewhat like a bulldog who has just bitten into something unpleasant that was crawling in the garden. He blinks a lot. He is an enemy of dullness and a master of the one-sided conversation: "Can a wife testify against a husband? I don't know. Wait. I'll ask Kissinger. He'll know. He doesn't even know his own address. See him sitting over there smiling? He smiles because his underwear's too tight. I notice you don't work for a living. You must have a rich wife. I've got a rich wife, too. No fooling. I saw her bankbook. A hundred and fourteen dollars. Her mother left it to her. Yeah. She had a mother. My mother-in-law. Right. She finally learned how to write. I think she went to night school for a week. She took a vacation to Florida and sent me a postcard. It started out, 'Dear Lousy.' She knew me very well. What? This defendant needs a character witness? I'll be a character witness for him. Sure. Tell him I'll do it for twenty-five bucks. You want to know why the judge called a recess? I'll tell you. He has a date to play basketball. Look at that judge. I think he gets his clothes at the Fairchild funeral home. Hey, nice shirt you got on. You oughta buy it." When Entman is not talking, he pantomimes. His head bobs and his hands flutter. Every now and then, a bailiff who happens to be in a foul mood will throw the Landlord out of his courtroom. The Landlord can usually keep up his pantomime for as long as he has an audience. All buffs manage to catch up on their sleep at some point during a working day. Even Shine would not deny that at times he has rested his eyes in the courtroom. So have more than a few judges and jurors. Piping Muzak into the courthouse—up-tempo in the late morning and in midafternoon, or however the Muzak people do it—probably wouldn't help a bit. Whenever a puzzling technical question arises during a trial, the less attentive buffs consult first with Shine and then with the Landlord—unless these experts have briefly nodded off. The other buffs admire the Landlord's business acumen. He is one of the few members of the fraternity who are still engaged in a remunerative enterprise.



Kissinger is a retired tobacconist who faintly suggests an eighty-year-old version of the former Secretary of

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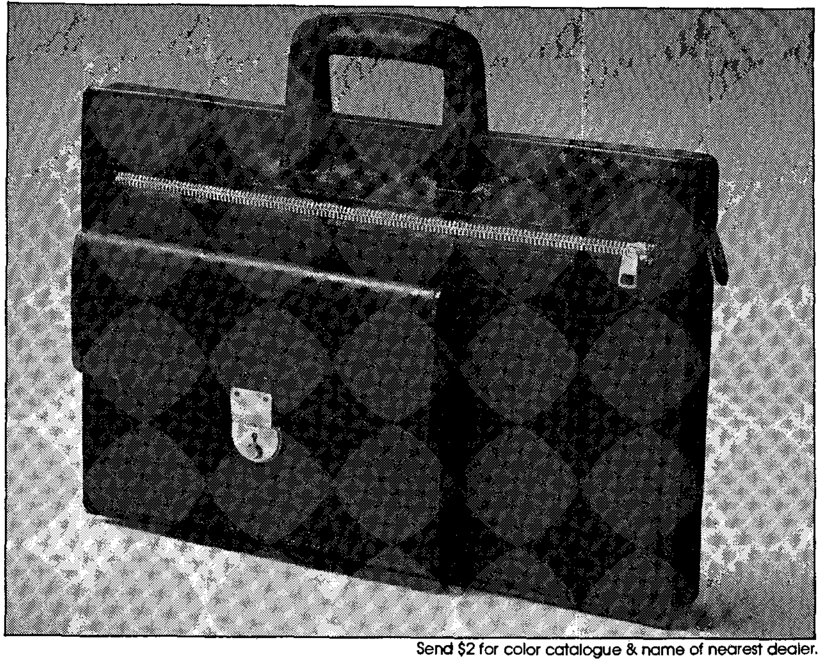

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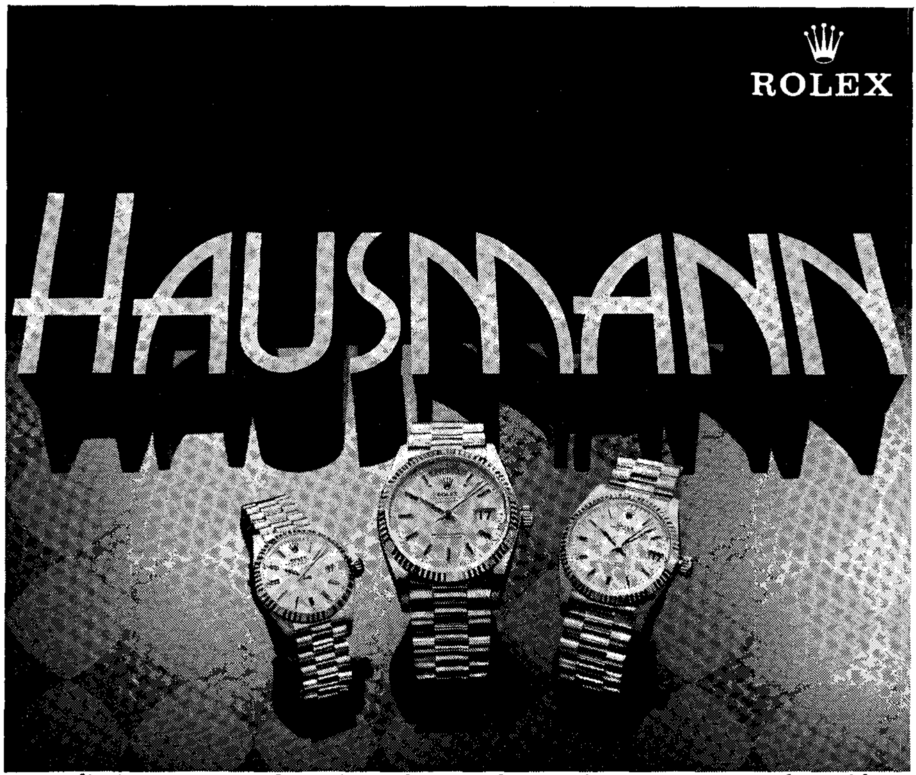

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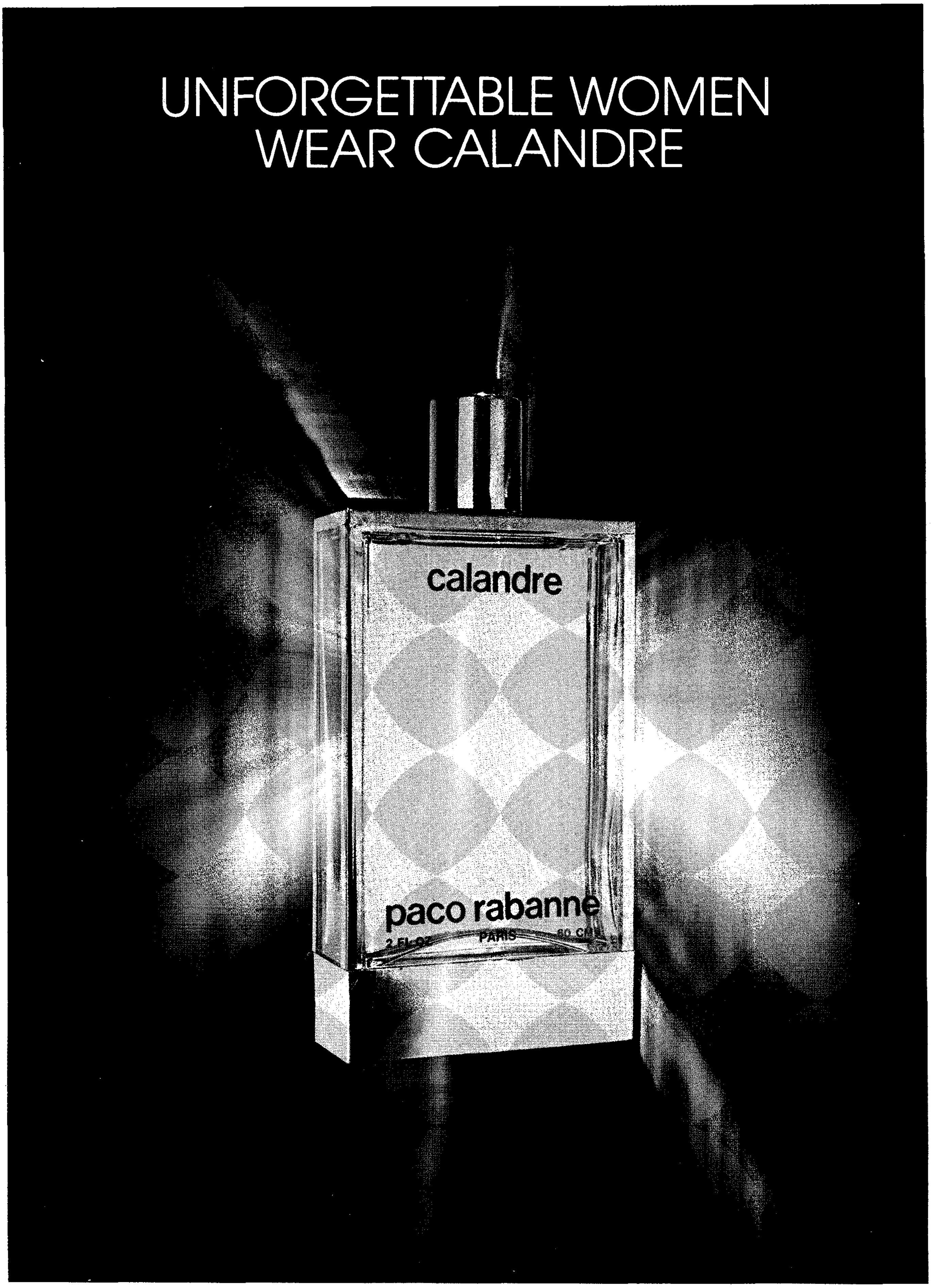
State. Like Henry Kissinger's parents, he has an intelligent son whose name appears in *Who's Who*. The Grocery Man, a widower in his eighties, used to run a mom-and-pop market in Coney Island. He now follows trends in the business by clipping discount coupons from the Wednesday newspapers. Most buffs are avid clippers of all sorts of coupons. More than once, Shine, reaching for his Brooklyn Better Bleach pencil, has instead come up with a handful of promises of cheaper mouthwash, say, or free French fries at Burger King. Once—this happened during the trial of two young men who were accused of robbing a laundromat owner named Oscar Biggs at gunpoint and then threatening to run him through a ten-minute cycle in an electric dryer—all the buffs came to court with green cash-register receipts. It seemed that a supermarket chain was redeeming small bales of these scraps for gift items, and Kissinger badly wanted a tote bag.

Perhaps more than any other buff, Kissinger has the ability to draw remarkable conclusions from apparently insignificant events and details. He does this despite a hearing problem that is advanced enough to disqualify him for jury duty. I was seated next to him one morning when a lawyer named Mario Marino appeared in the courtroom to argue a motion. Kissinger whispered to me, "That Marino used to shop in Sol's grocery store. During a summation, I saw him pull out a photograph of a herring and say, 'This is what the district attorney is trying to fool you with—a red herring.' I think he might have bought the herring from Sol." Later, when I asked Sol, the Grocery Man, to confirm or deny—I had learned early on that within the halls of justice, where life and death and the law are paramount, little things can count for a lot—he said he remembered that Marino had been a customer and he remembered selling herring, but he could not recall ever selling herring to an Italian.

Kissinger, a restless man, has adopted the role of scout. On an average day, he leaves the courtroom and returns in an excited state half a dozen times. After each constitutional, he reports his findings to the Grocery Man and the Landlord, and they pass the news along to the other buffs. The calendar clerk, whose office is on the seventh floor of the courthouse, maintains an up-to-date list of trials. Any buff who was inclined to consult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with the clerk could avoid a lot of legwork. For their own reasons, however, buffs operate a private, word-of-mouth intelligence-gathering system. Kissinger, suddenly impatient, now said, "So what are we doing sitting here? We could go see the Mets. Anybody want to go to Aqueduct? I think there's a rape case down the hall. What are we waiting for?"

"We're waiting for the angel of death," Shine said as Kissinger headed for the door.

There was a brief silence after Kissinger left, and then Leo Friedman said, "This waiting in these state courts is a shame. You'd never find this in federal court."

"You know better than to compare federal and state courts," Shine replied. "In federal, it's all different."

"My point precisely," Friedman said. "And when a federal judge announces a lunch recess and says that court will resume at two o'clock you can be sure that court will be in session at two o'clock. Here, you sit around till two-twenty, two-thirty. Nothing happens. Nobody complains."

"But you can't compare federal and state," Shine insisted. "For one thing, they don't know from murders over there. Plus, in federal the calibre of the crime is on a much higher scale. You get a much higher-calibre judge, you get a higher-calibre lawyer, and you get a higher-calibre criminal. And a higher-calibre buff. Don't go comparing."

This observation disarmed Friedman, who seemed to turn his thoughts to less irritating topics, like whiting and fluke. Before long, Kissinger returned and announced, "There's a rape next door and a kidnapping down the hall."

The Grocery Man and the Landlord rose and departed with Kissinger, as did Harry Takifman and a couple of other buffs. Only Friedman and Shine remained, along with their fellow-buff Max Silverman.

"I saw that kidnapping," said Silverman. "A complete bust. If that was on television, I'd change the channel. All the time, the district attorney's saying, 'I object, I object.' So what? *I* object to the district attorney. The defense lawyer was a woman. Real heavyset. Strictly from hunger. If someone kidnapped her, after an hour they'd send her back."

"So what do you want to do?" Friedman asked Shine.

"You wanna go up to Davis?"

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Shine said. His tone sounded tentative.

Silverman smacked his lips—something he does often. He has a flat, rubbery face. A few years ago, Silverman had a job making deliveries for a dentist. Part of his compensation was in kind—a poorly fitted set of false teeth. On certain rare occasions, he wears the teeth. Otherwise, he leaves them at home and spends the day in court smacking his lips for effect. The name Davis provoked him. For a long stretch of time, a Brooklyn buff could say "You wanna go up to Davis?" and he might as well have said "You wanna go to the Statue of Liberty?" It was certainly worth seeing, but if you missed it today you could always catch it tomorrow. People v. Davis stood out as one of those expensive monuments to the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments, with their guarantees of due process, and to the political clout of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association of the City of New York. A former convict named Cleveland McKinley (Jomo) Davis, who had been a leader of the Attica prison rebellion in 1971, went through three long-running trials for the murder, in 1978, of Norman Cerullo and Christie Masone, two New York City police officers. Davis's first trial, in the spring of 1979, lasted eleven weeks and ended with a hung jury. The second one, which began later that year, lasted twelve weeks and ended the same way. A third trial began in April of 1980 and ended, after nine weeks, in acquittal. Justice John R. Starkey presided at the first trial, Justice Lentol at the second, and Justice Robert Kreindler at the third. Their respective courtrooms were on the ninth, seventh, and ninth floors, so it was usually a matter of "going up" to Davis. Going up to Davis did not appeal greatly to Shine, who likes a mystery to have a beginning, a middle, and a firm conclusion; still, People v. Davis was a murder, which Shine considers preferable to rape or kidnapping.

In the elevator on the way to the ninth floor, Friedman asked, "Ann the Blonde's there, right?"

Shine nodded and said, "She's taking it by the week. No meals."

Ann Lieberman is a skeptical woman who is drifting into her golden years with a head of pale-yellow-tinted hair. A buff could stay away from the Davis trial for days—despite its notoriety, it was a rather boring case—and all he had to do was track down Mrs. Lieberman and she would fill in the gaps. She had made People v. Davis

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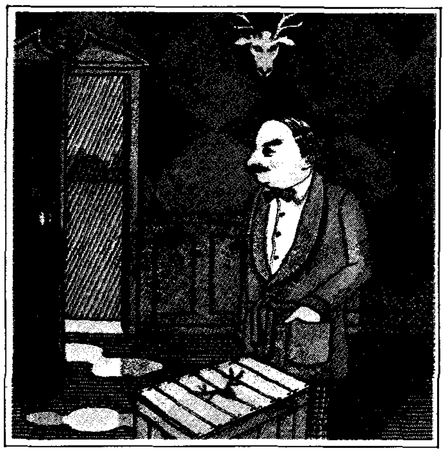
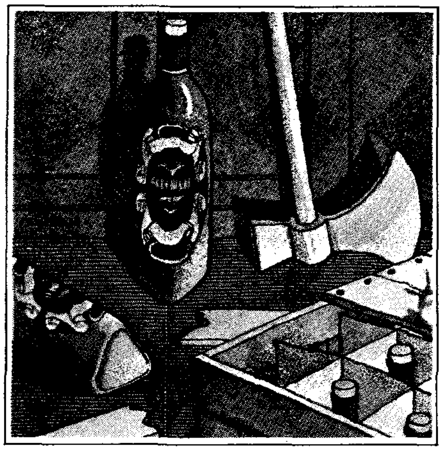
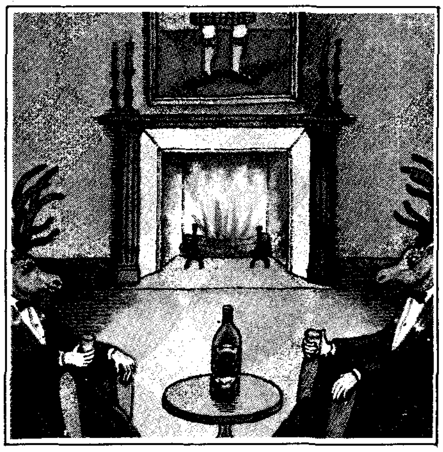


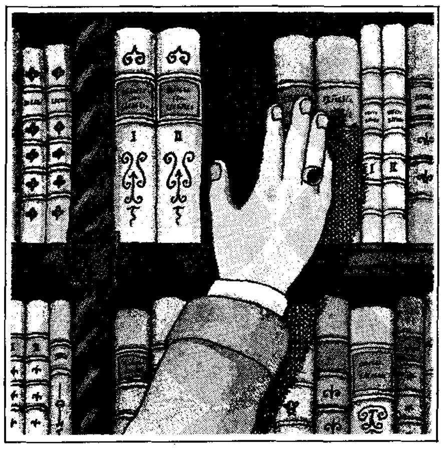
One rainy evening, a man with Gaelic on his breath delivered to my door a case of Glenfiddich. "Aon Braich," he murmured. No one here by that name, I mused. When I looked up, he had disappeared.



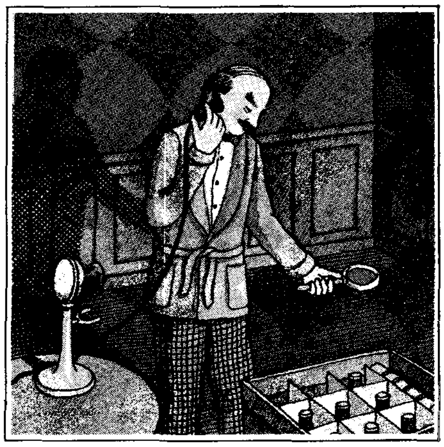
Upon cracking the cache of Glenfiddich with my Scottish Rites hatchet, I found each bottle of this distinctive malt whisky to be of triangular shape. Evidently, there were more sides to this story still.



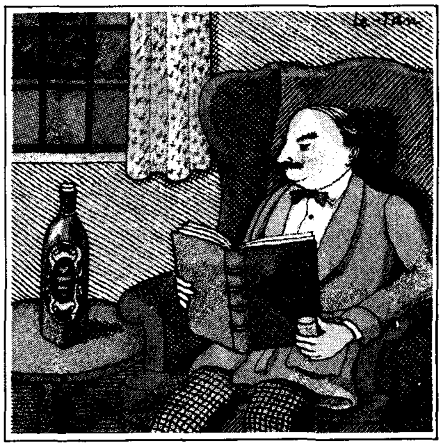
Examining the label, I detected a most intriguing clue: Glenfiddich is Gaelic for 'Valley of the Deer.' Had this peculiar charade been nothing more than a cleverly staged stag party invitation?



A sudden revelation struck me like a belt from Savile Row. Perhaps the peat-stained pages of MacTurf's 'Scotch On The Lochs' would hold the explanation. I reached for my volume – but the book was gone!



It was then my friend MacIntosh rang. "Aon Braich!" he intoned. That strange name again! "I'd have returned the book myself, but with this downpour..." Then I saw my MacTurf tucked 'midst the malts.



A newly-marked page revealed that it was the Glenfiddich that was 'aon braich,' or single malt. One sip confirmed its singular character. Rarely had a case led me to such a splendid solution.

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her specialty. Because the defendant was an observant practitioner of Islam, the trial recessed on Fridays, the Muslim day of rest. She was "up to Davis" the four remaining weekdays, in a lathered state most of the time. Nothing she did could have concealed her contempt for the defendant, so she didn't bother trying. Not that Jomo Davis, if he noticed, should have taken this personally. It seems that Mrs. Lieberman has never seen a defendant who wasn't guilty—if not guilty of the crime in question, then of some other offense. This is a common buff point of view, although it is not one that Shine inclines to. Being literal-minded, he takes the Constitution at its word. Also, he loves suspense. Therefore, he sincerely presumes innocence.

"When I start a trial, I have an open mind," he says. "I divest myself of all prejudice. I put the district attorney on trial and let him put the defendant on trial. The defendant is presumed innocent all the way through. When the jury comes out and says he's guilty, then he's guilty."

Friedman used to share this sentiment, but then he was mugged one weekend afternoon while he was walking along Eastern Parkway. Four youthful offenders, none of whom, if they had been apprehended, would have been old enough to get their names printed in the newspaper, made off with Friedman's wristwatch, wallet, subway pass, library card, and good will.

"Oh, gee, Leo, I'm sorry," Shine had said when he heard the news.

"What do you mean, 'sorry'?" said Friedman. "Where were *you*?"

"What time was it?"

"Two o'clock."

"Two o'clock, I was by the Oceana Theatre," Shine recalled. "It was a double feature—'Hurricane' and 'Foul Play.' Two disasters for three dollars. I have a two-dollar pass, but you have to use that on a weekday."

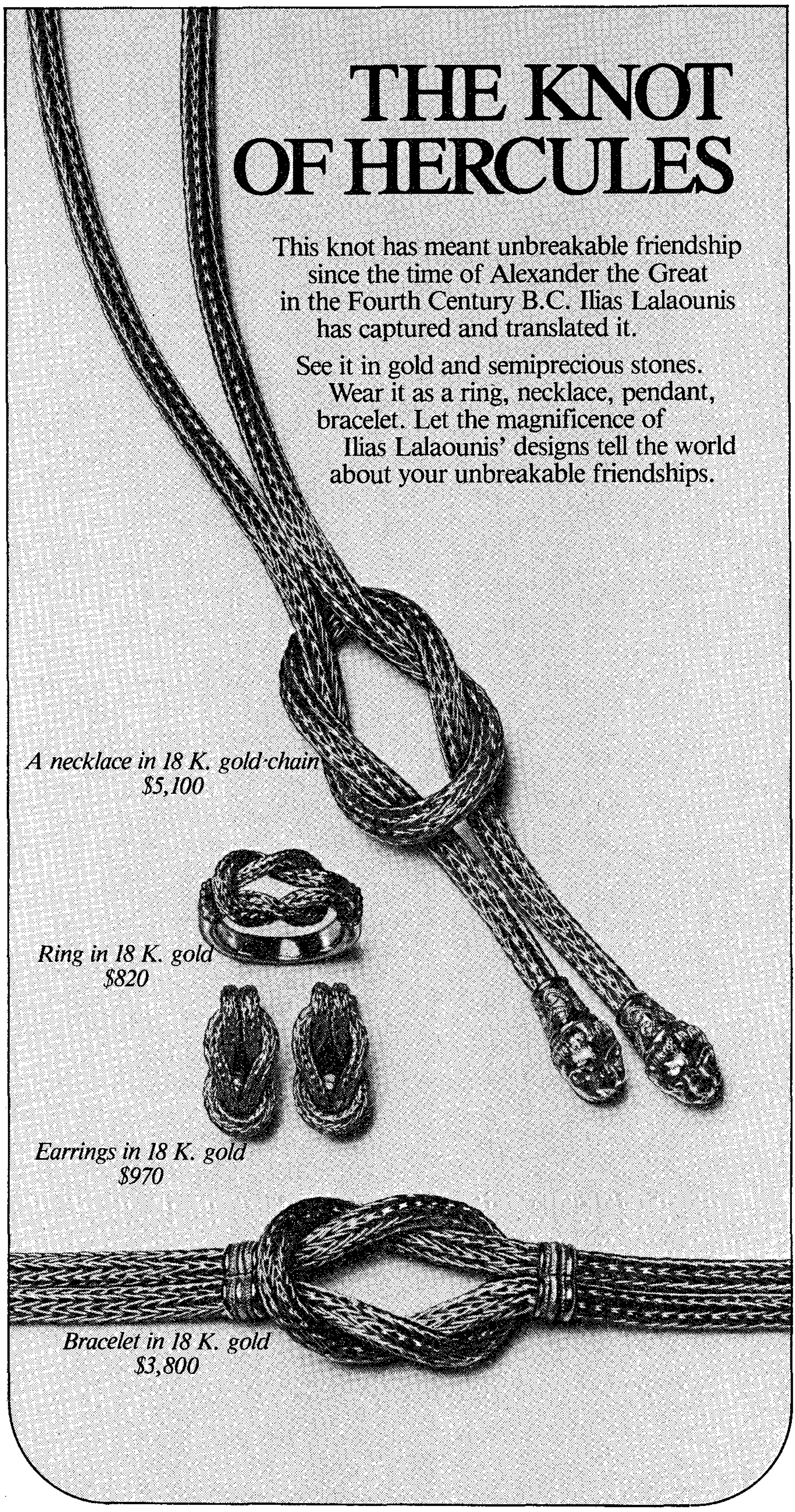
"Anyway, they just lost an objective juror," Friedman concluded.

"Oh, don't take that attitude," Shine said, sounding genuinely dismayed. "Take their money. They're paying twelve dollars a day now, plus carfare. Don't tell them anything. If they ask were you ever mugged, say, 'I don't remember.' "

"And I'm a City College boy," Friedman said reflectively. "I didn't always feel this way."

"I'm a confirmed capitalist," Shine said. "I always have been."

A young woman with frizzy light-



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brown hair sat on the witness stand in the Davis courtroom. Her name was Laurie Weinman, and she was a witness for the defense. The buffs and I took seats in the row in which Mrs. Lieberman sat. An open spiral notebook rested in her lap. She saves all her voluminous jottings, and she doesn't mind homework. The courthouse doors are locked each evening at six o'clock. A jury that deliberates past that hour sometimes consigns Mrs. Lieberman to a phoneside vigil. Justice Sybil Hart Kooper, whose demeanor on the bench is more den-motherly than Portia-like, is a favorite with the Supreme Kings buffs. Justice Kooper remains in her chambers at the courthouse until a jury retires for the night, and during such waits she has received quite a few after-hours phone calls from Mrs. Lieberman. As a rule, Mrs. Lieberman speaks with the judge's law clerk, Mark Smith, and asks what's taking that jury so long to convict. At the end of the conversation, she says, "O.K., Mark. Tell Sybil I called." Mrs. Lieberman would have a hard time winning a smile contest even in her most buoyant moments. Now she looked as if she had just sucked on a lemon under duress. Laurie Weinman was describing her meetings with a man named Flaco, who had dropped out of sight after the gun battle in which Cerullo and Masone were killed—and in which Davis was wounded. Davis's attorneys contended that Flaco, and not the defendant, fired the murder weapon.

"The defense is calling its witnesses," Mrs. Lieberman said to me, in more of a stage whisper than I felt comfortable with. "A bunch of phonies. The prosecution had excellent witnesses. Beautiful witnesses."

Robert Bloom, one of Davis's attorneys, showed Prosecution Exhibit No. 7 to Miss Weinman and asked her to describe it. She identified it as a 9-mm. automatic pistol.

"Nice girl," Mrs. Lieberman said. "She didn't mind that this Flake-oh had guns. He went to her house. Nice kid. She went to college. A nice girl. Her parents sent her to college so she could learn about guns."

Mrs. Lieberman has the ability to contort her face in striking ways. Occasionally, she gets so emotionally wrapped up in a case that a judge or a defense attorney suggests that maybe everybody would feel better if she were to indulge this gift in a different courtroom. Now she was scribbling in her notebook, looking up to glance at the jury, and twitching around the eyes and mouth. When she saw me noticing this, she said, "I get involved. I talk to everybody. I talk to the assistant D.A.s. The judges. I've even talked to defense attorneys."

I looked at the inscription engraved in the wall above the judge's bench. It said, "Justice Is Truth in Action—Joubert." Then I looked at the back of the bench in front of us, where someone—actually, several someones—had applied sharp objects that had eluded the metal detectors outside the courtroom. "ROSA + ALFONSO" were in love, as were "SPEEDY + ALTHEA," "ANTHONY + PEACHES," "LIVINGSTON + AUDREY," "ANGEL + SARITA," and a few other lucky people. As Laurie Weinman testified about her meetings with Flaco and her belief in Jomo Davis's innocence, Mrs. Lieberman clucked her tongue.

"I've got four children and eight grandchildren," she told me. "Two of my sons are C.P.A.s. My other son's in business with my husband. Two of my daughters-in-law are teachers. My son-in-law and daughter are teachers. They didn't live together before they got married. They didn't leave home. No guns. Knock on wood." She rapped "ANTHONY + PEACHES" with her knuckles. "It's a new age? Some age. Too good it isn't."

A few minutes later, Miss Weinman completed her testimony. On her way out of the courtroom, she smiled warmly at Davis and his lawyers. Mrs. Lieberman made a muffled gagging noise. When I turned to Shine and Friedman to see if they had any reaction, I realized that they weren't focussing intently on the proceedings.

"Ben, one of the jurors is eying you over," Friedman was saying.

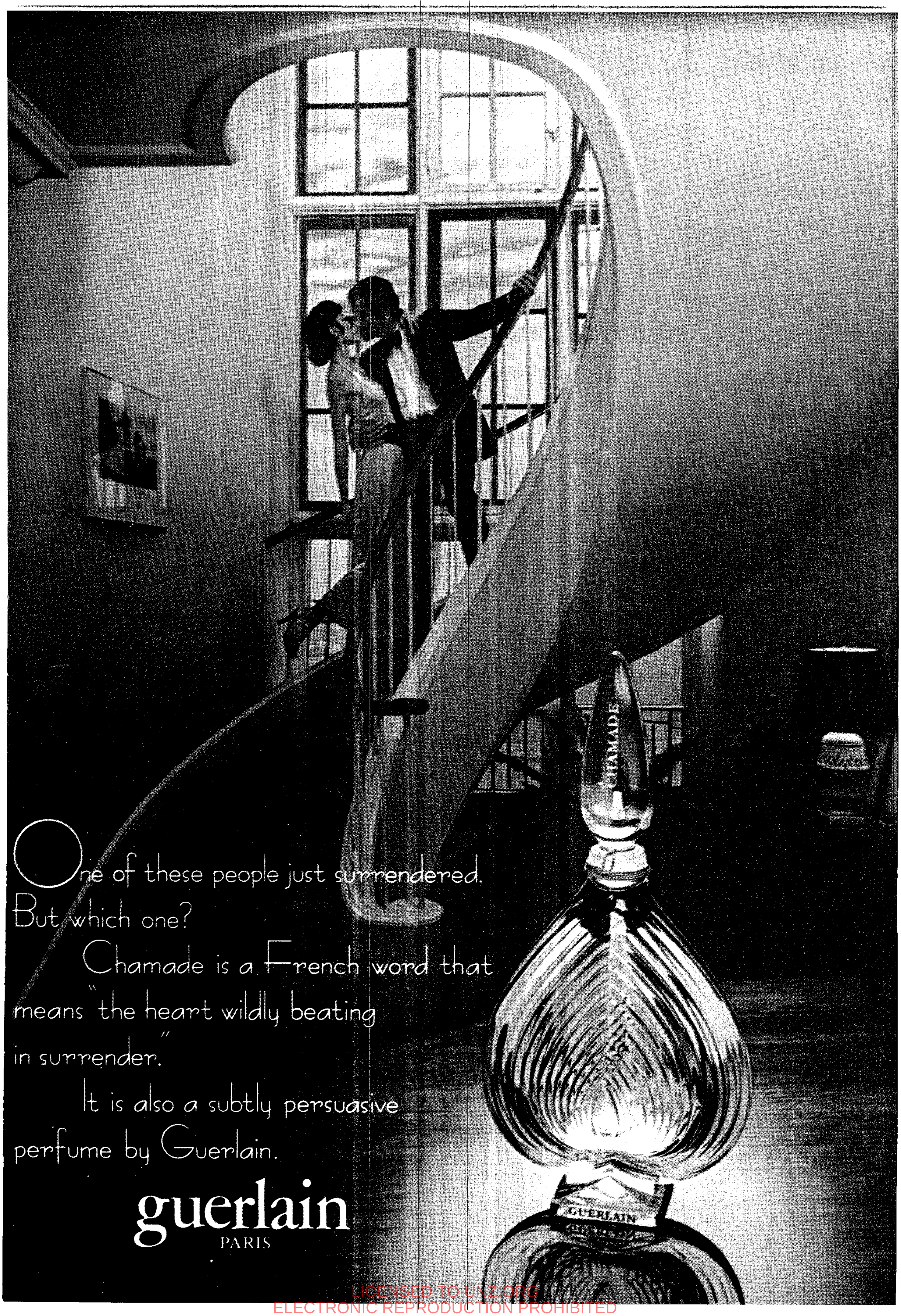
"A man or a woman?" Shine asked.

"A woman."

"Oh, yeah? The one with the long dark hair?"

"No. The one who looks like Rocky Marciano."

From Shine's vantage point, the problem was that the Davis trial had political overtones. When Governor Hugh Carey announced his intention, in 1976, to finally "close the book" on the Attica rebellion, a report by the special prosecutor had recommended pardons for all but three of the inmates who had been charged with crimes stemming from the uprising; one of the three was Jomo Davis. Less than two years after Davis was paroled, he was arrested for the murders of the



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two policemen. During Davis's three trials, a cadre of sympathizers appeared each day in the courtroom. The spectators and the flavor of the trials seemed like ghostly anachronisms, throwbacks to recent history—Davis had become a sort of exhumed, junior-varsity Huey Newton—and Shine had no real appetite for that sort of history. Crime—Shine's kind of crime, anyway—has its roots in something less murky than politics. He feels at home with unadulterated motivations: passion, money, sin. People v. Davis featured complicated technical and forensic testimony—details that might have interested Shine if Davis's principal attorney, Robert Bloom, had been less plodding in his methods. Bloom's approach—halting diction, long pauses between questions, frequent short walks from the witness stand to the defense table to consult notes ("Excuse me, Your Honor, this will take just a moment"), then another pause—was more than a little soporific. Many years ago, Shine was spoiled by a Brooklyn district attorney named Benjamin Schmier.

"This Bloom's a real schlepper," Shine said. "Slow. I've never seen anything this slow. Maybe he figures if he goes slow it's that much longer before his client has to go to the penitentiary. Meanwhile, he's showing absolutely no respect for the buffs. I know that every lawyer has his own style, but I don't understand why somebody would want to have a *boring* style. He should have taken lessons from Ben Schmier. What a following he had. He's passed away. He loved to turn to a defendant during a closing argument and point his finger at him and shout, '*You are a murderer!*' It had a very good effect. Not so much with the defendant, but very good with the jury. Now, your best D.A. in Brooklyn today is Harold Rosenbaum, who did the DiGennaro case. He did a very good summation with that one."

"It was a masterpiece," Friedman agreed.

"Rosenbaum's coming here?" Max Silverman asked.

"No, not here," Shine said. "He was at Lentol."

"I thought so," Silverman said. "So who's this lawyer here? Rosenzweig?" He pointed at an assistant district attorney.

"No, that's someone else," Shine said. "No relation to Rosenbaum or Rosenzweig. Rosenbaum's I think on the fourth floor. He's an assistant district attorney. There's another assist-

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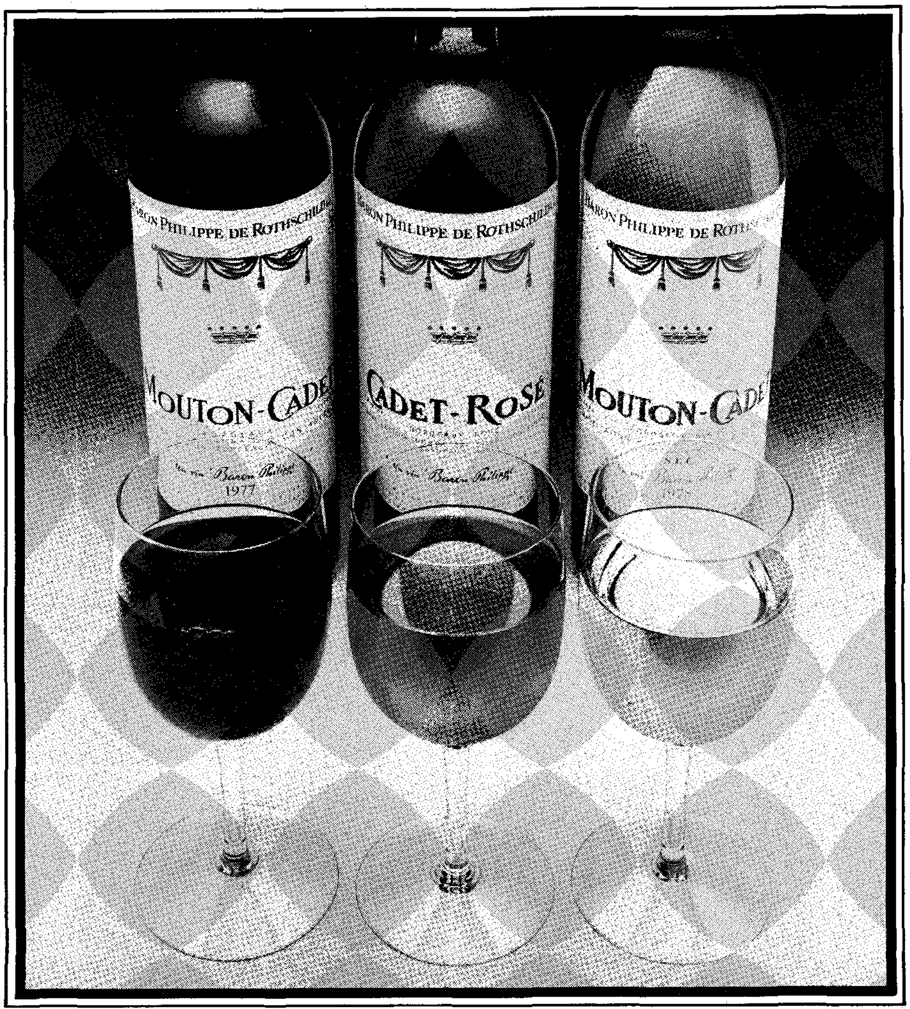
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ant D.A. named Rosenzweig. There's a lawyer named Rosenblum. And a court clerk named Rosenberg. You gotta keep your Rosens straight, Max."

"What floor are we on?" Silverman asked.

"Nine."

"We move around so much sometimes I forget where I am."

"Stick with me, Max."

BECAUSE state governments, rather than the federal government, write the homicide laws, Shine spends only a modest amount of time on the upper floors of the United States District Courthouse, Eastern District of New York, which is two blocks north of Supreme Kings, on Cadman Plaza. For the sake of variety, he has watched enough federal cases to have established diplomatic relations with many of the higher-calibre buffs of Brooklyn. Nevertheless, his appearances in the federal courtrooms are sporadic, and when he does show up in one he is often obliged to endure a mild form of hazing. The colloquy usually runs like this:

First federal buff: "What's the matter? You run out of murder cases down the street?"

Second federal buff: "No. There was so much blood they ran out of bandages."

Third federal buff: "How do you like the way these guys think they can just show up here whenever they feel like it? They try to sit in the front row. They don't pay dues. They never apply for membership."

Shine: "Hoo, boy."

As the situation stands now, Shine takes a walk to the Emanuel Celler Federal Building almost every day, but he spends most of his time in the basement. The cafeteria there does a brisk lunch business between noon and one-thirty. Shine enjoys passing an hour or so in the dim fluorescent light, resting his elbows on a Formica tabletop, munching a tuna on rye, and engaging in a measured and thoughtful discussion of why someone would confess to having raped an eighty-seven-year-old woman if he hadn't in fact done it. Most of the other Supreme Kings buffs also make the daily pilgrimage to the cafeteria, where they commingle with the buffs who keep office hours upstairs. If the state courthouse had its own cafeteria, this trip wouldn't be necessary. Some of the Supreme Kings buffs seem ill at ease in the federal building. It strikes them as uncomfortably clean, too austere. Confusing abstract art hangs in the lobby. The restrooms have soap but no graffiti. When destiny guides certain buffs to the upper floors of the federal building, they tend to sniff the air suspiciously.

Shine's patience with the spectacle of the Jomo Davis trial began to diminish as his midday hunger pangs grew. He mentioned this to Silverman, who, being toothless for the day, declined a luncheon invitation. Shine and Friedman and I left Supreme Kings together and walked across Cadman Plaza East. When we reached the corner of Tillary Street, we encountered a friend of Shine's—a federal-court buff called Bill Abramson.

"What's new?" Shine asked.

"Oh, a very good trial with Judge Nickerson," Abramson said. "Drugs."

"Not again," Shine said.

"No, this is a nice one," Abramson said. "This morning, they had a witness—she's a concert pianist, she looks like a charwoman, but she's an anthropologist or something, she ran a travel agency, and I don't know what else. It's cocaine. There's money all over the place. It's conspiracy the government's trying to prove. Oh, they had about a hundred defendants, but a lot of them copped pleas already. Come up and watch."

Abramson walked off in a different direction, and we entered the federal building. As we went down a flight of stairs to the cafeteria, Shine said, "We should go see that one, Leo. I think they'll convict this woman."

"Why?"

"Normally, conspiracy's a tough charge to prove," Shine said. "But if she's a pianist, it's easy—'acting in concert.' "

Friedman said, "Ben. Please."

"Hey, I write 'em, kid. You want more? I got more."

"No. One a day is enough."

While Friedman and I waited in line to buy sandwiches, Shine found an empty table. When we had paid for our food, we saw him at the opposite end of the room, waving with both hands, like a signal corpsman coaxing in a distressed cargo plane. Bringing lunch in a brown paper bag means that Shine gains a makeshift note pad and a saving for the day of about three dollars. Though he has nothing against a bargain, this predilection is more of a habit than a necessity. He carries a typewritten list of his stocks and bonds in a clear-plastic envelope, which he keeps in his coat pocket, filed away with his grocery-discount coupons and

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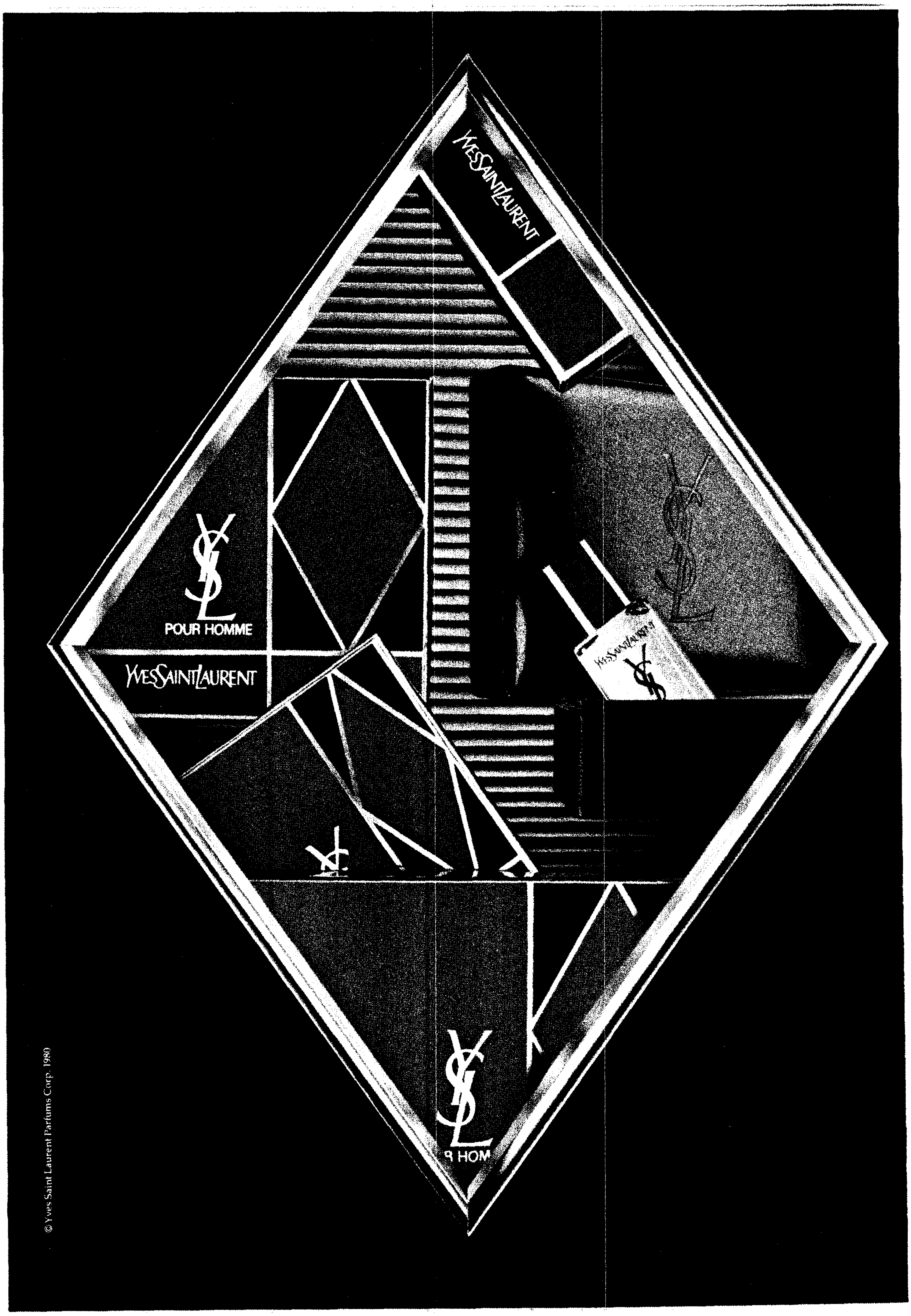
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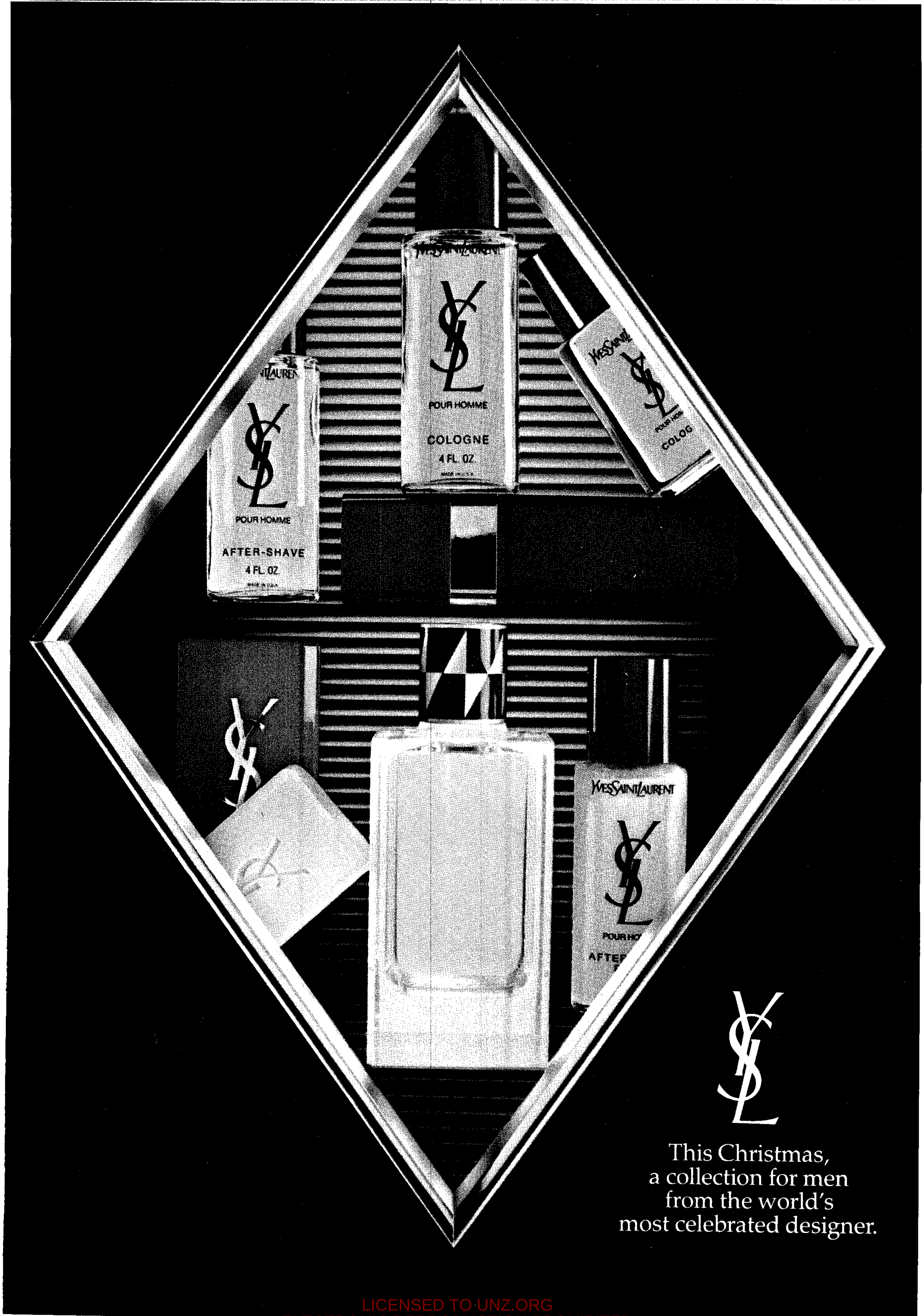
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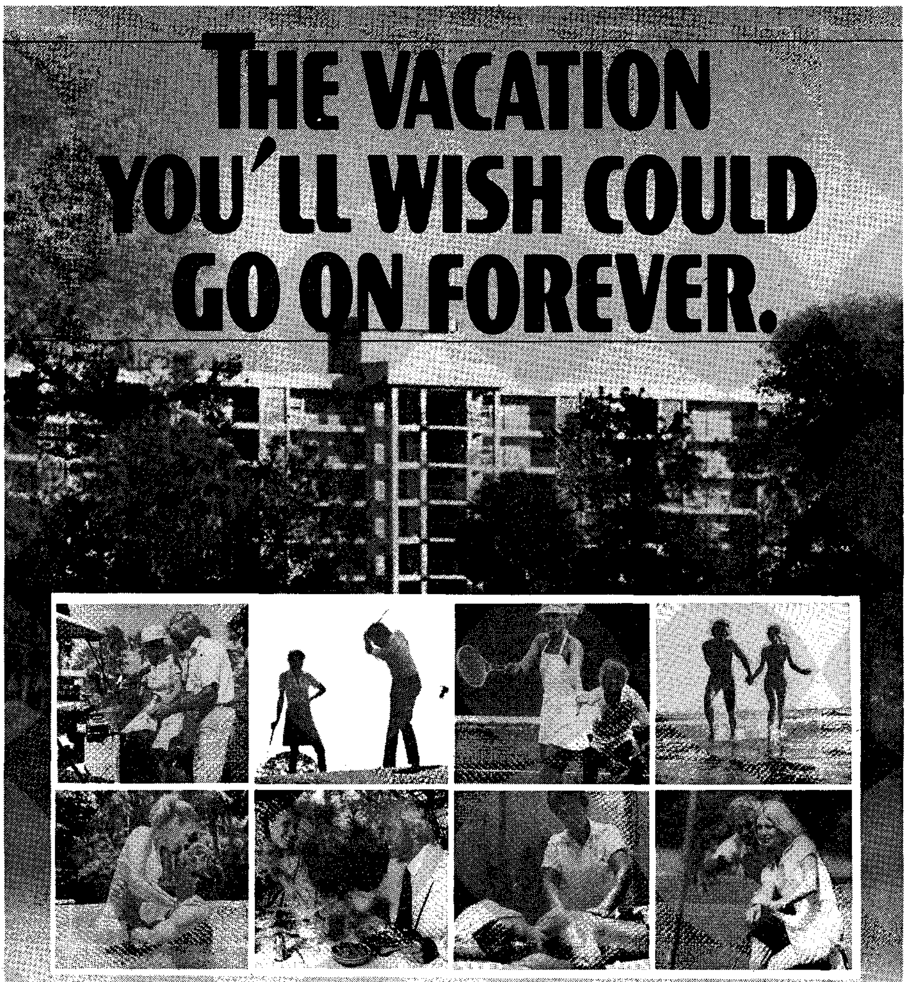
the newspaper clippings from recent memorable trials. From time to time, he removes the list and reviews his portfolio, just to reassure himself. There is a brokerage house on Montague Street, not far from the courthouse, and he sometimes drops in to check the latest stock-market quotations. Shine has prudently diversified his holdings. Therefore, he didn't turn glum or get agitated when the accident occurred at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant in 1979, even though he then held quite a few shares of General Public Utilities, the company that owns the plant. After almost four hundred murder trials, it would probably take a fully realized apocalypse—something on the order of the death of his automobile—to reduce Shine to grief. He drives a 1962 Mercury Meteor with eighty-five thousand miles on the odometer. Often, on Sundays, Shine and his wife take a pleasure trip along the Brooklyn shore. They park the Mercury in a convenient spot, walk a bit, rest a while, and then drive home. Shine is a skillful and dependable driver. Just that morning, he had awakened at four-thirty to drive to Kennedy Airport to pick up a niece who was flying in from Israel to visit her parents, in Flatbush.

"My wife's one of ten children, and I'm one of nine; I have twenty-seven nieces and nephews," Shine said, referring to his predawn excursion. "One's a physicist, another's a psychiatrist, there's a rabbi, lawyers on both sides, one nephew works for I.B.M., another's an engineer who does calculations for rockets to the moon. I have one son, Lester, who lives on Long Island, in Ronkonkoma. He works for an electronics firm. My granddaughter Rhonda just graduated college and my granddaughter Caryn's in Hollywood, being an actress. Do my relatives know that I watch these trials every day? They know. I don't hide anything from them."

I asked Shine whether he had ever considered a career as a lawyer.

"It seems like an awful lot of work to me," he said. "I never gave it much thought. It wasn't practical, because you had to pay to work as a law clerk. Not like these young lawyers today. I know they make pretty nice salaries. I was born on Rutgers Street, on the lower East Side, and we moved to Brooklyn when I was still an infant. I was the seventh of the nine children. My father had a clothing company, wholesale and retail, at East Broad-



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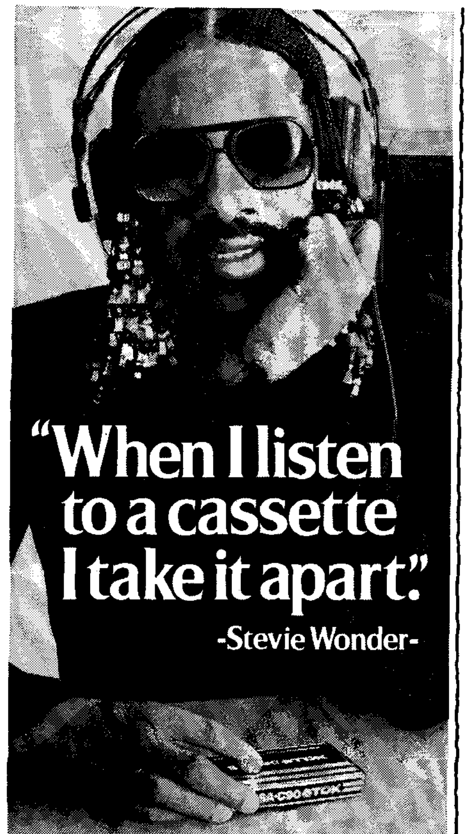
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way and Market Street, near Chinatown. The name of it was Strong Built. I worked there with him for quite a few years, until he moved to Israel. He moved there during the Depression, before the war, when it was still Palestine. During the Second World War, the government made me a uniform inspector for the Department of the Navy. I wanted to see combat, but I was too valuable as a uniform inspector. Yeah. They rated my work 'E' for excellent. When my father left for Israel, he gave the business to his sons. But, being there were five of us, I decided to go out on my own. I wanted to struggle all by myself. Yeah. When I still worked for my father, I'd go by the courthouse on Madison Street now and then to watch trials, but I didn't have that much time to do it. After the war, I opened my own place, Bentley Men's Shop, on West Twenty-third, near the Flatiron Building. How did I get the name Bentley? It was very simple. I took 'Ben' and 'Tillie' and put them together. Yeah. One day an immigrant came to me and said, 'You want to buy a lot of bow ties at a very low price?' I thought the price was good, so I bought. I bought so low I resold them both wholesale and retail. I had a haberdashery at street level and the wholesale business upstairs. Eventually, I went on the road with the bow ties—made it strictly wholesale. I went everywhere. I even went down in a coal mine—one hot summer day in Dickson City, Pennsylvania. I thought *my* business was bad, but you should try a coal mine sometime. When the bow-tie business tapered off, I went to long neckties. Then that tapered off, and I decided to retire. This was about twelve years ago, when a lot of these guys started with the open collars and no ties. Yeah. So I retired. I needed something else to do, so I started coming here every day to watch the trials. It's different from bow ties."

Shine's autobiographical discourse was interrupted by Charlie and Jean Rader, who stopped by to say hello. They are the only brother-sister buff team in Brooklyn. Jean, the elder, wears harlequin-framed tinted eyeglasses and warm clothing in every season and has the air of a woman of leisure on a cool day in Miami Beach. For Charlie, being a buff is like being on a permanent busman's holiday. In 1963, he retired from the New York Police Department, where he had risen to the rank of detective, second-grade, during a career that lasted thirty-one years. All that time spent in the company of lawbreakers had a peculiar effect on Charlie's interest in crime. As a courtroom bystander, he prefers not to get involved with anything really heinous. Instead, he and his sister spend most of their time on the third floor at Supreme Kings. This is where the big-money civil cases—often involving complaints of medical malpractice—go to trial.

"We've just been on three," Charlie told Shine and Friedman. "Malpractice. Paralyzed from the neck down. Two point seven million the jury awarded this young fellow. I'm telling you, they brought him into the courtroom on a stretcher and it was *very effective*. Twenty-nine years old. His wife divorced him after what happened to him. Two point seven million. There's more where that came from. You should come watch."

"Maybe we will," Shine said, and the Raders soon departed. When Friedman had finished his cigar, we rose and carried our plastic trays toward the cafeteria exit. There was a small window near the door, where we stacked the trays and silverware on an idle conveyor belt.

"Someday I'll take you to a place where judges eat lunch," Shine said, rubbing his palms together. "I have a cousin—my cousin Paul Widlitz—who's an administrative judge in Mineola, Long Island. I went to see my cousin Paul one day. I didn't tell him I was coming. I just walked into the courtroom while he was holding a divorce hearing. It was two deaf people—No, wait a minute, I'm mixing up. That was another time, in Judge DiGiovanna's courtroom, in Brooklyn. That was a case with two deaf people who wanted a divorce and they spent the whole time arguing in sign language. Afterward, I told Judge DiGiovanna, I said, 'You know why those two people are getting a divorce, Your Honor? They can't communicate with each other.' "

Friedman's face took on a pained expression. "Ben, I told you: one a day is enough."

We rode an elevator from the basement to street level—a silent ride—and when we hit the sidewalk Shine resumed talking. "Yeah, no, but by my cousin Paul, the judge, that was just a straight divorce. He saw me come in and he stopped the proceedings immediately and gave me a tour of the premises. Oh, that was a nice setup. A

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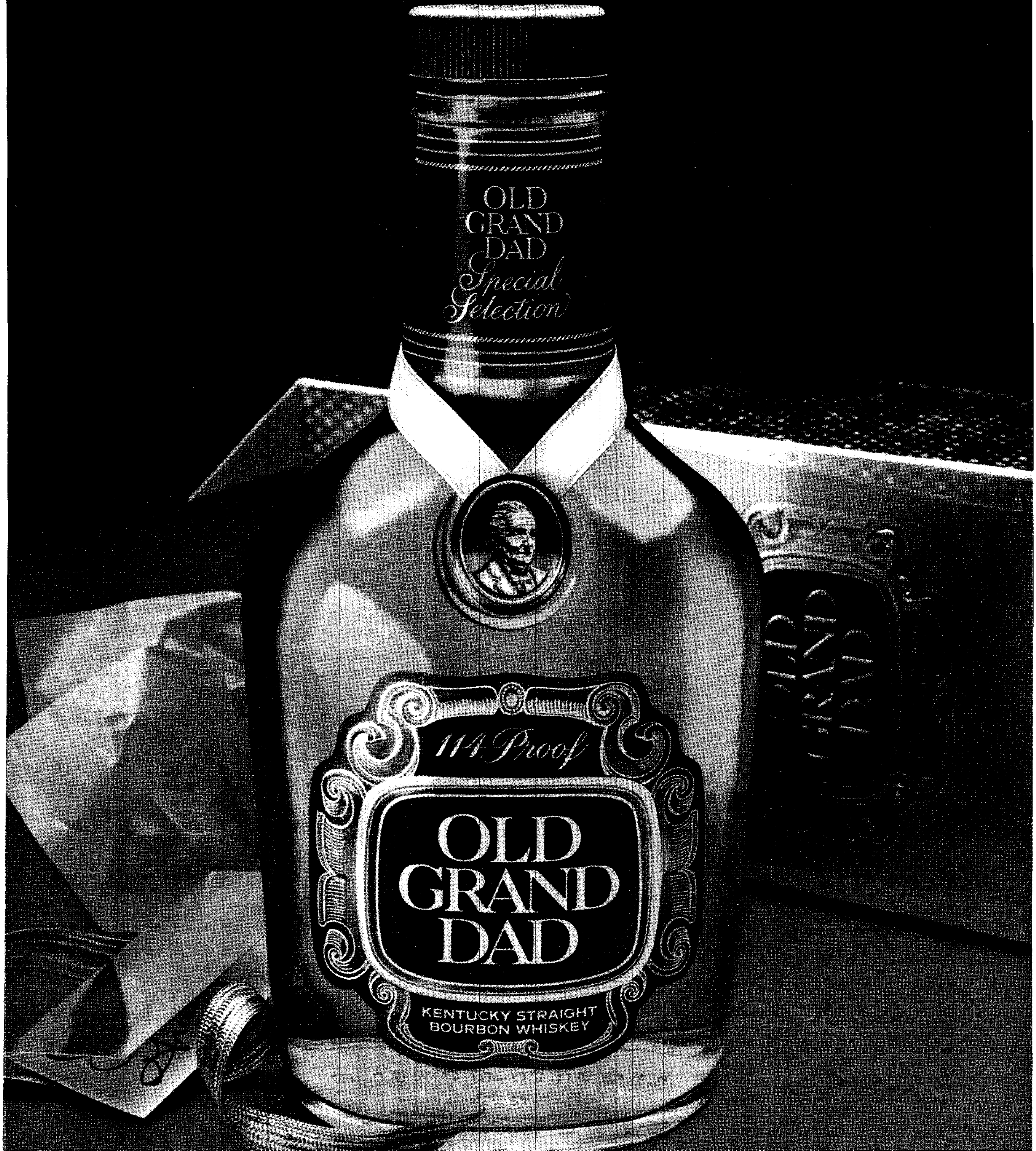
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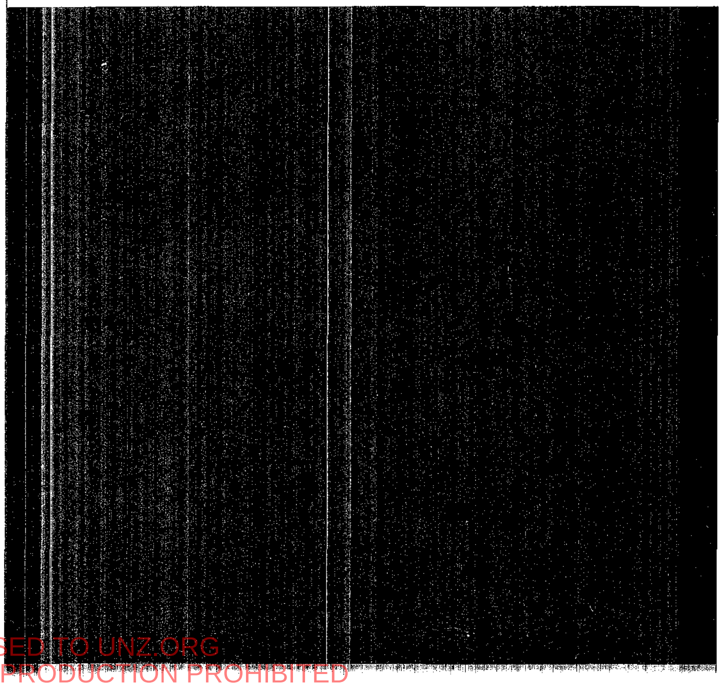

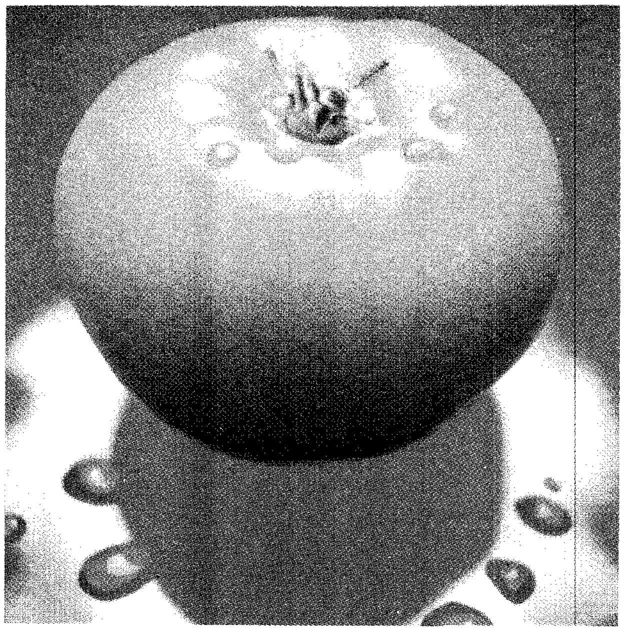

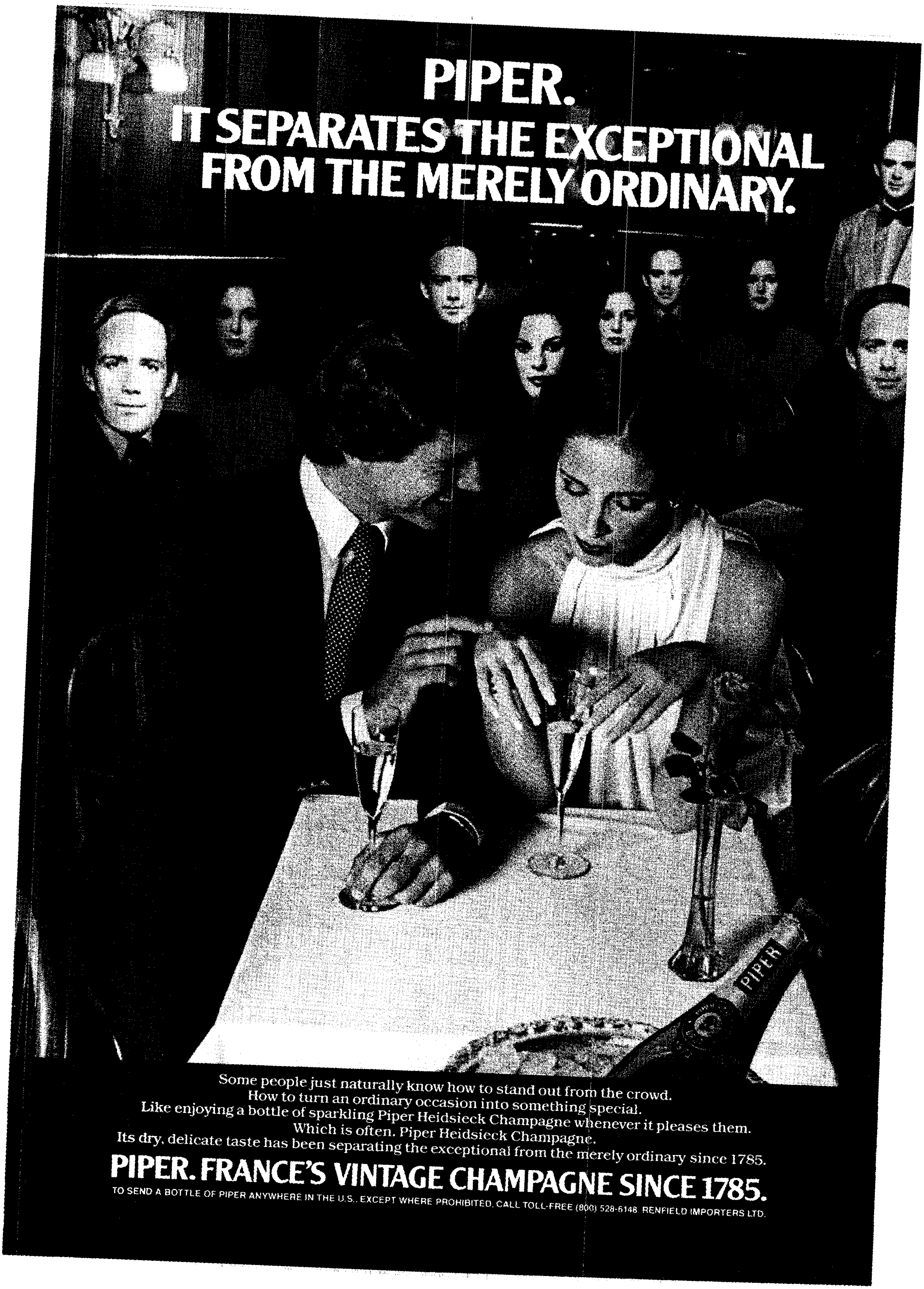
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beautiful library, a place to eat, with the stoves and the Frigidaires. I told my cousin, 'Hey, Paul, you've got a real racket here.' It's nice to see how the other half lives."

"I don't hold with these buffs and judges being on a first-name basis," Friedman said. "For instance, I know that Judge Mishler, the federal judge, hardly ever goes downstairs to eat in the cafeteria."

"You're right," Shine said. "And Judge Barshay, at State Supreme—he's died, but he used to have a Frigidaire in his chambers, and he took lunch there."

Friedman lowered his voice and said, "I heard he kept it *very* well stocked with cream cheese and gefilte fish."

There is a row of wood-and-iron benches in the shade beneath the tall plane trees that line Cadman Plaza. Louis Entman, the Landlord, sat alone now on one of the benches. It was almost two o'clock—the hour when most trials are scheduled to resume after the lunch recess. A few yards ahead, Kissinger, the Grocery Man, and Charlie and Jean Rader were walking slowly toward Supreme Kings. When the Landlord noticed Shine and Friedman approaching, he called out, "You see Charlie Rader?"

"Yeah," Shine said. "Two point seven million dollars. That's hard work."

"Two point seven million," the Landlord repeated. "If I had that much money, I would have ordered the soup today."

"Where are you going now?" Shine asked.

"I sent the Grocery Man and Kissinger up to Davis," the Landlord said. "We're thinking of splitting up the business. I might end up there or I might go to Judge Lombardo. I hear he's supposed to have a new homicide. Where are you going?"

Shine looked up at the sky. It was cloudless, faintly breezy, an unspoilable afternoon. "There's a lot of possibilities," he said. "There's drugs at federal court. Charlie's got the malpractice. We saw some of Davis this morning. You say there's a murder at Lombardo. And that kidnapping down the hall from Lentol. That's it—Lentol. I'm going to Lentol. With those brothers. Aviles. Maybe that lawyer Kranz got his briefcase opened by now. I think I'll head back to Lentol. I want to see what's doing."

—MARK SINGER

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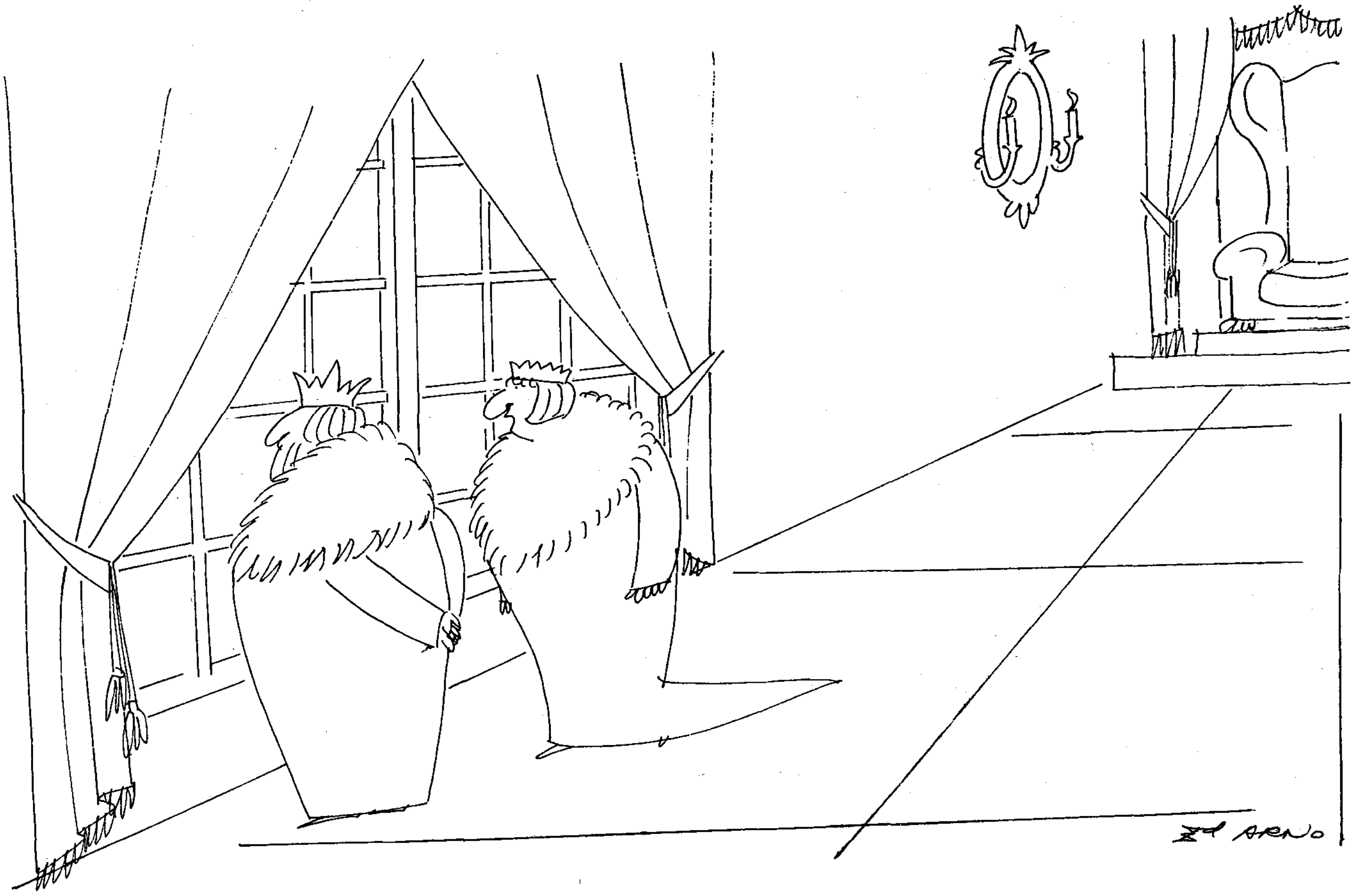
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

THE action of "The Slab Boys," a fine British import by John Byrne, at the Hudson Guild, takes place during a single day in 1957 in the "slab" room—the room where dyes are mixed—of a Glasgow carpet factory. The "boys" who do the mixing are three working-class young men called Spanky, Heck, and Phil, each of whom hopes to be promoted to a desk job. They are joined temporarily by a university undergraduate who is there to learn the business, and they are constantly being chivied and scolded by their boss. The ceaseless cross-talk, witty and bitter, and the joking, verbal and practical, of Spanky and Phil make the fabric of the play. (The teasing and tormenting that went on among Pinter's working-class characters in his early plays may have been more a matter of reporting than we realized.) As for Heck, he is a square, and when he announces that he plans to take a pretty secretary to the company dance the two others decide, in their own words, to set him up. What they do to him—or at least what Phil does—goes well beyond mere hazing: the poor fellow, stripped of his clothes and bleeding copiously from a nip on the ear, is shunted offstage and reduced to making sporadic appearances at a window, to farcical effect. It takes some time to realize that underneath all the shenanigans a story is being told; the story is about Phil, who is given the news, near the beginning, that his mother has escaped from an insane asylum, and, near the end, that the art school that he has applied to has turned him down, dashing all his hopes. However, Phil's story, sad though it may be, seldom breaks the wildly comic mood of the show. Much of the comedy—Phil's and Spanky's, that is—is a matter of mocking set routines imported from Hollywood and radio, and possibly from television, and both the comedy itself and its delivery are very funny.

Daniel Gerroll, an English actor here making his American débût, gives a wonderful performance as Phil, distraught yet never losing his savage poise, and I also especially admired Ian Trigger as the volatile, chivying boss. Gene O'Neill is very good as Spanky, and so is John Pankow as Heck. All the actors—male and female, and from both sides of the Atlantic—do well under Peter Maloney's capable direction. The setting of the slab room, by James Leonard Joy, is pretty wonderful, too.

TED TALLY'S "Coming Attractions," an Off Off Broadway entry at Playwrights Horizons through December 21st, is a bit of extended cabaret with satiric intent, but it is too gleeful and too scattershot for satire, and not shrewd enough in its choice of targets. A musical lampoon is more like it. It's about a humble gunman (twenty-seven victims) who is taken up by a theatrical agent and made into a publicity star. The agent, for lampoonish reasons, persuades him to go to the Miss America contest in Atlantic City, where he is captivated by Miss America, captured by the police, and let out on bail. He appears at a night club in Las Vegas, and then decides to quit show business, to the agent's dismay, and marry Miss America, who insists that he become a born-again Christian. There is an eventual murder trial (nothing will induce me to explain), and his electrocution becomes a production number over a



"*Look, forget the self-doubt. Just reign.*"

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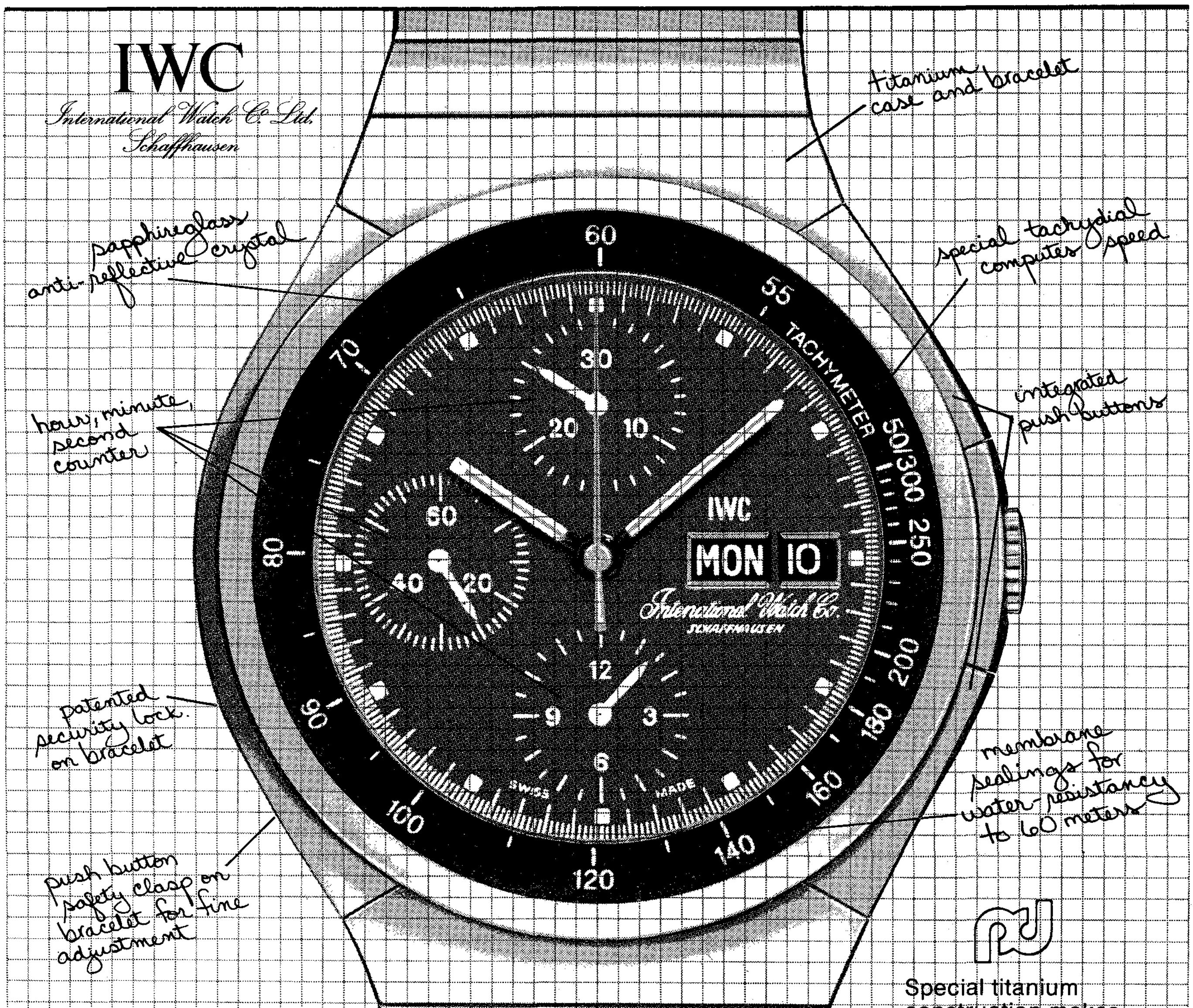
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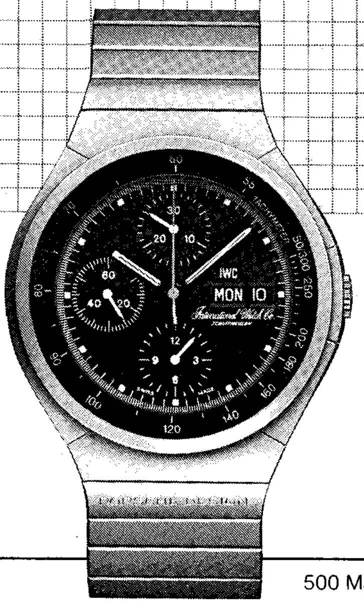

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coast-to-coast network. Mr. Tally's "Hooters," of several seasons ago, was original and very funny, but this time a lot of the comedy sounds secondhand. (His naming the agent Manny is a giveaway.) Nevertheless, although I didn't laugh much—or wince much, for that matter—I did admire the quick-change artistry of the nimble company of five actors who support Griffin Dunne, as the gunman, and Larry Block, as the agent, both of whom do well. The supporters are Christine Baranski, June Gable, Jonathan Hadary, Dan Strickler, and Allan Wasserman, and they appear as any number of characters. I did laugh, come to think of it, at a routine involving a P.L.O. terrorist (Mr. Wasserman) and his white-wimpled sidekick (Mr. Strickler), but the show as a whole is born-again, flimsy Brecht without the acid. The music—an echo of show tunes by familiar and recognizable hands—is nimble, too; it was composed by Jack Feldman, who also collaborated on the lyrics with Bruce Sussman. The good setting—doors opening and swivelling and screens reversing—is the work of Andrew Jackness. André Ernotte directed.

AND then, on the next evening, another show that tries to be funny and isn't. The fatuous "Trixie True/Teen Detective," at the de Lys, is a musical takeoff (or put-on) of juvenile mysteries—what a dumb subject!—and also of movie musicals and radio programs of the nineteen-forties. The less said about the book the better. Marilyn Sokol is unbearable in the double role of a sexy publisher and a sexy German spy—though, for all I know, what she does is appropriate to a campy enterprise of this kind. The other actors, poor souls, are more sinned against than sinning. The score is imitation music, but the orchestrations, by Eddie Sauter, are rather amusing, and so are the sets, by Michael J. Hotopp and Paul de Pass. Nevertheless, the show is a disaster of a most depressing sort. When I got home after the theatre, I switched on Channel 13 and watched "Top Hat," a movie musical of the nineteen-thirties, and cheered up.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Angry Uptown residents greet city promises to tackle the arson problem that is destroying their neighborhood with skepticism.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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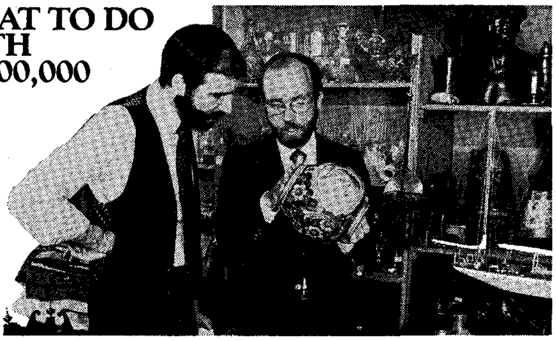

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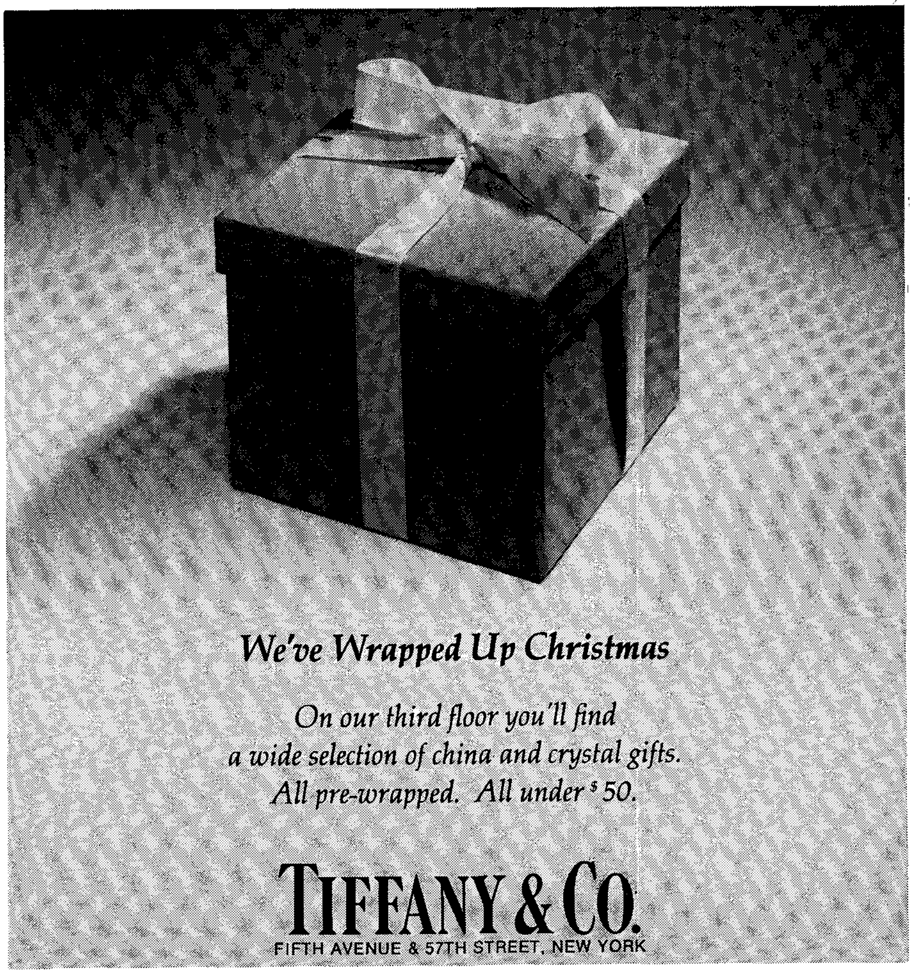

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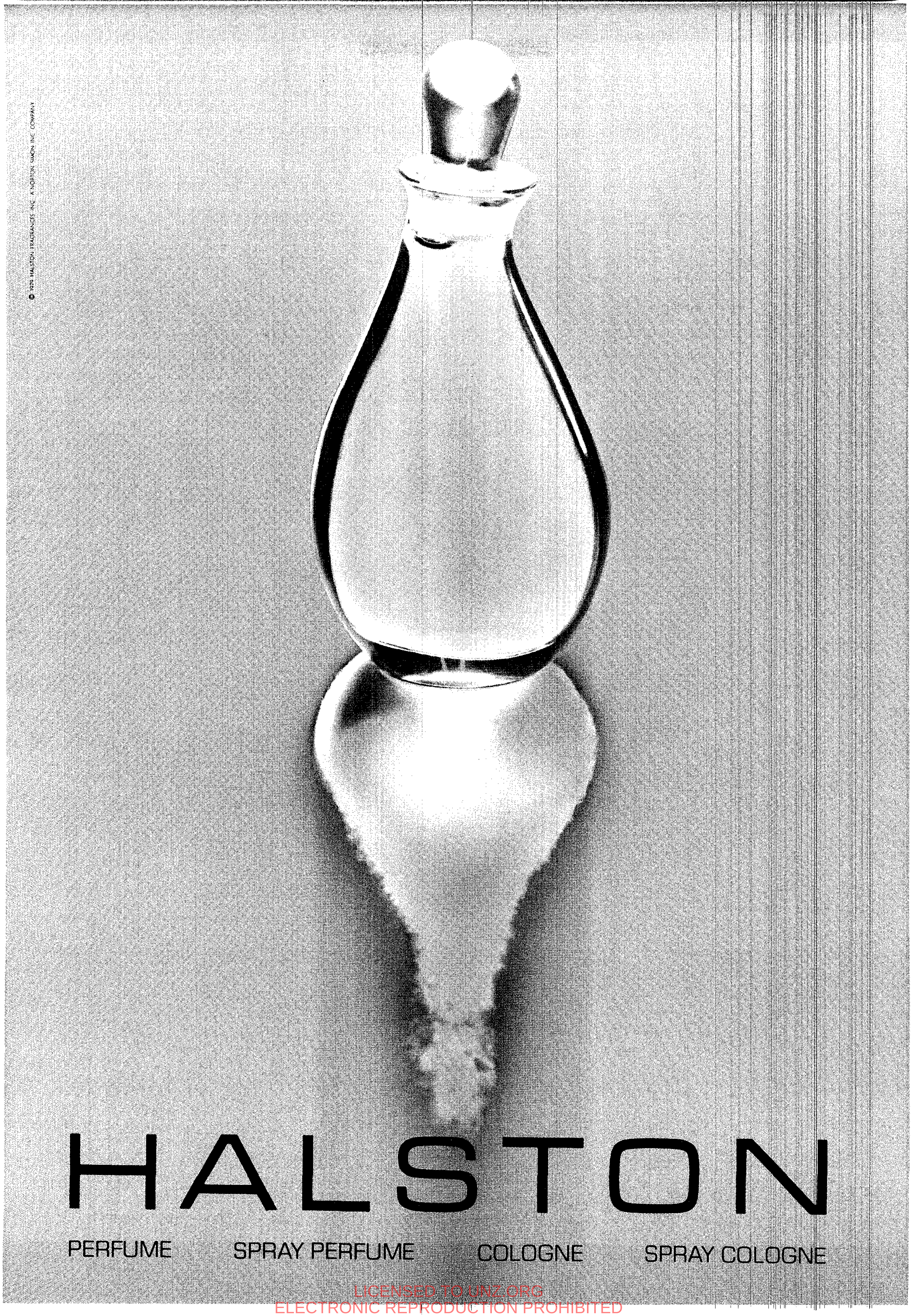
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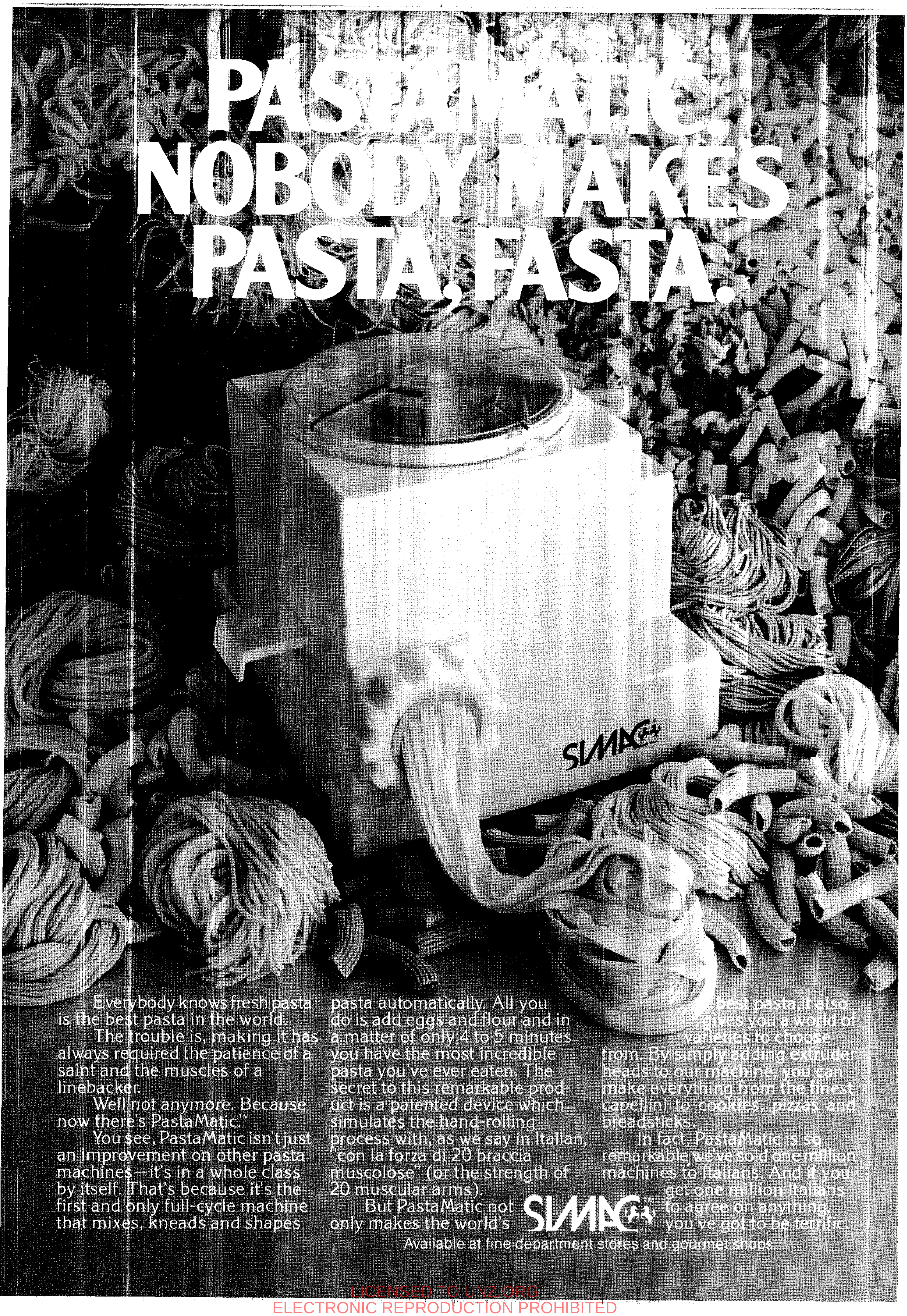

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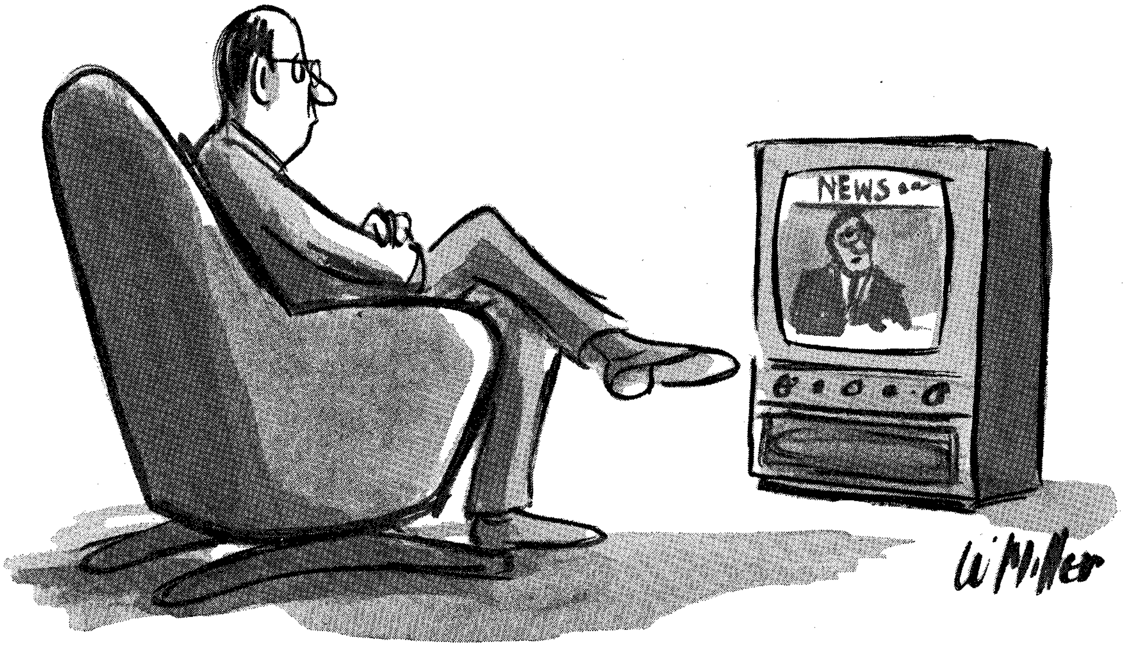
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

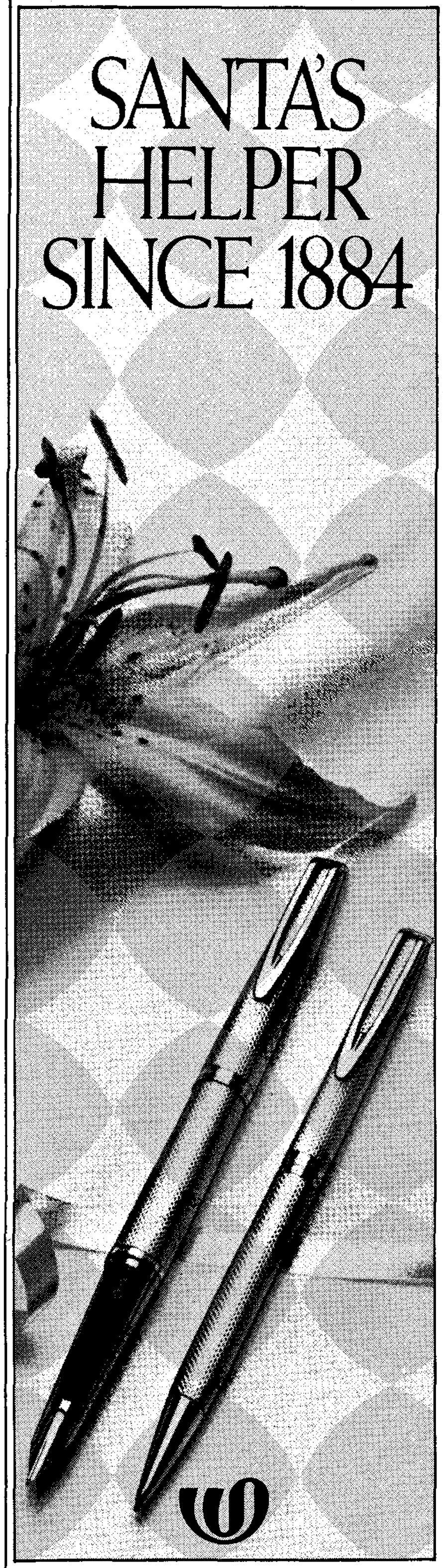
ON, COMET! ON, CUPID! ON, DONDER AND BLITZEN!

A FRIEND of ours once remarked that the most spirited social evenings she could remember were those at which—much as at parties where children, playing the game of limbo, vie with each other in trying to slither under a rope stretched closer and closer to the ground—the guests tried to outdo each other in telling stories about how poor they had once been. ("We were *so* poor that . . .") About this time of year, on editorial and Op-Ed pages and in children's books published to take advantage of the season, one often finds evocations of long-ago rural Christmases when the homegrown tree was strung with only popcorn and cranberries and the presents beneath it were new mittens all around and an orange for the baby—recollections obviously offered as a reproving contrast to the glittering Day-Glo and battery-powered celebrations enjoyed by large numbers of children nowadays. For the cautionary benefit of the young people on your Christmas list, you can try to identify yourself with these nostalgic accounts, but you may not get far. The kids could remind you that if their grandparents had to hunker down during the Great Depression it was probably in some place like an apartment on Riverside Drive or a house on a Des Moines side street rather than in a frontier cabin. And the toys your young friends' parents found under the tree were very likely cowboy outfits or perhaps Barbie dolls with all the trimmings—items that may have cost as much in proportion to the family income as the high-double-digit prices that scandalize present-day purchasers even as they murmur that, after all, it's Christmas and tell the clerk where to send things. Children are savvy these days. Some of the older ones may be in a position to remind you that, in contrast to the way things used to be, toys are now a six-and-a-half-billion-dollar annual business in this country—so a request for a fifty-five-dollar electronic game that's called I Took a Lickin' from a Chicken isn't really so out of line, right? (You be the judge of that; we'll get to this and other electronic games later.)

According to Douglas Thomson, president of the Toy Manufacturers of America, the Mattel company (makers of Barbie and Hot Wheels, among other items) could gross three-quarters of a billion dollars all by itself this year, and General Mills, through its three toy subsidiaries—Parker Brothers, Kenner, and Fundimensions, which are known collectively as the General Mills Creative Products Group—may do even better. The two other very large American toy companies—their total sales combined are about those of one of the two giants in the field—are Milton Bradley (games) and Fisher-Price (mostly preschool toys). Of substantial size but trailing far behind this quartet are a dozen or so other companies, some of whose names were once household words in households where there were children to make out Christmas lists—Louis Marx & Company, for instance. In 1972, Marx was sold for over fifty-one million dollars to Quaker Oats, which, four years later, took a twenty-three-million-dollar tax writeoff in reselling it to Dunbee-Combex, a British outfit. So far, none of the producers of those popular big-business games in which children are indoctrinated in the schools of wheeling and dealing in the corporate world—Fortune 500, for example, which is $19.95 at Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th)—have apparently thought of basing a game on the many mergers and spinoffs in the toy business. In any event, Louis Marx, now eighty-four, who has been called the Henry Ford of the toy industry, was relegated to the sidelines. Marx was said to have been among the first to bring out toys with commercial ties to show-business characters. In the nineteen-thirties, one of the most memorable of these Marx items was the Amos 'n' Andy Fresh Air Taxi Cab. Entrepreneurs were not then expected to consider a product's offenses against ethnic sensibilities, and the taxi was a big success. In the *Times* not long ago, perhaps for the cautionary benefit of young relatives of his own, Russell Baker recalled that when he was growing up in the nineteen-thirties in rural Virginia his family didn't even have a radio. However, he said, once in a while some neighbor would invite him to listen to "Amos 'n' Andy." Wrote Baker, "Much later I was advised that listening to 'Amos 'n' Andy' was racist and was grateful that I hadn't heard



"Well, uh, we seem to have lost the film portion of that story. Well, it wasn't much anyway—just a lot of politicians getting in front of the camera and going blah, blah, blah."



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much." You can avoid this problem and still accommodate some children on your list who you think might be amused by radio shows of decades back. At the Childcraft stores, 150 East 58th Street and 155 East 23rd Street, you'll find a record featuring two adventures of "The Shadow," one of which stars Orson Welles. Also at Childcraft are records that include several Abbott and Costello routines, among them the famous "Who's on First?," and one that offers Groucho Marx in two complete "You Bet Your Life" shows. Groucho was, of course, not one to discriminate, being ready to offend everyone without regard to race, creed, or color. These records are $5.98 each. Incidentally, if you should happen to run across a subversive Amos 'n' Andy Fresh Air Taxi Cab in somebody's attic, toy collectors, whose numbers are beginning to approach those of stamp and coin addicts, will pay you for it handsomely—maybe several hundred dollars.

Coming up fast in the collector's world are specialists in political paraphernalia, and when their interests coincide with those of toy-and-game collectors everything disappears fast. Vanished without a trace is a Teddy bear that was being sold around town for twenty-five dollars during last summer's Democratic National Convention. The bear wore a Teddy Kennedy mask and a ribbon across his chest that said, "I Shall Return." If you'd care to settle for an apolitical and nameless bear (you could add your own ribbon and message), Polk's Hobbies, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd), has a brown plush sixteen-inch bear for $9 who has no name but wears a large tag that says "I Am a Machine-Washable Toy." A nine-inch cinnamon-colored bear and an eighteen-inch (including tail) raccoon that are also puppets are $14.95 and $21.95, respectively, at the Gingerbread House, 9 Christopher Street, near Sixth Avenue. These and three relatives—a beaver, a koala, and a sea otter—are called Furry Folk Puppets. They are made of synthetic fur, and the difference between them and other animal puppets is that they resemble your usual inanimate cuddly toy, and can be played with like one, but a child can also slide his fingers inside the head and front paws of one of the bears, for instance, and turn it into a lively playmate. Also at the Gingerbread House is a very large (twenty-four-inch), very soft brown Steiff bear, for $99.95. You wouldn't necessarily be making a political statement about the end of the Georgian phase at the White House if you bought for $32 at Bloomingdale's one of Barbara Isenberg's V.I.B.s—Very Important Bears. This one is hot-pink velours, wears a ruffled pinafore and a floppy straw hat, and is called Scarlett O'Beara. Missing from the game departments where we saw them last summer were some instant collector's items—sets of playing cards with Jimmy and Rosalynn as the king and queen of diamonds. (Walter Cronkite and Barbara Walters were the jokers.) We did find a toy vehicle with a political message of sorts at Pizazz, 1266 Madison Avenue (90th), for $20. It's an eight-inch-long box—actually a bank—holding a blue nineteen-thirties roadster. Wind it up, put a penny in a slot in the top of the box, and the car bounces around exuberantly to the Democrats' theme song, "Happy Days Are Here Again," which these days isn't being played so exuberantly elsewhere.

YOU never know what you're going to learn when you poke around in the gifts-for-children category. Did anybody ever tell you that Pope John Paul II plays Othello? Othello is a Japanese game that was first introduced into this country about four years ago. "Four short years ago it was a game. Today it's an institution" is the way it was put earlier this year by Gabriel Industries, which did the introducing. In 1979, Jonathan Cerf, son of Bennett, was the American finalist in the International Othello Championship competition, held in Rome. As Rome's most prominent Othello player, John Paul II received the finalists and some of their friends at the Vatican. During the meeting, there was a discussion of Othello strategy, and a member of the group asked if one of the players might challenge the Pope to a game. His Holiness answered, his eyes twinkling, that the match would be too uneven, since he would have outside help. At the finals in London this year, Cerf became the game's first non-Japanese international champion. "A minute to learn, a lifetime to master" is another Othello slogan. The game somewhat resembles checkers, but the playing discs are black on one side and white on the other. A player who captures an opponent's piece doesn't take it off the board but flips it over and makes it part of his playing arsenal. You'll find Othello everywhere, including the midtown Barnes & Noble, 600 Fifth Avenue (48th), and their downtown

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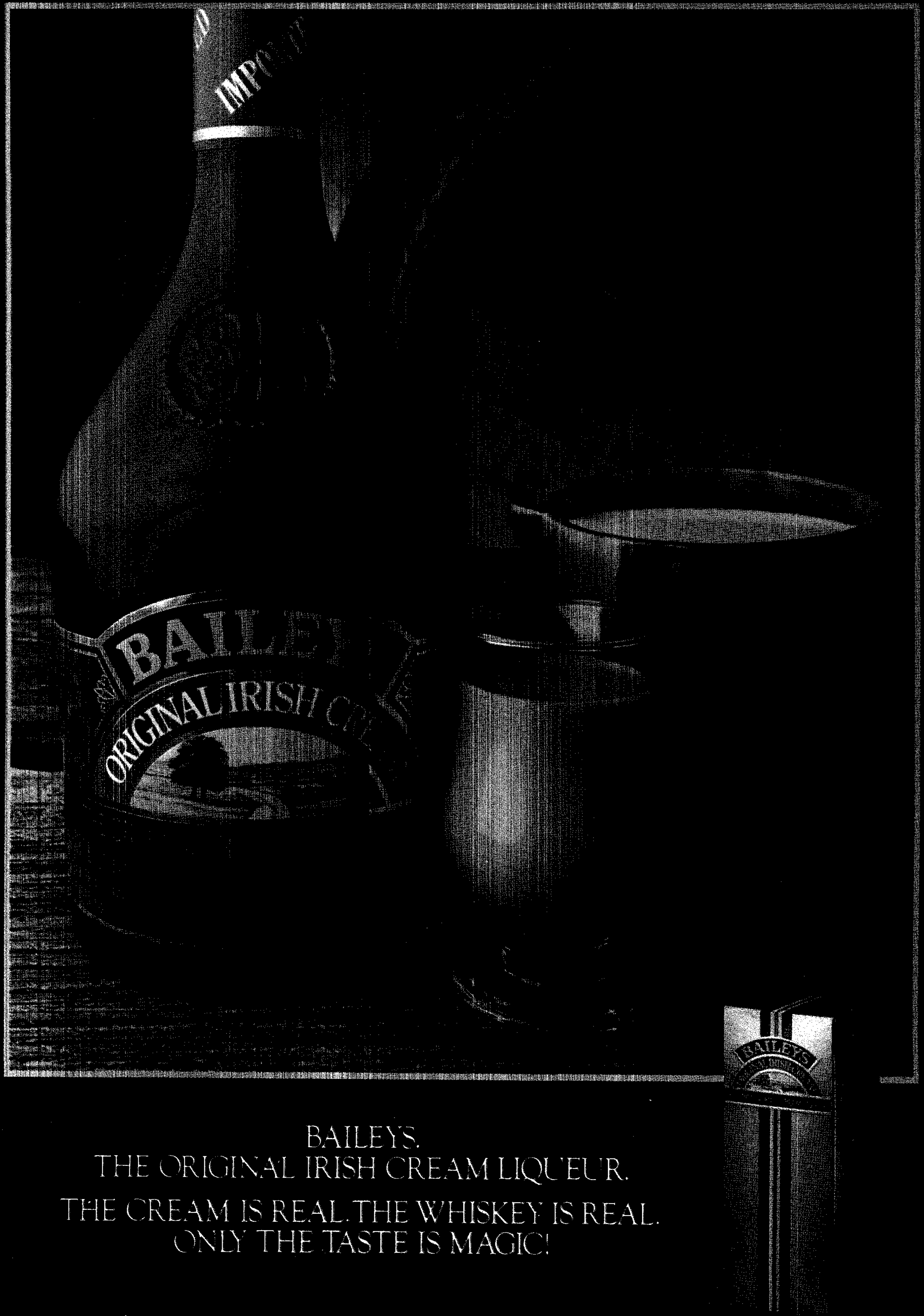
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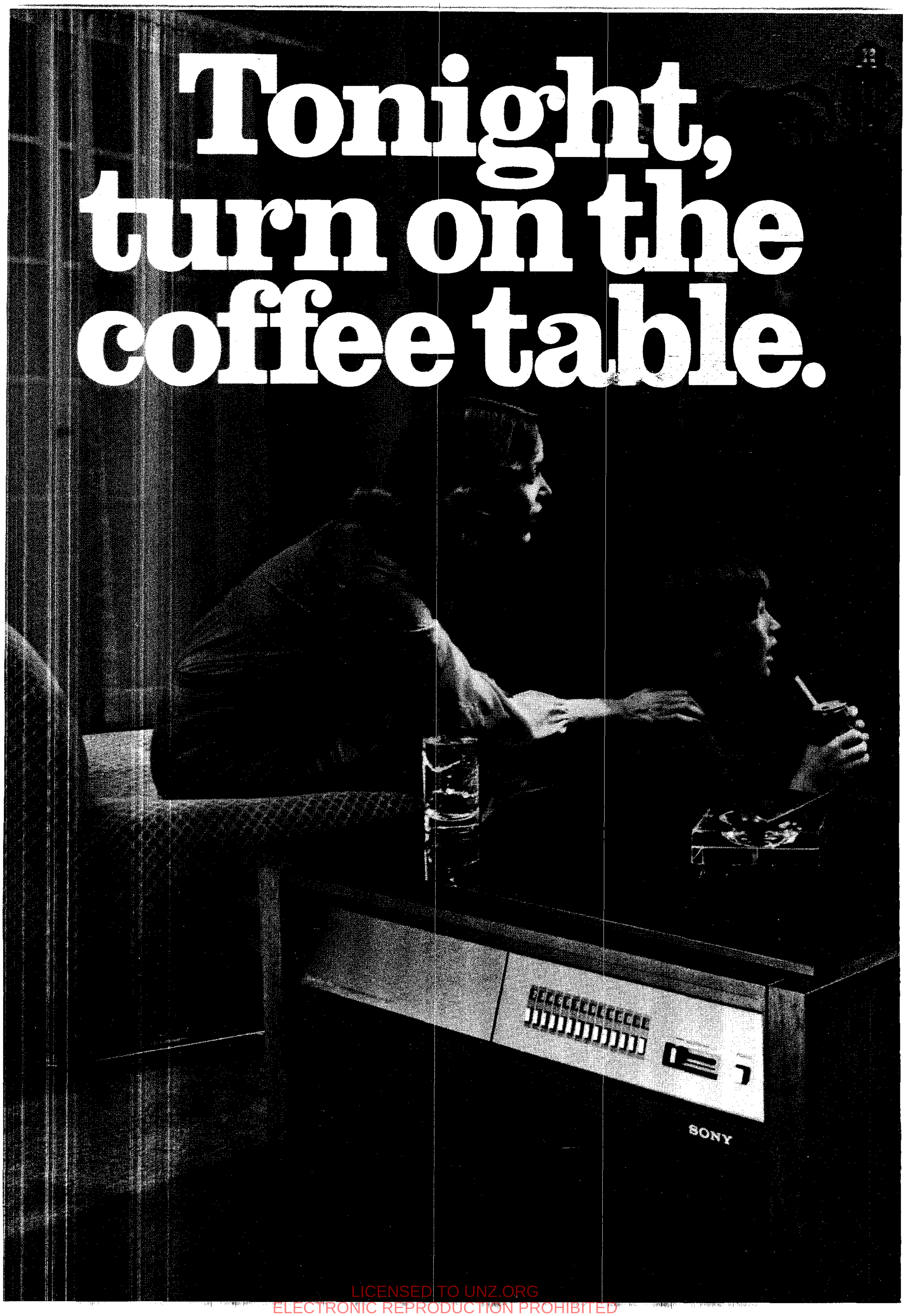
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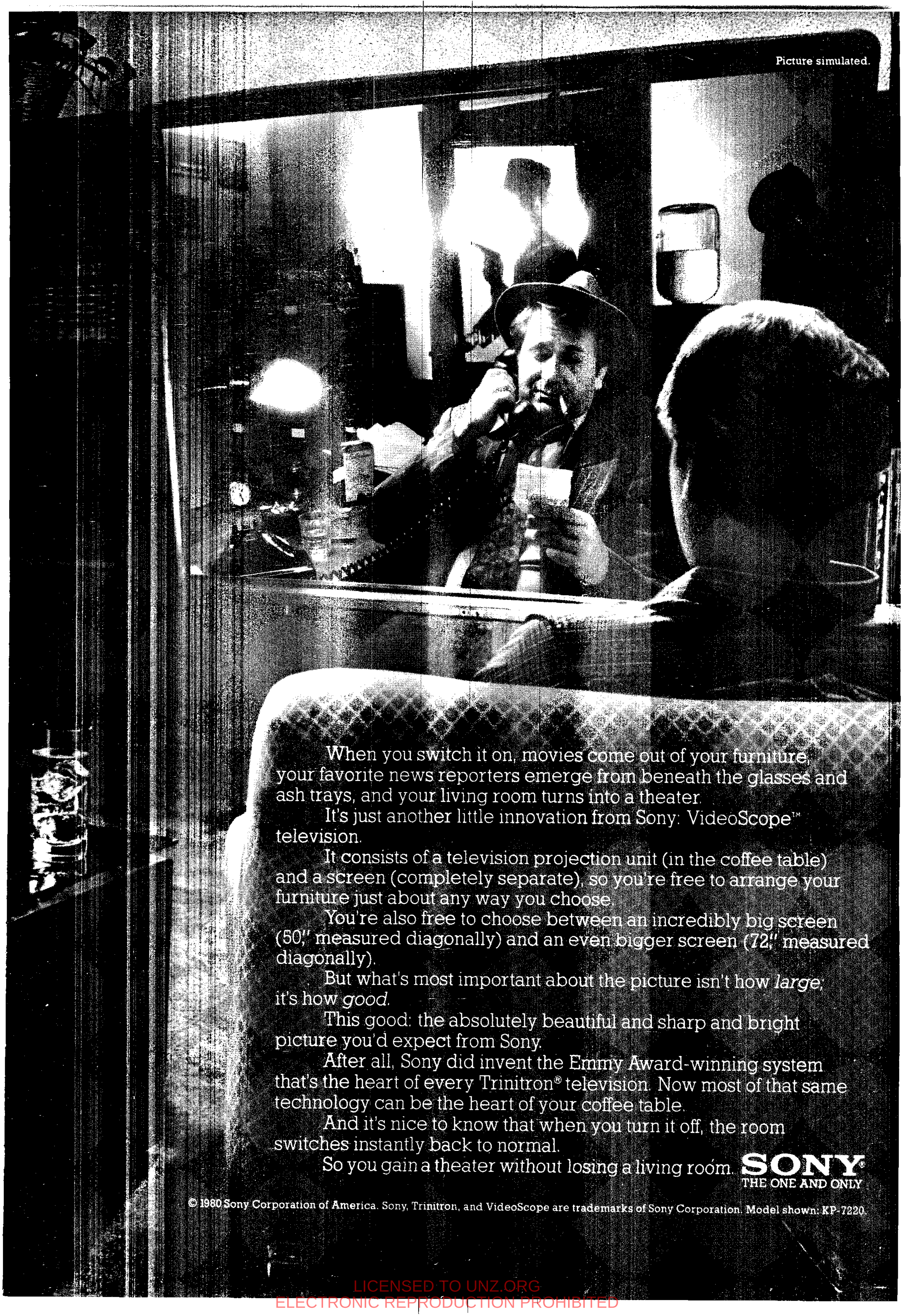
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Sale Annex, 128 Fifth Avenue (18th), where it's $12.95. As you know, checkers has a hard time living down its reputation for being a proletarian relative of chess and backgammon, and maybe even of that arriviste pastime Othello, with its high connections. Last summer, as he was about to preside over a checkers tournament in the drawing room of the Bassett House, in East Hampton, George Richart, a fierce checkers defender, explained, "Checkers is a perfect game for the Hamptons. It is a gentleman's game." Presumably, he wouldn't mind if not only gentlemen but ladies from places other than the Hamptons fooled around with the game, provided they were only kids. Rappaport's has a set called tournament checkers for $3.98. The same store has Lotto (it's called Farm Lotto and is $2.50) and Touring ($3.50), and the Barnes & Noble stores have, for $3.95, Michigan Rummy—names that to some searchers after toys this season may bring back memories of long, sticky summer afternoons on screened-in porches in the days before air-conditioning. Also at Rappaport's is an Old Maid game ($2.50), although we had wondered whether by now the feminist movement might not have put her out of business. (We've encountered old bachelors who weren't such bargains.) After we came upon the game of Lie, Cheat, and Steal ($10 at Macy's), in which the winner is the player who most fully complies with the name of the game, we found ourself wondering what W. and S. B. Ives would have made of it. The Ives brothers were the producers of The Mansion of Happiness, America's very first recreational board game, in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1843. In this game, the winner was the player who demonstrated the most goodness. Players advanced along paths of Virtue, Piety, Temperance, and Justice, fighting off Perjury, Poverty, and Pillory in an attempt to reach their goal, the beautiful Mansion of Happiness. Some years later, the Ives brothers were bought out by Parker Brothers, now best known for Monopoly, a game that goodness has nothing to do with. If you have Monopoly on your list, Polk's, for example, has it for $12.80. If someone you know feels strongly enough about the game to insist upon making provision for it in the family doll house, a Monopoly board two inches square is $2 at Federal Smallwares, 85 Fifth Avenue (16th). The nation's first folding board game was The Checkered Game of Life, invented during the Civil War by the original Milton Bradley. In an 1889 company catalogue, it was described as "a pioneer among the moral and instructive amusements which have . . . broken down a deep-rooted prejudice against all such pastimes." In this game, players hit squares representing *Industry, Success, and Perseverance* to reach a Happy Old Age or fell on Idleness, Intemperance, Gambling, or Crime to end up in Disgrace, Poverty, Ruin, Prison, or Suicide. (No wonder children in those days seemed relatively well behaved.) However, there was some indication that the deviser of The Checkered Game of Life understood that virtue wasn't everything. A player who landed on the square of Intemperance went directly to the one marked Poverty. On the other hand, a player who hit the square labelled Influence achieved what the game called Fat Office. The original Milton Bradley would surely have felt that this year's Abscam game carries such a thought too far. "Why should the politicians have all the fun? . . . Be the first non-public official in your area to play the Abscam game"—so ran one of the game's TV commercials. The tokens are campaign buttons, and the participants try to avoid being audited by the Internal Revenue Service or, of course, indicted. The dispenser of the money is known not as the banker but as the bagman (you could also make it bagperson, if somebody prefers). You can get the Abscam game by sending $9.95 to Arabian Knights Enterprises, Suite 1420, Robinson Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102. In the American Dream game, which was produced by Milton Bradley's corporate descendants and costs $14 at F. A. O. Schwarz, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), nothing so felonious is involved. There's just the avid pursuit of a million dollars; that is, the American

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dream. Stock cards, franchise cards, destiny cards, patent rights, and blue-chip investments come into play, and the winner is the contestant who first accumulates the magic sum. The fact that games account for nearly thirty per cent of toy sales now is sometimes credited to demographics: with the falling birth rate, there are fewer preschoolers and more Monopoly-age players. The toy industry also favors the theory that the popularity of games has to do with the current recession and the tendency of financially strapped families to settle for, say, the American Dream, instead of going out. (The family that plays games about capital gains together remains together.) We wouldn't be surprised if the modern pastime that nineteenth-century gamemakers would find most subversive was the irreverent Mad Magazine game ($10.49 at Gimbels), in which, as the manufacturer describes it, "players travel backwards around the board and the first to lose all his money wins."

IN recent years, as you may have noticed, it has been the toy industry's conviction that the way to sell model trucks, paint sets, shoe bags, board games, and dolls (or "action figures," as they are usually known when the intended customer is a little boy) is to have them look like or assert an association with characters out of comic strips. As a result, toy counters have often resembled commercials for various cartoon syndicates and for publishers of comic books. A particular beneficiary has been Marvel Comics, a company that is responsible for close to half of the two hundred million comic books sold each year in this country. Marvel specializes in what is known as the superhero category, such as Captain America, the Amazing Spider-Man, the Incredible Hulk, and other, similar characters, who at the end of each episode are able to draw on miraculous powers and strengths to vanquish all the bad guys, in contrast to heroes of real life, who occasionally screw up. The appeal of their world is also that nobody in it argues about who the bad guys are. Citing the attraction of a hero who didn't start in the comic strips but soon found his way there, M-G-M executive Richard Kahn pointed out approvingly last spring that Tarzan doesn't go around talking about "meaningful relationships"—he is a take-charge sort. One commentator suggested last year that superhero types were today's equiv-

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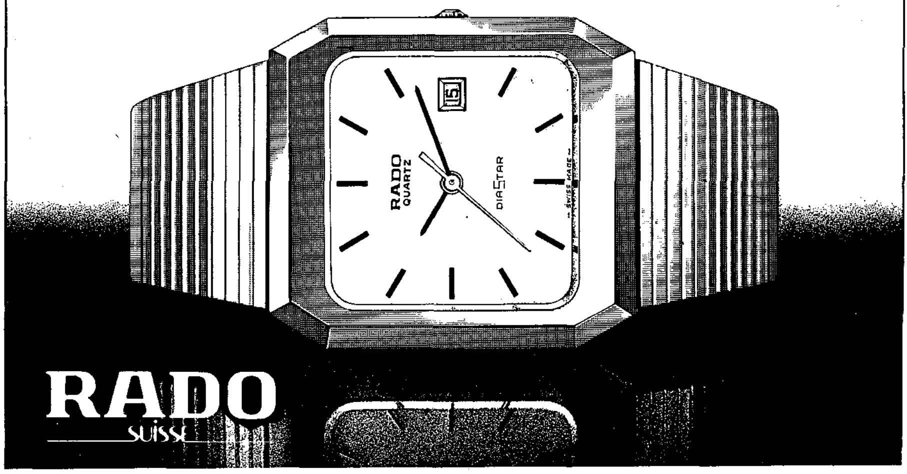

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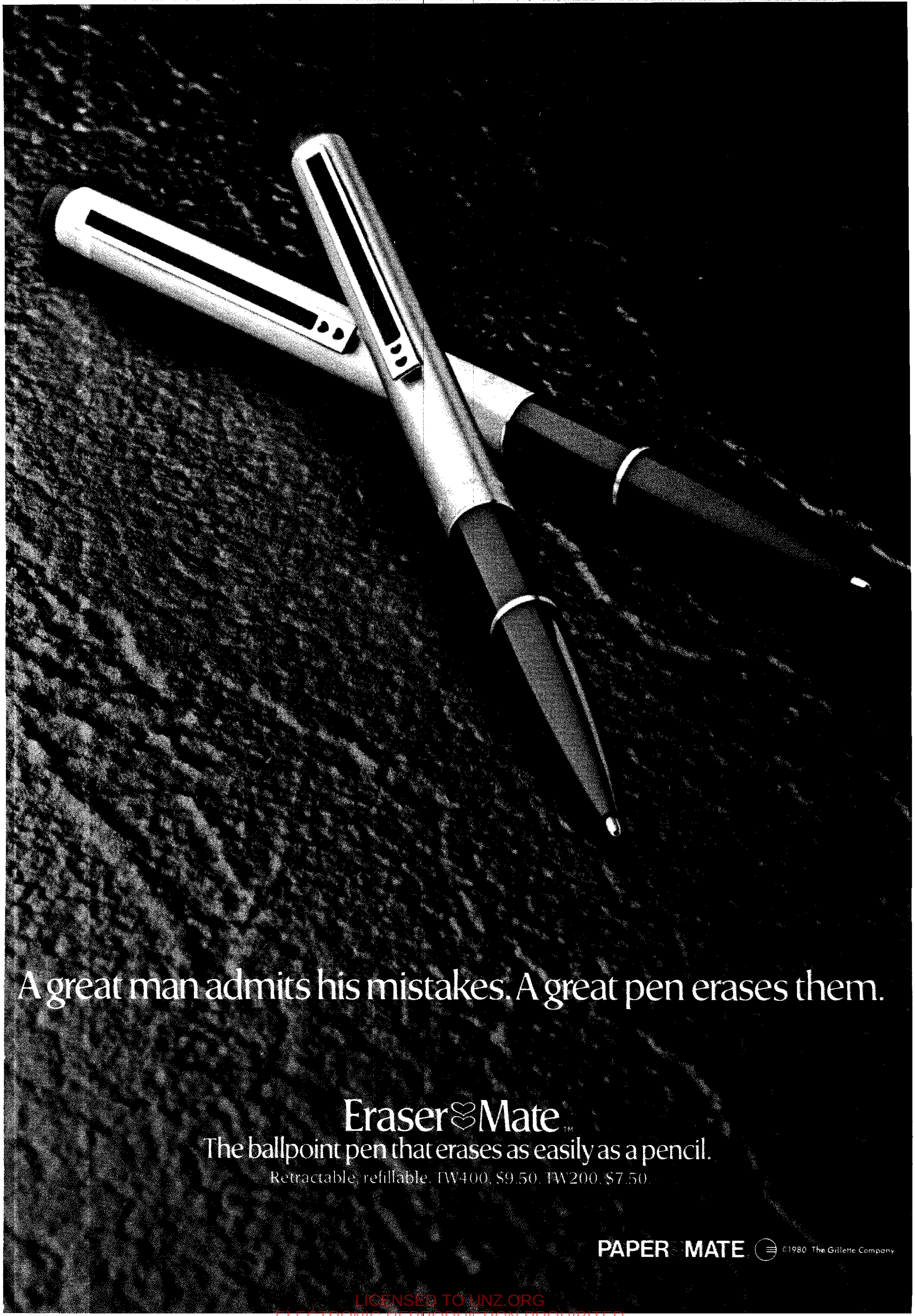
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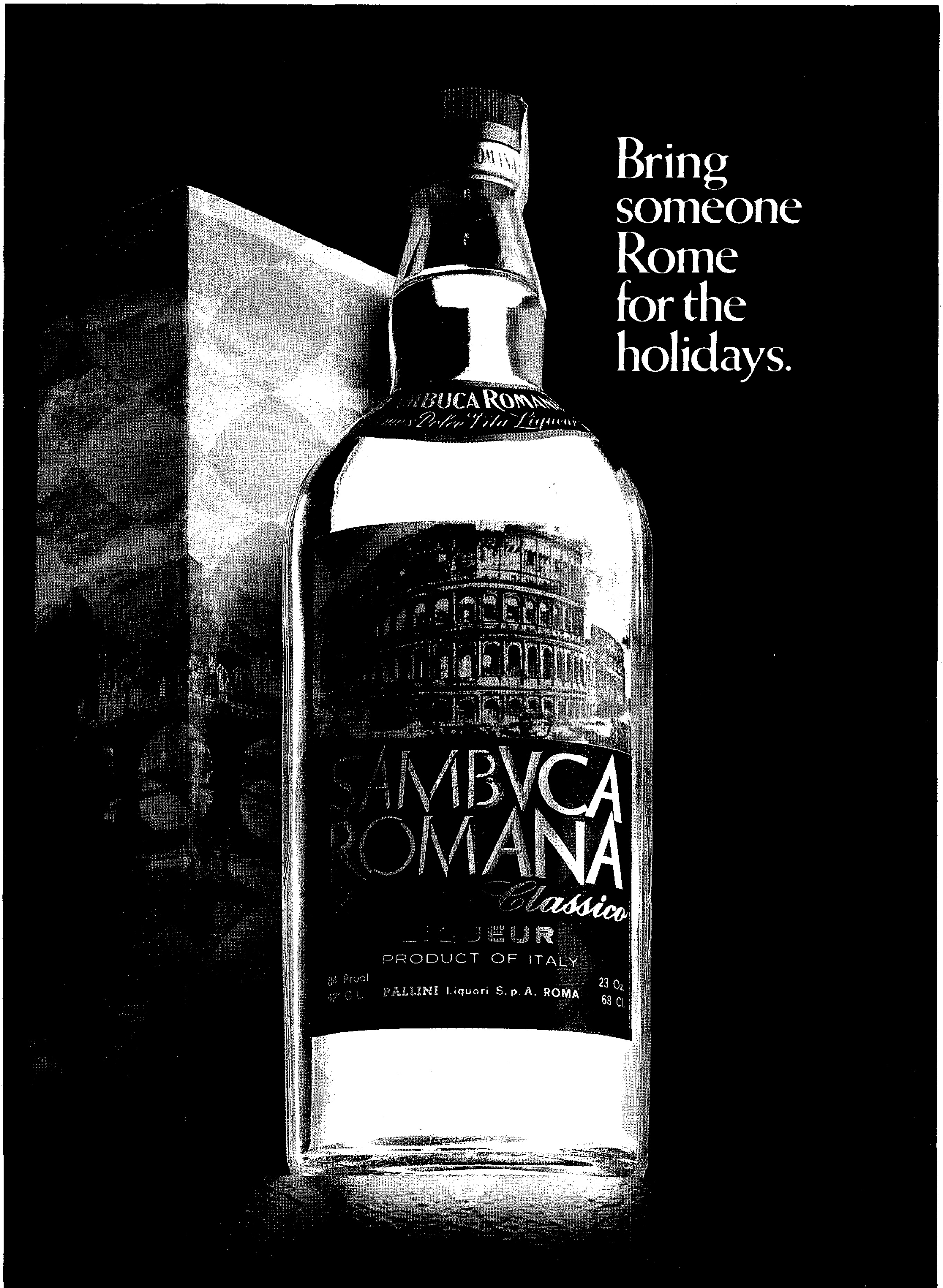
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alents of the gods of Greek mythology. "Superman is Zeus with a spit curl," he said, and compared the other comic-strip heroes to his cohorts on Olympus. Just about everybody knows about Superman and Batman and their kind and how they are always flying to the rescue of some worthy innocent. It is the Incredible Hulk whose place in the heroic scheme of things most often has to be explained, it seems, to parents and grandparents who don't keep up with comic-strip characters or with the television programs of the same name in which they are also featured. The Hulk doesn't have a spit curl to his name but in Marvel Comics is a seven-foot, thousand-pound brilliant-pea-green figure, who is described as the personification of "unfettered fury." He resides in the unconscious of an otherwise unoffending scientist called Dr. Banner, who when he gets very mad about some gross injustice turns into the hideous Hulk, to the fascination of children who have never heard of Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde—or even, perhaps, of Robert Louis Stevenson. Unlike Mr. Hyde, the Hulk is at heart a benign sort and eventually sets things to rights—though not until after considerable knocking around of the landscape. Lou Ferrigno, the actor who plays this green monster on television, notes that not all Hulk admirers are children: "The Hulk represents a venting of anger and lashing out against the frustrations of adulthood." Sure enough, when a reporter asked the novelist Walker Percy how he planned to deal with "angst, alienation, and other perils of the [writing] trade" in the nineteen-eighties, Percy said, "My solution is to work during the day, and drink and watch 'The Incredible Hulk' at night." Younger Hulk devotees who also have angst and mostly don't drink might welcome an Incredible Hulk game, which is $5.49 at Gimbels. The goal is to draw cards that put Dr. Banner back together, while avoiding having the rampaging figure of the Hulk fall on your square. "Keep calm . . . if you can," say the manufacturer's instructions. Also at Gimbels, for $13.49, is a nine-inch plastic Hulk figure whose eyes and teeth (O fearful joy!) glow in the dark.

LATELY, show-business leaders, following those of the toy industry, have concluded that the way to success is to put their money on comic-strip characters. Plays or movies based on Dennis the Menace, Blondie, the Flintstones, Terry and the Pirates, Batman, Captain America, Pogo, Flash Gordon, and Popeye are now being talked about, negotiated for, cast, or released, "Popeye" being in this last category. Late last year, cartoonist Jules Feiffer, who wrote the "Popeye" script, commented that movies about comic-book heroes were particularly welcome at a time when "we have a President who tells us we can't solve anything and should accept things the way they are." The toy business has a long history of clamoring for the rights to produce dolls, games, and the like based on figures, real or imaginary, who have made it in the entertainment world—not only Amos 'n' Andy but Shirley Temple, Charlie Chaplin, The Fonz, in "Happy Days," and so on. Thus, items based on comic-strip characters, coming to the toy counters by two routes, are likely to be even more in evidence. The term "superheroes" is used to include superheroines in all those commercial worlds, but in fact superheroines don't usually sell well. It's nice to know, therefore, that the character who set off the entertainment world's current excitement over the possibilities of the comic strip was Little Orphan Annie. In the spring of 1976, after the Washington *Post* announced that, because of lack of readership, it was discontinuing the strip that Harold Gray had first begun to draw in 1924, the editors received considerable critical mail. One letter charged them with having committed an affront to national stability and to "those of us who have never known a world without her," which the writer calculated to be "three-quarters of the entire population of the United States." The letter concluded, "Save Annie!" The *Post* dispensed with her anyway, and other papers followed suit. However, as you know, the little redhead was eventually saved. "Annie," which opened on Broadway on April 21, 1977, is still going strong at the Alvin Theatre, and tickets for it should be very welcome under someone's tree. The "Annie" cast album (Columbia JS 34712; $8.98) features Andrea McArdle, the first little girl to play the title role on Broadway. (Like all records mentioned hereinafter, this one is available almost anywhere records are sold.) In one week last month, "Annie" at the Alvin and the three national "Annie" companies together piled up the largest combined one-week take for a stage show in history. Not bad for a girl with only one dress to her back and no

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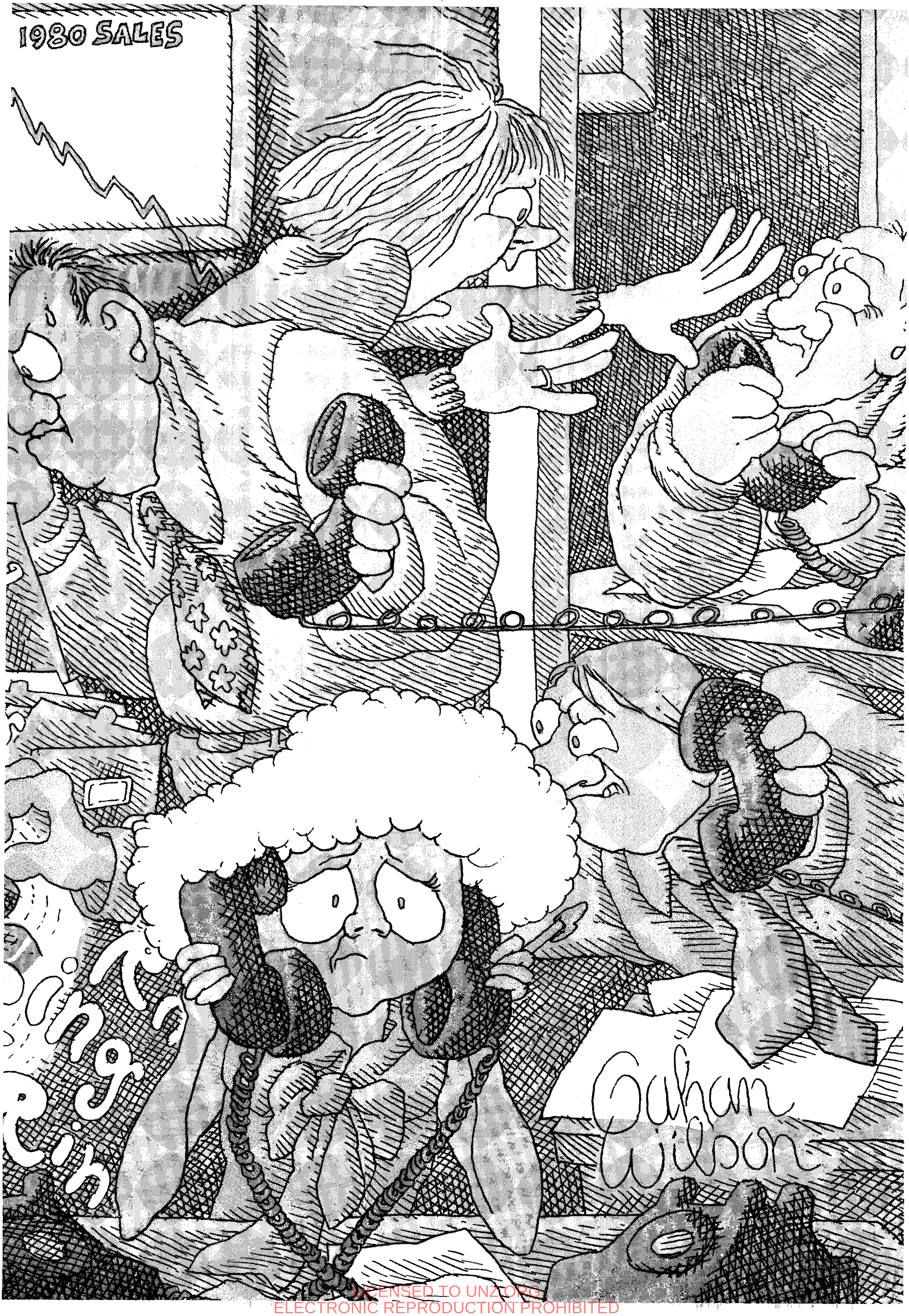
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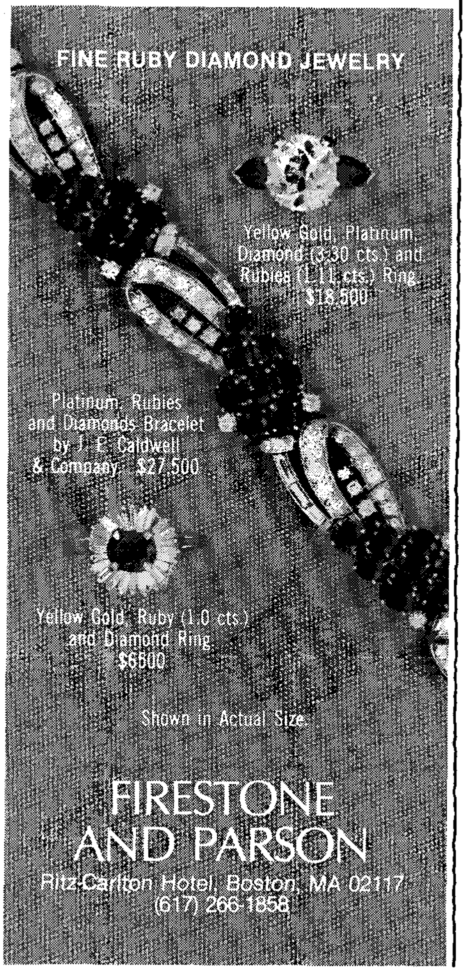

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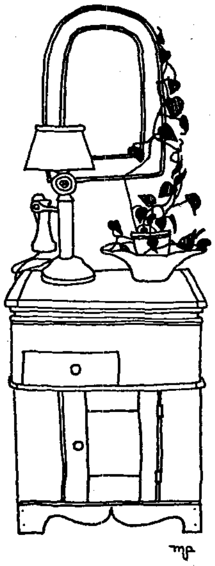
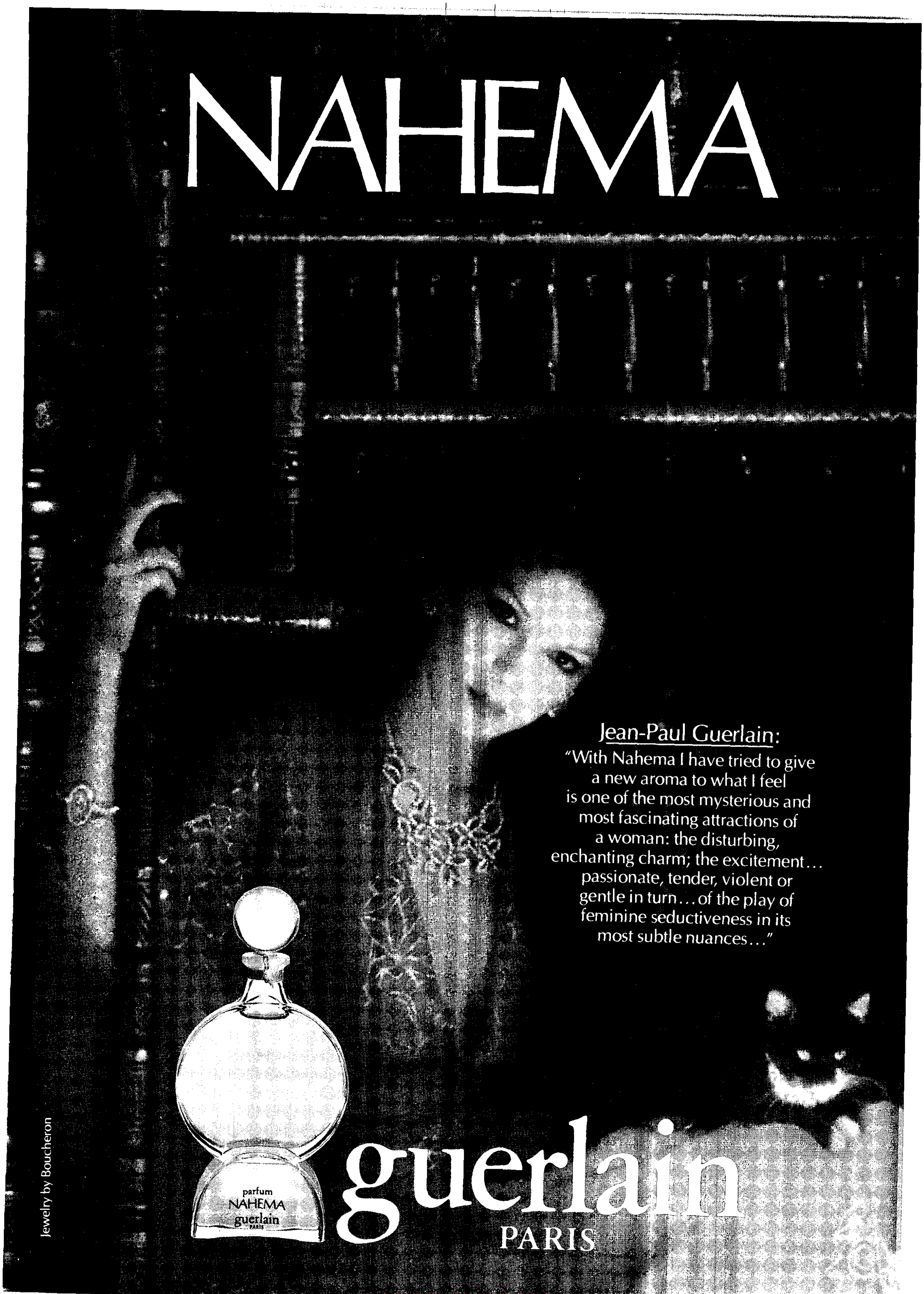
pupils to her eyes. It helps, of course, that Annie has a rich friend. However, in the Broadway version of things, as well as in the revived comic strip, which is now being carried by some two hundred newspapers, Daddy Warbucks' political philosophy differs sharply from his onetime raging conservatism, which was of the sort that some alarmists have been warning will be taking over in Washington on January 20th. Though the "Annie" scene is still set in the nineteen-thirties, Daddy, instead of being an unreconstructed sort who spends his time railing at That Man in the White House, is now a member of F.D.R.'s Brain Trust. (So far as we know, there are no plans to have the converted New Dealer start railing after January at *That* Man in the White House.) An eighteen-inch Annie rag doll is $10 at Macy's, and in the twenty-four-inch size she's $20. The dress and the red mop are familiar, and in her pocket is a tiny plush dog: Sandy, of course.

Superman has been an especially familiar face on the toy counters since the 1979 movie of the same name, and there will no doubt be even more signs of him around after "Superman II" is released, a few months from now. Presumably, this is a good thing, since, according to Christopher Reeve, who plays the title role in both movies, Superman is a character who "personifies ideas about giving and helping others, telling the truth, having integrity, and getting out of being only self-involved." If you'd like to help this paragon in his good works, you'll find at Bloomingdale's for $15 a nineteen-inch flexible (they call it "posable") Superman rag doll, who has Velcro pads on his hands and feet so that he can grasp other objects on the toy shelf—say, Scarlett O'Beara.



The imminent release of Robert Altman's "Popeye" movie had an effect on more than the toy counters. According to John C. McCurrach, the president of Mead Products, which is the nation's largest manufacturer of school supplies, Popeye is now the best-seller on notebook covers. "People are turning back to basics all around the country, and there is nothing more basic to American hero worship than Popeye," McCurrach said. In the movie, Popeye is played by Robin Williams. In the early nineteen-seventies, when Williams and Reeve were roommates, studying Shakespeare and other classics at Juilliard's Drama Division, they surely never suspected that they would end up playing Popeye and Superman. But, then, John Houseman, who was director of the Drama Division from 1968 to 1976, never thought that his best-known public persona would be the portentous-toned television huckster for the brokerage firm of Smith, Barney ("They make money the old-fashioned way—they *earn* it"). We looked around for an action figure of Professor Kingsfield, Houseman's other well-known role—the one he played in "The Paper Chase," both the movie and the television series. Our notion was that some parents would be happy to give houseroom to an action figure associated with the academic life, whose stern visage might encourage the kids to do their homework—especially if its eyes glowed in the dark. There wasn't a sign of one. Maybe the toy people are waiting for "The Paper Chase" to be turned into a comic strip. There's no problem locating Popeye. You'll find a sixteen-inch rag-doll version with vinyl arms and head, looking properly pugnacious and chewing on his pipe, at Macy's for $14; in the nine-inch size, he's $5. The Gingerbread House has for $21.95 a music box that shows Popeye on a small windowed stage jauntily dancing to the tune of "I'm Popeye, the Sailor Man" while he hoists a weight marked "1,000 lbs." in one hand and a can of spinach in the other. At the same price, there's a similar version of a dancing Olive Oyl—another girl who's come a long way with only one outfit to her back. (Better not tell Barbie.)

The Peanuts gang also got to the toy counters by way of the comic strips, but, as you know, there are no superheroes among them. Charles Schulz, who draws them, recently described himself and Charlie Brown as being afflicted with "incurable insecurity"—each convinced, he said, that he was "a foul ball in the line drive of life." Even Lucy, who tries to lord it over everybody, is constantly being taken down a peg. Schulz has also remarked that some characters an artist draws just seem to take over a strip. Certainly Snoopy is one of these, and he's done his best to take over the toy departments, too. A plastic Snoopy



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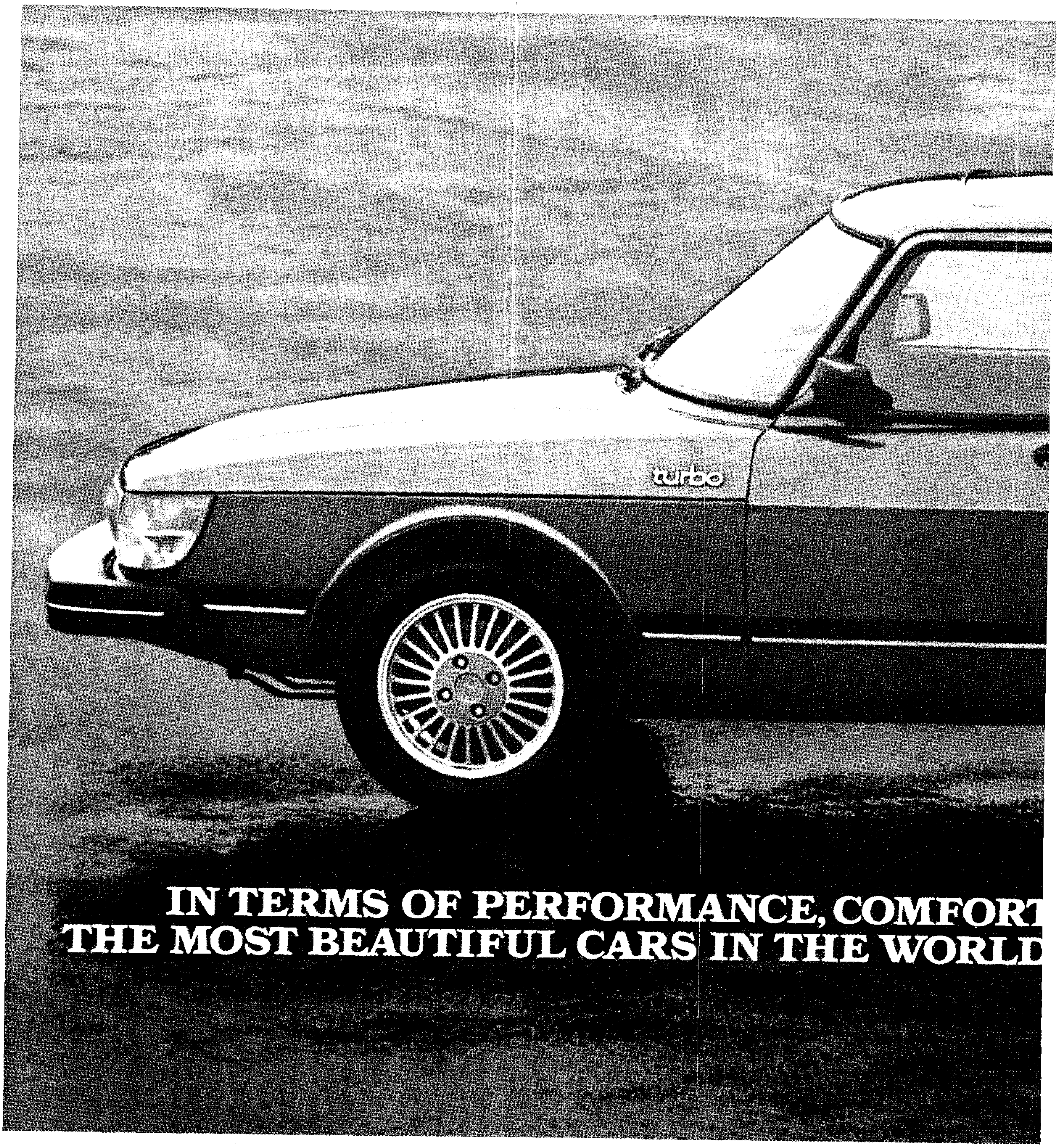
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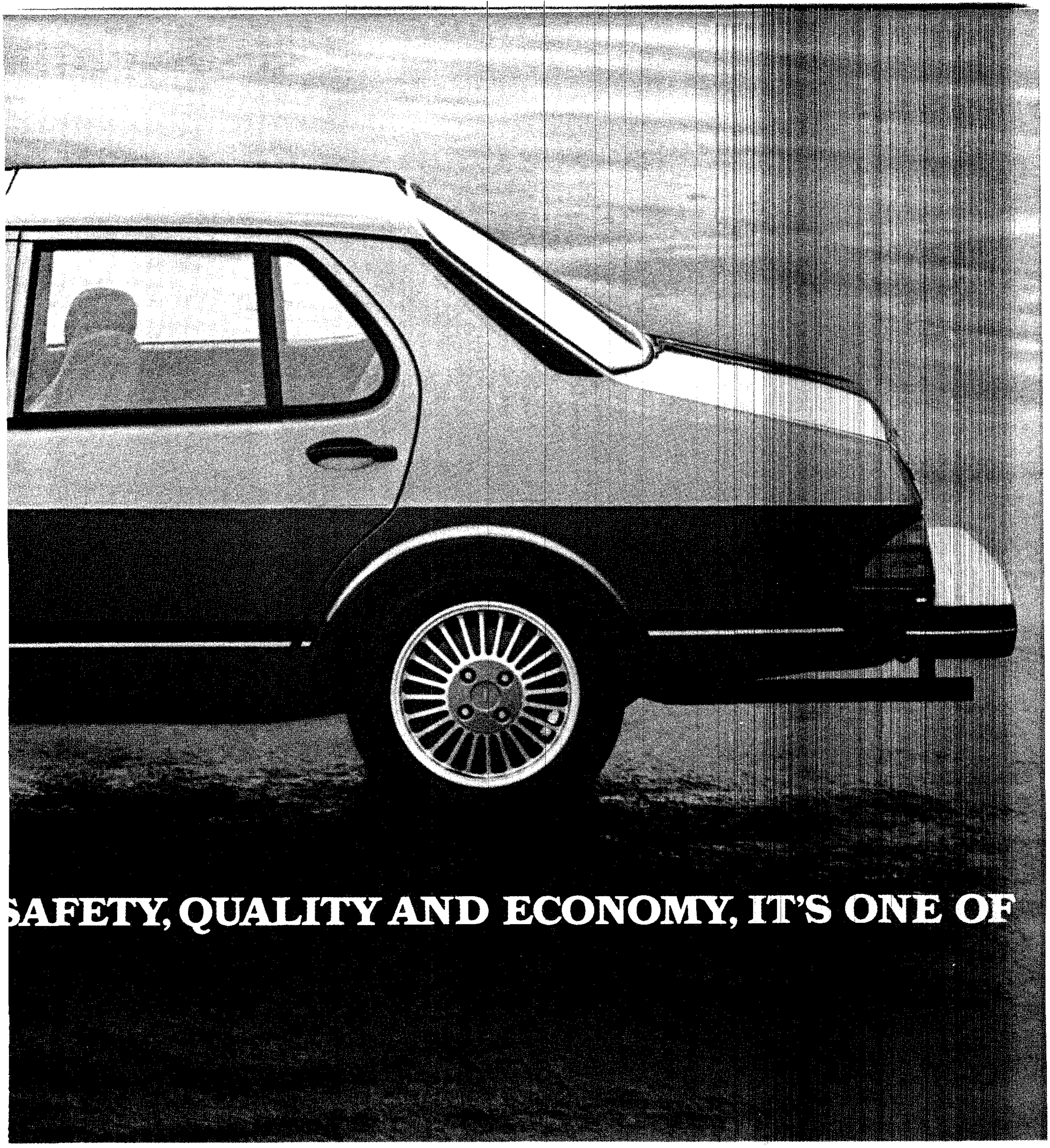

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fire truck, fourteen inches long, with an extension ladder, a flashing blue emergency light, and three plastic firefighters named Snoopy, Charlie Brown, and Lucy, is $32.95, including battery, at Schwarz. With the truck comes the figure of Woodstock, who is actually a remote-control transmitter through which the truck can be moved forward, backward, and in circles. And there's an eighteen-inch soft-plush Snoopy, wearing white tie and tails—no doubt in his off-duty hours. (Surely you've heard of a firemen's ball.) If you like, Snoopy, who is $29.95, can bring with him his little sister Belle. Fifteen inches tall, in a pink print dress with a red sash, she's $22, which is the same price as Snoopy without the tails. You'll find both these revellers at Schwarz.

AS usual, there are a number of birthdays that the toy industry is taking formal note of for fun and, they hope, profit. Nineteen-eighty is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of W. C. Fields. If someone on your list is addicted to the old rogue, Hello Dolly Dolls and Toys, 1235 Second Avenue (65th), has a fully jointed vinyl fifteen-inch version of him, dressed in a tall hat, a fancy fur-collared coat, and checkered trousers, and carrying a cane—all ready, perhaps, to play Mr. Micawber about to put the arm on somebody for a large loan. The price is $40—a sum that would have been a big help toward keeping the elder Mr. Dickens out of the Marshalsea. And at the same store you'll find a thirty-inch version of Fields dressed in a straw hat and a less classy outfit—ready for "My Little Chickadee," maybe—for $28. This is a ventriloquist doll; to move his mouth, just pull the string at his back. If you're worried that a child on your list will run out of comedy material for voice-throwing purposes, a two-record album called "The Best of W. C. Fields" (Columbia CG 34144) provides extensive excerpts from his radio and vaudeville sketches, including some of the celebrated exchanges with Charlie McCarthy and Mae West. King Karol, at 126 West 42nd Street, has this set for a bargain $7.99. If you're worried about tiring of the sound of someone in the next room trying to imitate that high, irascible voice, remember that it's a lot easier on the furniture than the Hulk. And if you're worried about what kind of habits your young friends might learn from exposure to the rascally comedian, consider the revelations about his peerless business sense which came out earlier this year after the United States Postal Service issued a stamp to honor his centennial. Fields' heirs, who control the use of his name and likeness, sent the Postal Service a bill for two thousand and twenty-three dollars. The agency, which had probably been thinking of Fields as the improvident Micawber rather than as the star of "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break," seemed stunned. They said it was the first time they had been charged for the privilege of paying someone such an honor. A spokesman for the family indicated that Fields would have complained that they hadn't collected enough. Fields' grandson pointed out that, as far as the comedian's own finances were concerned, he had known "where every cent was and the day the interest was due." The younger Fields added that his grandfather, who died in 1946, had been a pioneer in the merchandising of himself, selling the rights to the use of his name and face on scores of items, such as plates, spoons, dart games, dolls, potato chips—and, of course, shot glasses. In other words, again the American dream.

Nineteen-eighty also marks the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Joshua Lionel Cowen, the founder of the Lionel Corporation, for generations a manufacturer of toy trains, and the only corporation we know to go down in history bearing the *middle* name of its founder. The brand of toy train you buy a child can have a lifelong effect, according to some theorists, including George Will, the conservative political columnist. A couple of years ago, writing in defense of realistic toys ("One idea is that realistic toys will stunt a child's imagination, so parents should buy 'creative' toys, like 'cars' that are lumps of unpainted wood with wheels. Such toys are supposed to stimulate [a] gift for abstract thought"), the columnist was reminded of his toy-train days in central Illinois in the nineteen-forties. As he recalled it, the town's children were divided into warring camps. "On one side were loutish children who preferred Lionel trains. . . . On the other side were precocious and discerning children who rejoiced in American Flyers, like my model of a Pennsylvania Railroad steam locomotive. I believed then, and still do, that children who embraced Lionelism had dark pasts and dangerous futures. Alas, my side now

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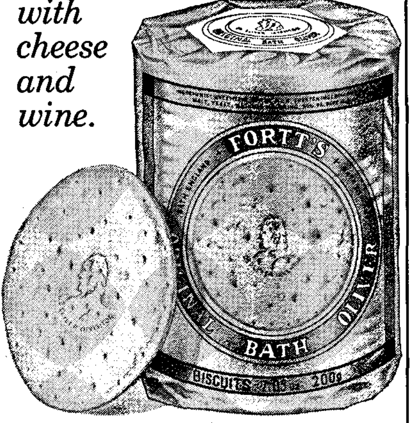

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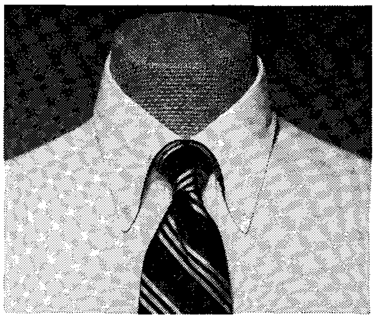

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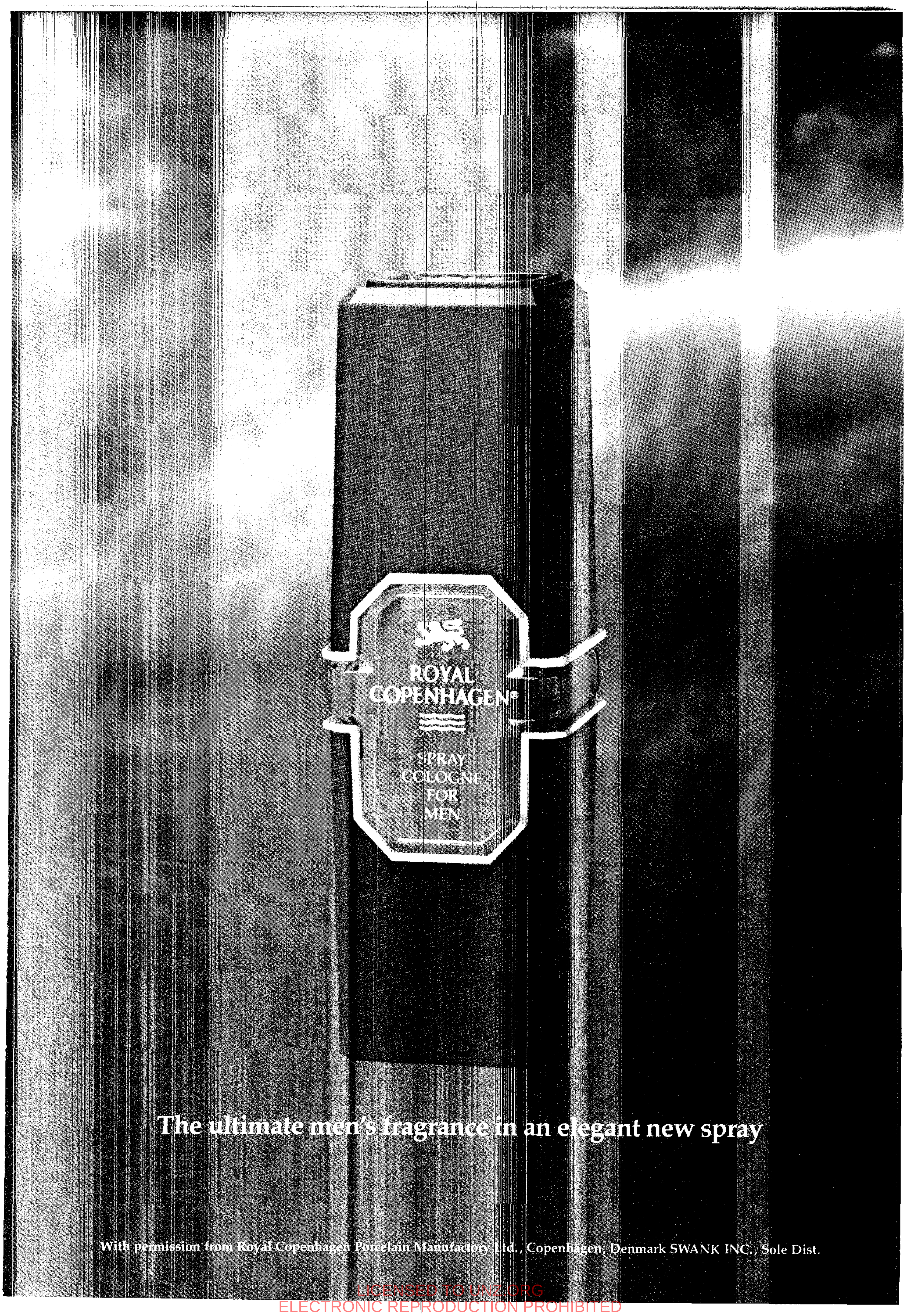
has the disappearing-railroad blues: American Flyers have gone the way of the Pennsylvania Railroad. From toys, I acquired my taste for lost causes." Since last month's election, which greatly suited him, Will has been acting much more cheerful, though we don't know what the chances are for bringing back American Flyers. Lionel trains are still being manufactured, but the Lionel Corporation has dissociated itself from the enterprise. It has been concentrating on running a string of seventy-nine toy supermarkets around the country since 1969, when it turned over its model-train division to General Mills Fundimensions. In its new Fundimensions phase, Lionel was widely congratulated a few years ago for a television commercial in which a mother explained that she was buying for her daughter the electric train that she herself had wanted as a child, rather than the doll that she had always received. Margaret Truman Daniel once reported a similarly disappointing childhood Christmas when she had longed for an electric train but her father had bought her a grand piano instead. So examine your list carefully. (We don't have any full-size pianos to recommend, but for fun there's a small—really small—wooden baby grand, three inches long and two and an eighth inches high, that's $13 at Federal Smallwares and plays "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers.") Either a boy or a girl who preferred trains could have a lot of fun with Lionel's new James Gang set—as in Jesse James. It comes with twelve track sections and has a bright-red, gold-trimmed Santa Fe locomotive and tender, a flatcar carrying two horses, a baggage car, and a cattle car with sliding doors. Included also are four small figures—two gun-toting outlaws and two armed railway policemen, whom Macy's identifies as Pinkerton men. In any case, we're sure that neither of them is the dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard. The adversaries can be put in a position to take potshots at each other either from inside the cattle car or inside a snap-together plastic shack that can be set up along the tracks. With six telegraph poles, for more atmosphere, and a power pack, this all comes to $95 at Macy's.

d.ehrenberg

There is currently a small revival of toys that exploit the exploits of the James Gang and their friends. For example, Kenner, the company that puts out the "Star Wars" figures, is varying its preoccupation with outer space by issuing a line of Real West plastic heroes. "Gunsmoke" went off the air long ago, but many of the children on your list won't find the cowboy getups unfamiliar: they're just the kind of thing Daddy and Mommy might put on these nights when they get ready to go to Cody's or the Lone Star Café.

There is one difference. Despite the long battle against toy guns a few years back, all these Real West types are armed. The parents who buy them may remember the many times when, as children, they went to bed with not only their boots but their holsters on, and may tell themselves that *they* didn't turn out too badly, did they? At Rappaport's, for $2.98, you'll find four five-inch Real West action figures, including Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid and, for moral balance, a sheriff and a marshal. It must be said that the manufacturers make gun-toting sound somewhat risky. The instructions explain that, to cause the cowboy to draw his gun "with fast-draw action," the owner pushes the secret button in the doll's back, and they add, "If legs pop off, press back on." If the kids seem to be under the impression that all those legendary gun-toters died on the streets of Dodge City with their guns blazing, you can remind them that one of the Dodge City legends, Bat Masterson, died at his desk in midtown Manhattan writing a sports column. Masterson abandoned the Real West for New York City soon after the turn of the century, and from 1907 until his death, in 1921, was the sports editor of the *Morning Telegraph*. According to Irvin S. Cobb, another local newspaperman of the time, "Mr. Masterson was sawed-off and stumpy-legged, with a stub nose and a tedious sniffle," was addicted to seltzer lemonades, and "in doubtful weather carried an umbrella." Cobb added, however, "Two things betokened the real man: his eyes. They were like smoothed ovals of gray schist with flecks of mica suddenly glittering in them if he were roused"—occasions that caused all those in the room with him suddenly to become very, very quiet.

Aren't there any real dolls around this year (and we don't mean action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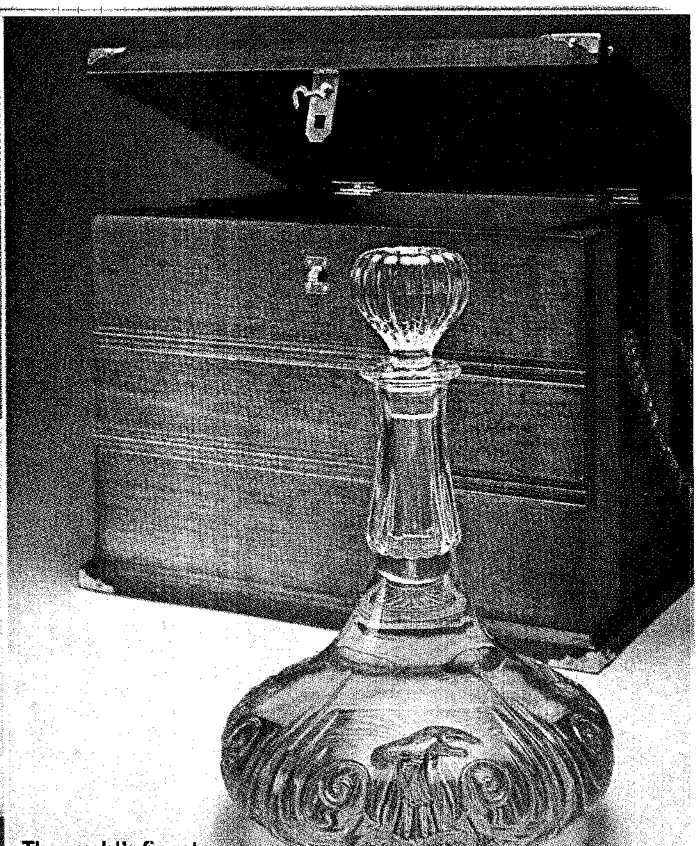

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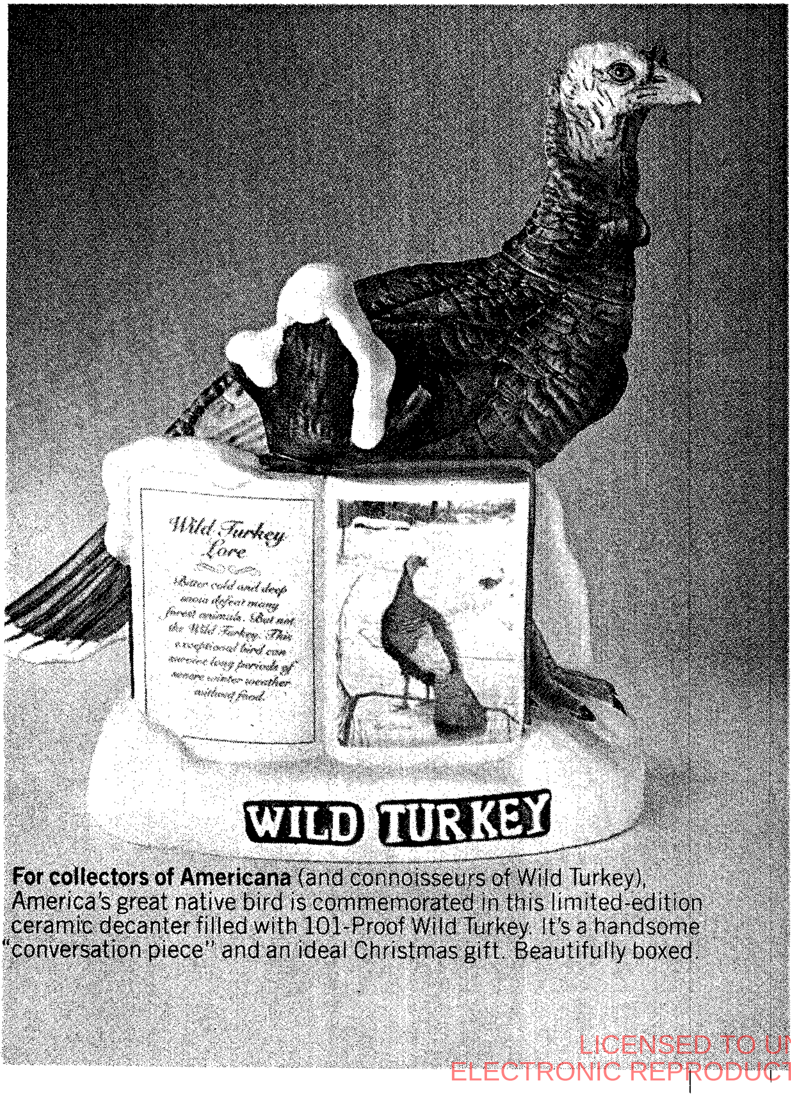
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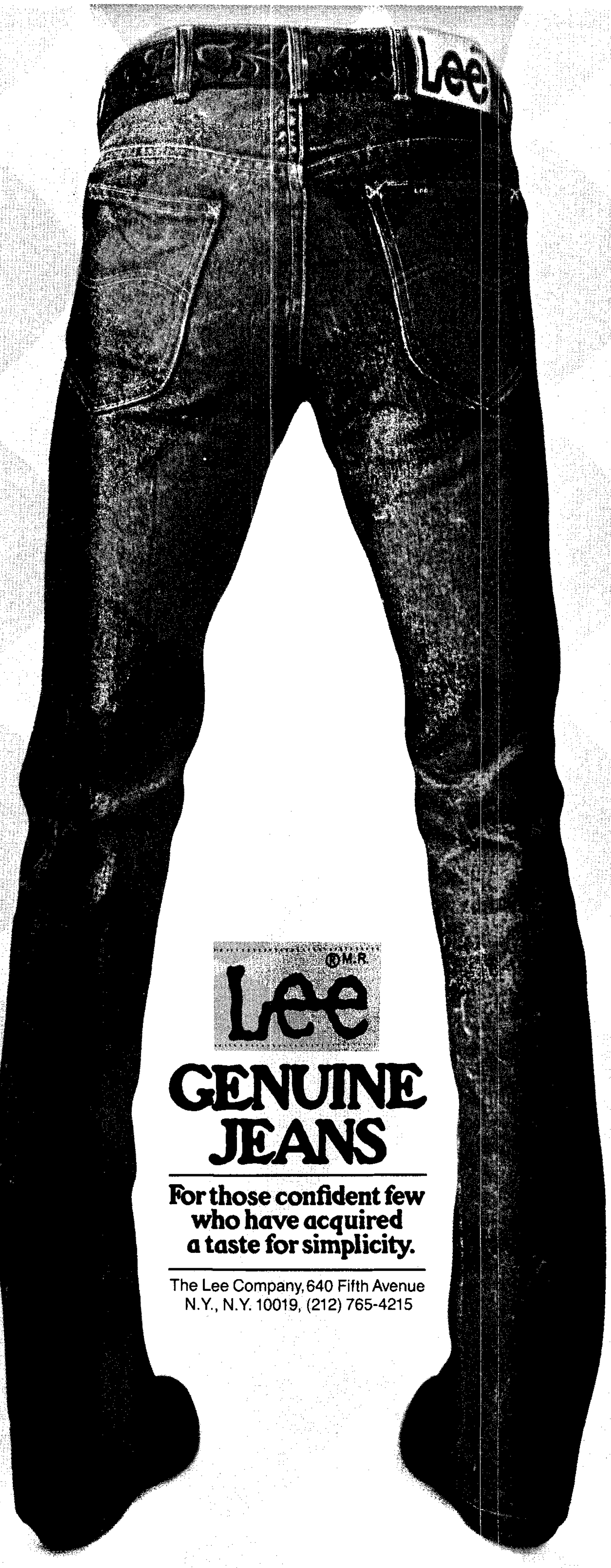

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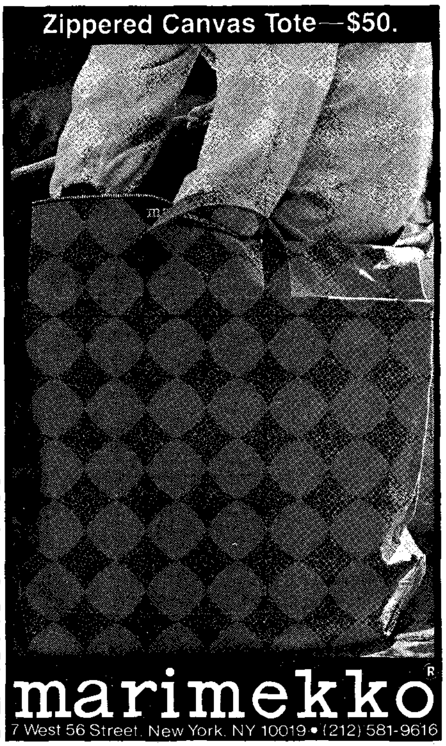
figures)? Of course there are. We don't know whether it's the economy or what, but some dolls are crying all over the toy counters. There's Baby Cry and Dry, Baby Cries for You, Sweet Tears, and the Wipe Your Tears doll. In the case of Wipe Your Tears, who's $24.95 at Rappaport's, a child feeds her water from a bottle, squeezes her around the middle, and she whimpers as tears roll down her cheeks. Fortunately, she has a handkerchief in her hand and a lever in her arm so that she can wipe her own tears away. This is a nice thirteen-inch stuffed doll, a blonde, who comes wearing a pink outfit with a heart design on it. Softina also wears pink—a pink bath suit. She's eighteen inches tall and is made of soft foam, so that she can go into the tub. She brings with her a bottle and her own pink towel; $17.95 at the Childcraft stores. At Polk's, there's a much smaller baby doll (twelve inches), whose name is Love 'n Touch. She has brunette hair and exceptionally soft skin, wears a yellow washable sleeper with a hood, and her head is weighted, so that it has to be supported like that of a real baby; $17.77.

AT quite a few houses, cuddly baby dolls have apparently gone out of style. The world of fashion dolls now accounts for almost forty per cent of the doll business. Among these style-conscious figures, eleven-and-a-half-inch Barbie still reigns supreme. No slave to the decimal system, Barbie didn't celebrate in 1979, when she turned twenty; instead, the Mattel company had a champagne party to mark her legal coming-of-age this year. And well they might break out the champagne: since 1959, the company has sold more than a hundred and twenty million figures of Barbie and her (mostly female) circle. She is now a phenomenon that term papers are written about. One Yale student spent a whole year doing research on the Barbie phenomenon. She concluded that Barbie was too "overtly sexual" and had developed into "an icon" of the present generation as "the culture has become increasingly self-absorbed." In the case of Barbie, as in that of cowboy guns, the toy industry has grown its own proselytizers. Parents who played with Barbie as children probably argue that *they* didn't turn out too badly. In honor of her birthday, Barbie has been travelling. At Altman's, you can buy Barbie wearing an Italian peasant outfit, a French cancan dancer's dress, or a formal ball gown suitable for her presentation to the Queen at Buckingham Palace; $11.50 each. When she gets back home, Barbie's longtime boyfriend, Ken (who seems to spend much of his time hanging around outside Barbie's Dream House or Barbie's Super 'Vette or the like waiting to be invited in to join her and her fashion-doll friends), has a surprise for her. There's now a Sport & Shave Ken doll; $13.95 at Rappaport's. This twelve-inch dimpled fellow, who began life as a blond but now has a lot of black hair, arrives wearing yellow shorts, sneakers, and a T-shirt that says "All-Star Marathon." He also brings with him a wristwatch, a change of clothes, a tennis racquet, and a number of plastic items, including a comb, a pretend blow-dryer, a toothbrush, a marker that his new owner can use to draw a beard or a mustache on Ken's face, and (are you ready for this?) two "shavers" to remove them—although you'll be relieved to hear that this is a matter of simple erasure.

Of course, everybody's friends from "Sesame Street" and Muppetland are all over the place. There's even a yellow molded-plastic chair that is said to hold up to a hundred and seventy pounds, in case you know a four- or five-year-old of that weight. Its seat is eight inches off the ground, it's roughly in the shape of a sitting-down Big Bird, and it costs $14.99 at Abraham & Straus. At Macy's, an eighteen-inch bendable blue fuzzy version of Grover, looking as cuckoo as ever and wearing a striped shirt that says "Hug Me Grover," is $13.95. His arms and legs can be bent into numerous comical positions, or he will simply clasp them around someone in a loving embrace. A new "Sesame Street" record (CTW 22094; $5.98) is mostly about love; "Love," in fact, is its name. Our favorite number on it is the mock-operatic "Transylvania Love Call," in which the Count sings to the Countess, "You're my Transylvania toot-toot-tootsie." Schwarz has what it calls a Cookie Monster Crawl-Along. This is a flat, blue, close-to-the-floor plastic vehicle that unmistakably represents the Cookie Monster; you can tell by the wildly crossed eyes that serve as pretend headlights. You may put a baby as young as six months supine on it, and as he thrashes his arms and legs around, the Crawl-Along will move backward, forward, and all about, turning him into a won-



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SINCE so many children spend their time in a world of anthropomorphic frogs and pigs and supersize cartoon figures, it's perhaps not surprising that those supersize animals dinosaurs also are big favorites on the toy counters. Last winter, Dr. John E. Schowalter, professor of pediatrics and psychiatry at the Yale University Child Study Center, told a meeting of the American Academy of Child Psychiatry in Atlanta, "I've always been struck by the number of three-to-five-year-old kids who can't even pronounce the names of their classmates but know the names, sizes, habits, and number of bones in several dinosaurs." Dinosaurs, he went on to say, "offer something better than comic-book heroes," because "they actually existed." A funny thing happened earlier this year to Dakin & Company, of San Francisco, the largest supplier of stuffed animals in the world: it had won the right to produce Misha, the official symbol of the Olympics, which then became an unpatriotic venture. Fortunately, the furry animals that Dakin featured on the cover of its 1980 catalogue were new examples of its line of what it calls Prehistoric Pets, who are not subject to contemporary international debacle: there is a stately plush brontosaurus in the foreground, with a triceratops and a stegosaurus behind him. The Gingerbread House has all three of these, plus a tyrannosaurus rex, in sizes that range from about eight inches long, for $6.50, to about twenty-three inches long, for $14.95. And a book about dinosaurs at the same place is ninety-five cents. Just to confuse matters, a category that's giving giant dinosaurs competition in the toy departments is gnomes, who, of course, didn't actually exist. Nine million dollars' worth of retail merchandise involving gnomes was sold last year. These are not ordinary gnomes. These are *licensed* gnomes, with commercial tie-ins to the 1977 book "Gnomes," by Wil Huygen, which has illustrations by Rien Poortvliet. This volume was on the best-seller list for three successive Christmases, partly because it was so popular with children. "Gnomes" is now available in paperback for $9.95 almost anywhere books are sold (as is the case with other books mentioned hereafter). Of its account of the life of these six-inch-high creatures, Alison Lurie, writing in *The New York Review of Books*, noted with astonishment, "The gnomes' daily life, houses, dress, diet, crafts, sports, and social structure are described exactly as if they were Indians or Eskimos." There is now also a "Pop-Up Book of Gnomes," available at Macy's for $7.95. Against backgrounds of gnome daily life, pop-up gnome figures are shown keeping house, sawing wood, or going out to fight the gnomes' great enemies, the trolls. Miss Lurie com-

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plains, in fact, that this gnome world is "politically neo-conservative and extraordinarily sexist," for "most of the gnomes so charmingly pictured are male, and so are all the interesting gnomic occupations and adventures." Oddly, in "Meaning in 'Star Trek,' " a Warner paperback selling for $2.25, the psychologist Karin Blair makes a similar complaint in an analysis of the popular television series and movie, which were followed by an invasion of the toy departments by "Star Trek" items. Whereas the central male character "encourages the process of critical imagining that can lead to psychic integrity," she reported, the "Star Trek" women characters are quite consistently presented as "disposable" and are incapable of existence apart from the numerous father figures in the episodes. Could this be some kind of retribution for the customary irrelevance of boy dolls in the Barbie world? Five of the jointed plastic "Star Trek" dolls are male; the sixth is their spectacularly bald female friend, Ilia. In the approximately four-inch size, they are sold for about $3 all over town. Of a dozen "Star Wars" figures reflecting the popularity of the movie and its sequel, "The Empire Strikes Back," one is female, the Princess Leia Organa. These sell for about $4 at, for example, Polk's. You will probably be struck by the number of three-to-five-year-old children who can't even pronounce the names of their classmates but know the names, sizes, habits, and number of bones—or, anyhow, joints—in these figures. Space heroes—and heroines—tend to be in short supply, however, so you'd better ask your young friends to specify second and third choices. Most of the male "Star Wars" figures in the large size (approximately twelve inches; Bloomingdale's has them for $18.50) carry laser guns. Princess Leia in the same size and at the same price hasn't been issued one, but she does have a bouffant hairdo and instructions for rearranging it in the Star-Puff style.

IT'S a sharp turn from such fantasy worlds, remote in space or time, to the electronic-games department, but the kids seem to make it without breaking stride. Inside each of these games is what is known to the trade as an electronic chip—a silicon microcomputer about the size of a thumbnail which responds in full-fledged computer style to a player's action (this usually means pressing one of an array

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of buttons) and can communicate by means of musical notes or a voice of sorts. In I Took a Lickin' from a Chicken, which we mentioned earlier, the electronic opponent, supposedly the chicken, plays four games. There's a verbal form of ticktacktoe. There's Chicken Sez, which a player wins if, by pressing the right buttons, he repeats phrases that the chicken sez—that is, says—without a mistake. And there are two arithmetic exercises, which require the player to add up small sums rapidly, and, in the advanced game, even more rapidly. When a player meets the challenge, the chicken salutes him with "Old MacDonald Had a Farm." When he misses, there's a loud squawking noise; $54.95 for this at Rappaport's, plus the cost of four C batteries. In most of these games, the response to a player's error is a Bronx cheer or a similar razzing sound; apparently, electronic chips are sore winners. One of the biggest sellers is Simon, which is having its third Christmas. In this game, which got its name from the children's pastime Simon Says, a player is challenged to repeat after Simon increasingly difficult sequences of sounds and colored lights. Polk's has this for $45, plus the cost of one nine-volt and two D batteries. Simon, a disc about nine inches across, is larger than many of the newer electronic games, so there is now a smaller version of the game, called Pocket Simon, in case someone won't leave home without it. Pocket Simon is $32 at Polk's, plus the cost of one nine-volt and two C batteries. We don't include the prices of the batteries needed for these games because you may decide to use alkaline types, which are more expensive. In any case, you may want to consider adding an extra battery or two to the package: there are few more dismal prospects on Christmas morning than an inoperative miracle of modern science. Besides these electronic memory games, there are many that are based on organized sports. There's electronic football, soccer, baseball, hockey, basketball, boxing, skiing, and tennis, for example. In most of these, the player's score reflects the skill with which he maneuvers blips on tiny screens that resemble the designated form of playing field. Of course, some great-aunts and uncles may suggest that it would be more wholesome if the children were outdoors getting lean and strong playing the real games. But what were some of those same relatives doing on those screened porches playing Michigan Rummy all those summers ago instead of engaging in healthful outdoor exercise? Altogether, there are a couple of hundred electronic games on the market. The persons on your list may be able to give you the name, rank, and serial number of the ones they want. On the other hand, if they try a lot of them out (most large stores have enclaves set aside just for this purpose; after all, half a billion dollars was spent in this category last year) they may find that the most fun is one called Atomic Arcade, which is electronic pinball. (Macy's has this for $40, plus the cost of five D batteries.) Scores are racked up automatically, and along the way lights flash and bells clang—the sound of arcade music. You couldn't call it educational. Still, it might be just as worthwhile as being razzed by a silicone chicken.

A FEW more records: "In Harmony" (Sesame BSK 3481; $7.98) is not for the very little kids. For one thing, it's almost impossible to understand most of the words to the songs on a first hearing, as is true of much of today's popular music. (In this case, all the words are provided, but that's for readers.) The youngest listeners won't be especially impressed by the fact that the Simon sisters, Lucy and Carly; Lucy's husband, David Levine (he's the producer); Carly's husband, James Taylor; and James' sister Kate and brother Livingston have got together with a company that includes Linda Ronstadt, Bette Midler, and the Doobie Brothers and made a children's record. On the other hand, many of the bigger kids, as well as some of their parents, will be enchanted by the idea and by the musical result. Around half the songs, which are about such unesoteric subjects as the changing seasons, jelly on toast, and having one's pajamas on, were written and in most cases are performed by the Simon-Taylor family, as they are referred to on the inner dust jacket. Linda Ronstadt sings "I Want a Horse," which she had a hand in writing. Bette Midler helped write "Blueberry Pie," which she sings. ("I love you, yes I do/'Cause Blueberry, you're true blue!") The Doobie Brothers sing "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," for which the rollicking music is by Lucy Simon. Just to remind everybody that it's a "Sesame Street" record, Ernie and the Cookie Monster are there to sing a song called "Share," making everybody on hand happy, including any little kids in the vicinity. Tom Glazer's "Happy Rhythms and Rhymes" (CMS 690; $7.98) is for little kids all the way. In his strong, easy voice, Glazer recites verses—or, more often, sings verses that have been set to music—that originally appeared in *My Weekly Reader*, a name that should bring back the aroma of blackboard erasers to several generations. The poems are short, simple ones, the kind that make children think a bit, nod their heads in recognition, or laugh out loud: the advantages that rabbits have in never having to change their clothes, for example, or the way "Z" words, such as "zing," "zero," and "Kalamazoo," tickle the tongue. For older children, who can sit still longer, there's a new two-record Caedmon album in which Peter Ustinov reads James Thurber's "The Thirteen Clocks" (TC 2089; $17.96). Ustinov presides with marvellous aplomb over a world that favors such words as "gleep," "zicker," and "thlup," and threats to slit someone from his "guggle" to his "zatch."

AND now for the last, miscellaneous roundup. The Fisher-Price company, long known primarily for its preschool toys, took a look at those birth-rate demographics and this year, in honor of its fiftieth anniversary in the business, brought out an electronic spaceship called the Alpha Probe. "Fisher-Price means more than preschool" is the company's new slogan. The Alpha Probe is fifteen inches long and nine inches high and has three computerized buttons that set off various responses bound to delight the four-to-nine-year-olds for whom this toy is intended: accelerating-rocket noises, blast-off sounds, bleeps, flashing red emergency lights, and so on. Its cargo-bay doors open to reveal a second spaceship, the Alpha Recon, which can operate independently or be docked piggyback on top of the bigger ship. A rocket module and a life-support cable can be attached to either ship. The latter allows one of two pilot figures to pretend to be walking in space. After all the movie and comic-strip space fantasies, it's useful to be reminded that there have been real-life cosmic heroes. Both these space travellers look like human beings (no robots). And here's a welcome variation: one of them is male and one female. The four-inch-high jointed figures fit interchangeably into the cockpit of either ship, and their identical space outfits have permanently attached transparent helmets, so it's

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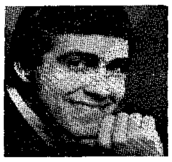

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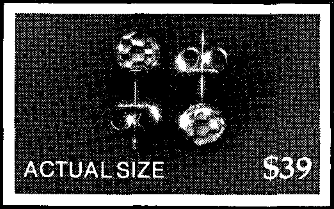

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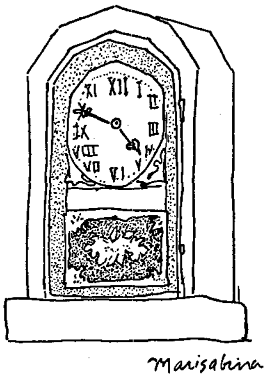
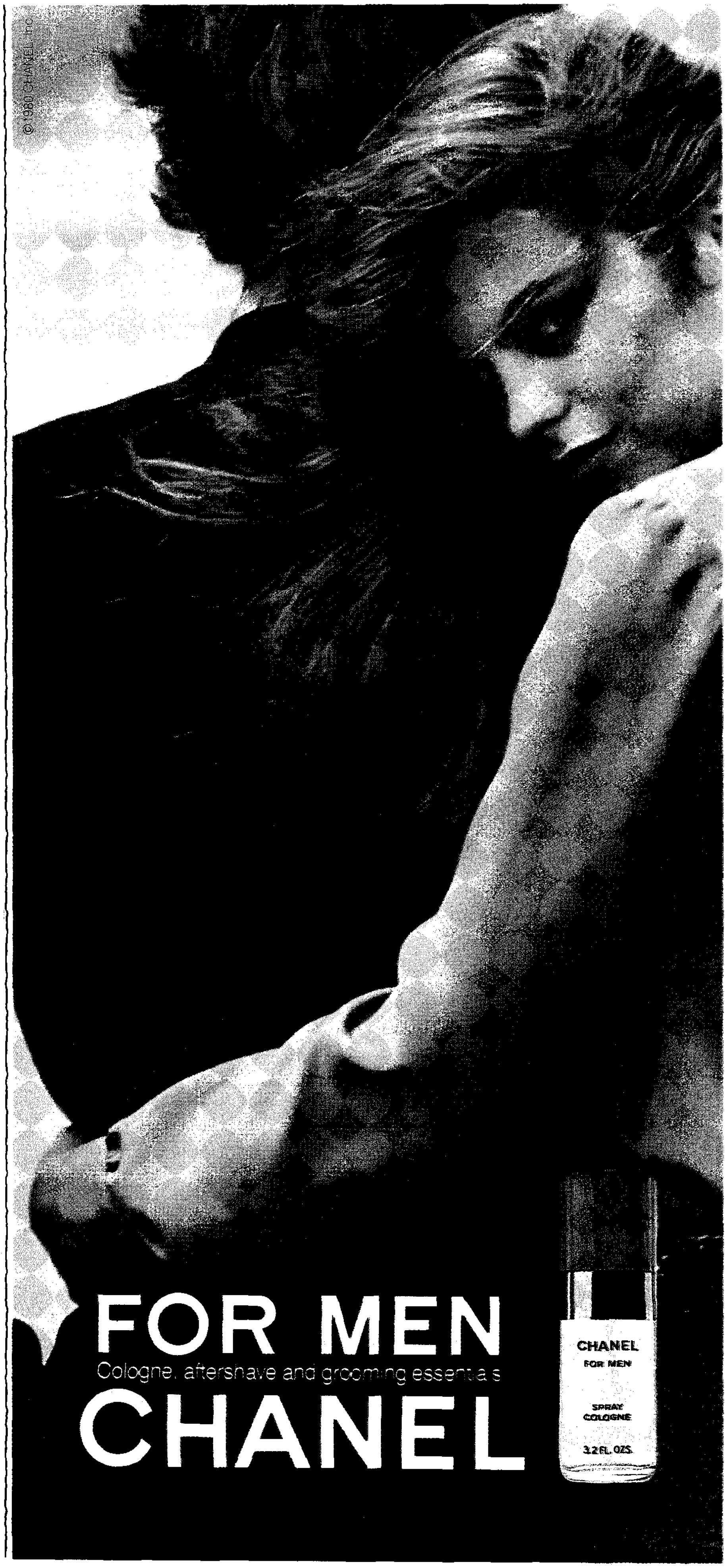
clear that the female pilot is being counted on to attend to her space responsibilities rather than to her Star-Puff hairdo. Bloomingdale's has Alpha Probe for $46. For old times' sake, Fisher-Price has also brought out some new items for the preschool crowd—or people even younger. One of these, the Security Bunny, is half toy rabbit and half blanket. The Bunny's soft head and paws are wrapped in a blue or pink plaid blanket with satin binding: the perfect friend to drag about, Linus style, or take to bed—and ideal in another respect, since the whole thing goes into the washing machine and the dryer. It's $8.99 at Gimbels. If you're tired of cuddly bunnies, bears, and stegosauruses, Brentano's has, for $16, a fourteen-inch plush snowman, wearing a black fedora and a dashing green scarf. When wound up, he plays "Jingle Bells." At the same place, for $4, there's Ernie's Rubber Duckie. A baby's first vehicle: Childcraft has a fourteen-inch dump truck made of foam-stuffed fabric in a patchwork pattern; $15.95. The body of the truck can be removed and reattached: Velcro. The red fabric wheels of this vehicle don't turn, and, for someone who is ready for wheels that really roll along, the Gingerbread House has a seven-inch-long handmade open wooden bus with six knob-headed passengers for $6.95. Of course, in the minds of some—certainly George Will—this is only one of those "lumps of wood with wheels." If someone you know prefers more realism, the steel Tonka cars and trucks are hard to resist. After it was reported, late last year, that the Tonka company, which makes more cars than they turn out in Detroit, was having financial difficulties, because of its insistence on quality products, a letter to the *Times* proposed that the federal government would do better to bail out Tonka rather than Chrysler. At Rappaport's, you'll find a Mighty Tonka Car Carrier set. The cab and trailer measure over two feet long. Inside the trailer are two other steel vehicles—a panel truck and a station wagon, each about ten inches long. The price for all is $54.95, which should help with Tonka's cash-flow problems. Rumors were circulated by some Democrats during the Presidential campaign that Ronald Reagan had never read a book, but this is not the case. Last summer, he told a Washington *Post* reporter, "I started out with 'Brown of Harvard' and then went on to the Rover Boys and on up to Tarzan." Anything that bears on the making of a President—surely an aspect of the American dream—has a certain interest. We looked for "Brown of Harvard" but couldn't find it anywhere. "The Rover Boys at School" and "The Rover Boys at College" are $12.95 each. To keep them company, we found at Federal Smallwares a copy of "Overall Boys," designed for a doll-house library. It measures one and a quarter inches high and can be read with a magnifying glass. The price of $1.25 includes a one-inch-high edition of "The Brownies." About two dozen Tarzan books are available in paperback (full-size) for $1.25 each, ranging alphabetically from "Tarzan Alive" to "Tarzan the Untamed," and at Rappaport's, for $3.98, there's a game called Tarzan to the Rescue. A child's first blocks: six three-and-a-half-inch foam-rubber cubes covered in bright-colored terry cloth, each with a chime inside, are $10 at Altman's. If someone decides to peg such a block at a visitor, no harm done. When someone's ready for serious construction, Childcraft has sets of building blocks made of polished northern maple and birch. The largest set, which includes a hundred and four pieces in twenty-three shapes (buttresses, triangles, ramps, arches, ellipses, and so on), is $99.95. A beginner's set, which has thirty-two pieces in eight basic shapes, is $24.95. It seems that there's always an old-timer in the crowd who asks, "What ever happened to Lincoln Logs?" The answer is that they're easy to find these days. Gimbels, for example, has a hundred-and-three-piece set for $12.49, with which children are encouraged to construct various buildings, such as a blacksmith shop or a pony-express stop, that haven't been seen in some time. "Bring back the romance of the Wild West with wooden Lincoln Logs," it says on the box. Someone could also build a log cabin for the smaller dolls in the house. If this should happen, it might not hurt to augment the lesson



in romantic nostalgia with reminders of how things really used to be—for instance, some nostalgic laundry equipment for the new log doll house. A clothes boiler two and a quarter inches long with a handled lid—it's the kind that had to be heated on top of the wood stove—is $2.50 at Federal Smallwares. The same place has a five-dollar washboard-and-washtub set; the washboard is two inches high, to give you an idea. We looked in vain for a one-inch-high copy of Otto L. Bettmann's book of photographs of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American life called "The Good Old Days—They Were Terrible!" and had to settle for a full-size paperback, at $4.95. A game we forgot to mention is Class Struggle, which was invented by a Marxist-minded New York University professor named Bertell Ollman. On the box, which shows Nelson Rockefeller arm-wrestling with Karl Marx, it is described as a game that "pits workers against capitalists" and whose "strategies revolve around forming class allegiances to accumulate power" and plot revolution; $7.95 at the Barnes & Noble stores. Ollman had trouble getting Class Struggle into the regular toy markets; nevertheless, fifty thousand sets were sold in its first year. Now Warner Brothers plans to make a movie about Ollman's adventure in free enterprise. (Do you sense a certain desperation for material in the film industry? There's the saga of Popeye, Cimino's "Heaven's Gate," and now the saga of a Marxist board game in the capitalist toy world.) Another kind of pastime entirely—it's $4.95 at the downtown Barnes & Noble—is the Peter Rabbit game. To go with it, you might consider a Peter Rabbit mobile for $32.50 at the Elder Craftsmen, 850 Lexington (64th). Seven handmade figures of Peter and his family and friends, four or five inches tall, bob about in handsome outfits of gingham and brocade. It is strange that Peter has stayed popular for so long. He's not a superhero. In fact, he's not a hero at all—ask Mother Rabbit and Mr. McGregor.

"At last a game about Christmas!" it says on the box of The Christmas Game ($10 at Macy's). The players (up to four) travel purposefully along a perilous path at the risk of falling on squares that represent traffic jams, sales-tax and gift-wrapping delays, and having to stand in line at the post office. The object of the game is "to be the first player to finish your Christmas shopping." It's not what you'd



call a spiritual game. Still, you can't say it isn't timely. To hold some of the presents you bought, the Elder Craftsmen shop has hand-crocheted Christmas stockings that measure fourteen to eighteen inches, in many different designs; prices start at $16. We have three musical Christmas records for you—each a pleasant collection that combines solemn carols with celebrations of the season of the sort that some children we know call jumping-around music. "Merry Christmas Carols" (Disneyland 2514; $4.98) stars Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and their friends; actually, the songs are sung by the Disneyland Children's Sing-Along Chorus. It opens with an old favorite, "The Chipmunk Song." We'd been trying to figure out what the reedy computerized purporting-to-be-human voices in the electronic games reminded us of, and there it was: the Chipmunks. There is also "Sesame Street" 's "Merry Christmas" (Sesame 25516; $7.98). Since Sesame Street is an address very much in the contemporary urban world, that is the kind of holiday the record dwells on: ("Strings of street lights, even stop lights/Blink a bright red and green . . . It's Christmas time in the city"). When John Denver, from the Real West open spaces, joins the Muppets in an album called "A Christmas Together" (RCA/AFL 1-3451; $7.98), the celebrations sound more pastoral. This record, which came out last year, wears particularly well, since someone has gone to the trouble of tracking down a number of the less familiar Christmas songs. They include "The Peace Carol," a welcome thought, and "Noel: Christmas Eve, 1913," invoking a time when, if things weren't better, they were simpler. May you reach The Mansion of Happiness. Merry Christmas!

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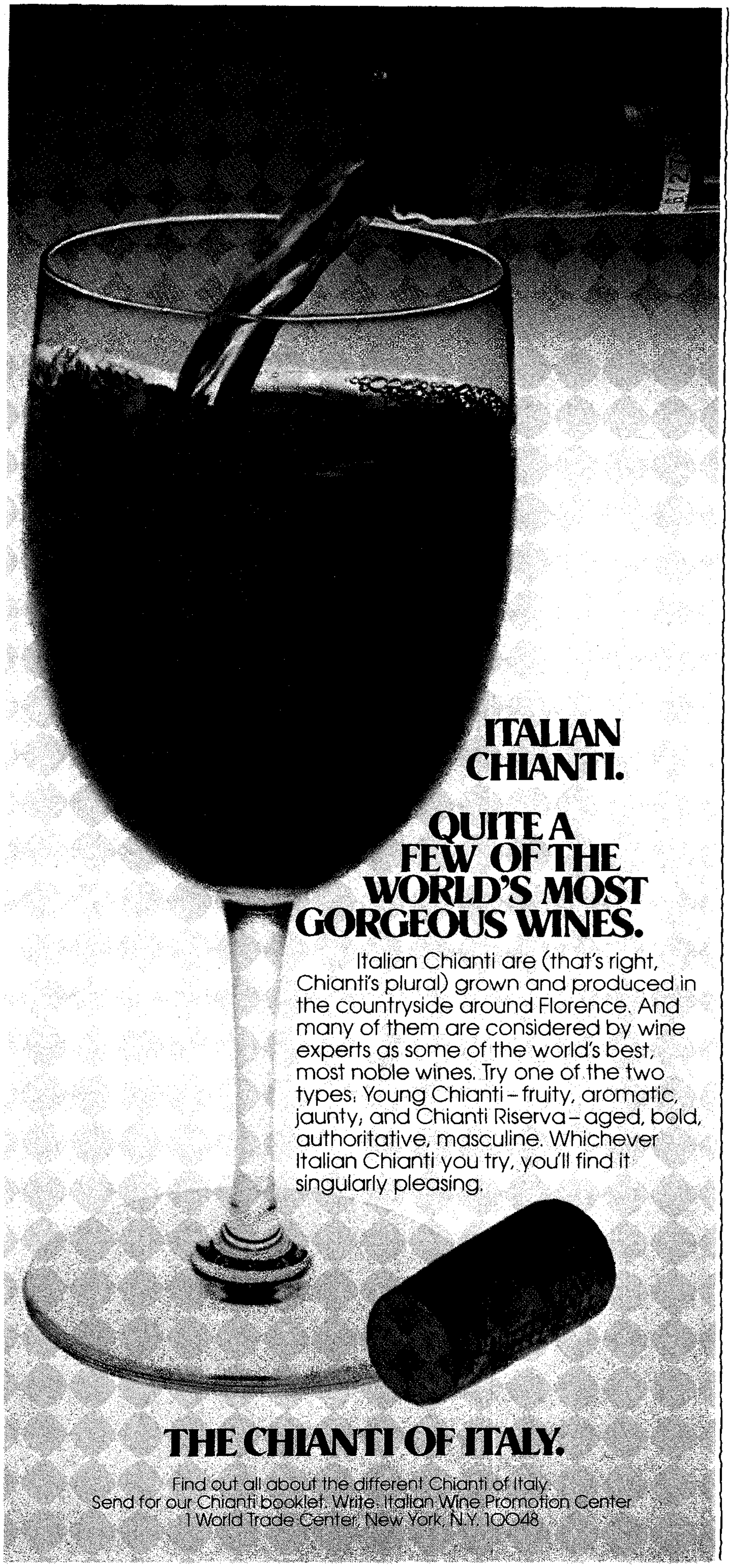
Or we could just let down our hair.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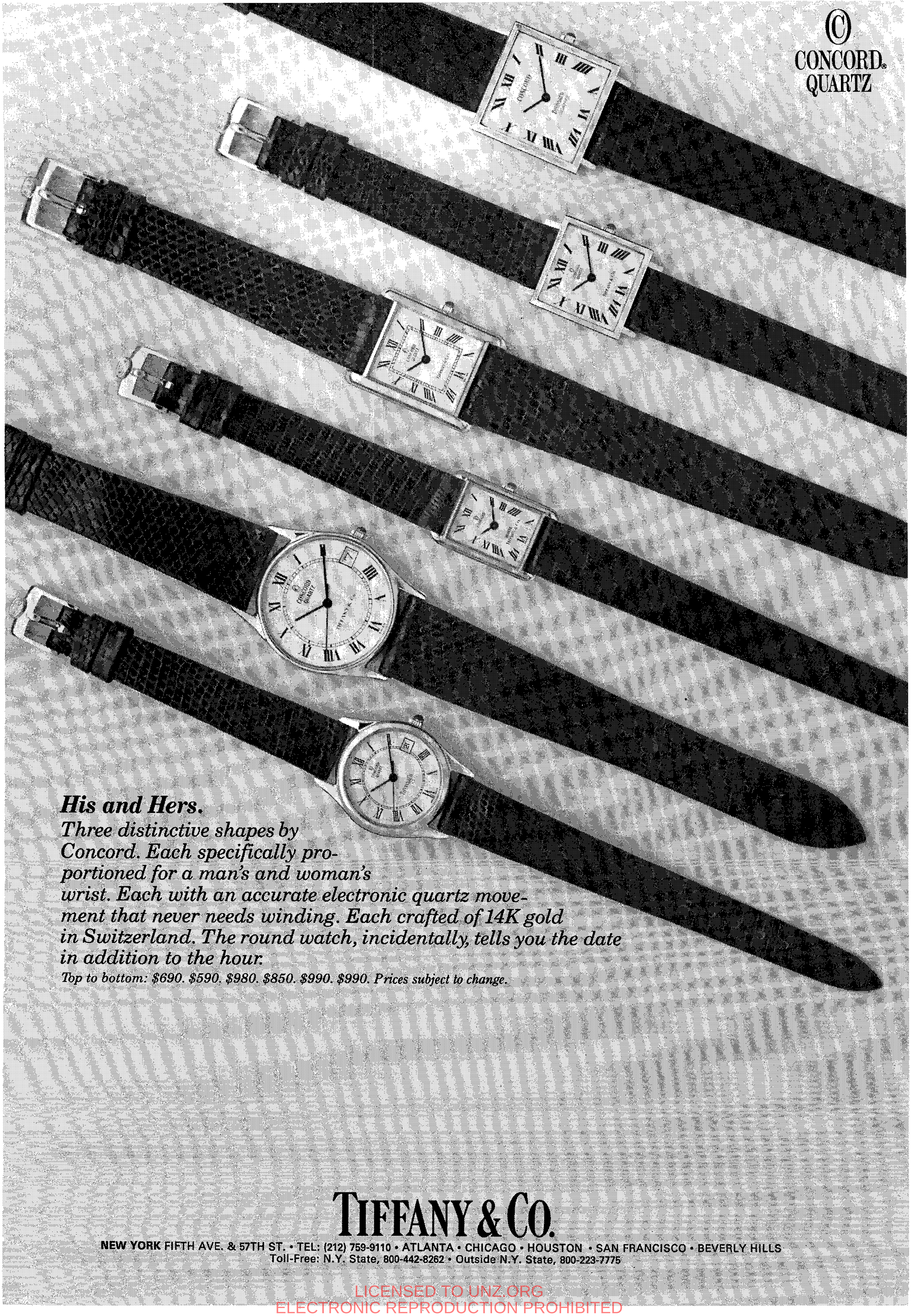

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A REPORTER IN EUROPE

ZURICH

Zurichers know that history begins with the consciousness of property. They want to believe in the history they learn in school—which has to do with a nation nobly born one summer morning seven hundred years ago when three grave elders from the clans of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden came down out of the mountains to pledge themselves to federation and freedom from the invading armies of the House of Hapsburg. But the history in which they feel at home invokes a Switzerland more in the style and spirit of its amazing citizen-priests, like Ulrich Zwingli, who on another morning, in 1525, officiated at the Reformation of Zurich by dumping all the statues at the Grossmünster into the River Limmat—the saving grace, so to speak, about Zwingli being that he had already stripped those wicked Catholic objects of their gold and silver and their precious stones, turned the treasure over to the Zürich Town Council, and in the process started what has come to be called, reverently, Swiss banking. The conversion of art to property, of sacred to profane wealth, that accompanied the conversion of Zurich's Catholics to Protestantism does not seem to have distressed the people here. Gold, to a proper citizen of Zurich, is going to have the same special quality whether it is cast as a Virgin's crown or melted down into a tidy bar to fit a sixteenth-century exchequer's coffer.

Ulrich Zwingli understood his Zurichers in ways that Calvin—who was, after all, a foreigner from Picardy, preaching his brimstone sermons with the license of an imported *signoria*—never managed with his Genevese. Calvinism travelled better, in the end, but it was Zwingli who domesticated the Reformation, who fit it to the once and future native character in a memorable disputation with a colony of Anabaptists who wanted to settle here. Zwingli argued that the Anabaptists, fervently sharing their wealth and their wives in the name of Christian innocence, were in fact heretics and communists, and he proved it to the satisfaction of his town councillors with a long testimony about the commandment "Thou shalt not steal"—which, he claimed, was really God's eccentric way of saying that private property was sacred.

The Swiss, Protestant or Catholic, German-speaking or French-speaking or Italian-speaking, are all in a way children of the Zurich Reformation, because, whatever their fiercely held differences, they have all learned from Zwingli that they are worthy, and that their worthiness is somehow attached to the proper material context—that the good is like a tender Alpine violet and will only flower in a rich, nurtured, and protected soil. It is the responsibility of the Swiss to prosper. They take it on faith that the survival of any goodness in the world depends on the survival of the Swiss franc, and Zurich is still the city most particularly devoted to that end. Zwingli's Grossmünster, in the old town, looks down on cobbled medieval streets and out over the Limmat and the flags of the guildhalls on its quais to a gilded mile of the Bahnhofstrasse, where one in every seven buildings is a bank and the most extravagant distractions from the business of money are the *truffes du jour* at Sprüngli's. The first of the Bernese Alps rise in the southwest with a kind of picture-postcard authority—just close enough to reassure the people here of their protection. Even the Zurich See, with its sailboats and paddle steamers and shivering summer bathers, does double duty as a watery halfway house for the sealed storage tanks of food and fuel and medicines that the Swiss seem to believe are going to see them through everybody else's nuclear apocalypse.

LAUNDRY TRIPTYCH
DETERGENT
THE THINGS
THE MACHINE
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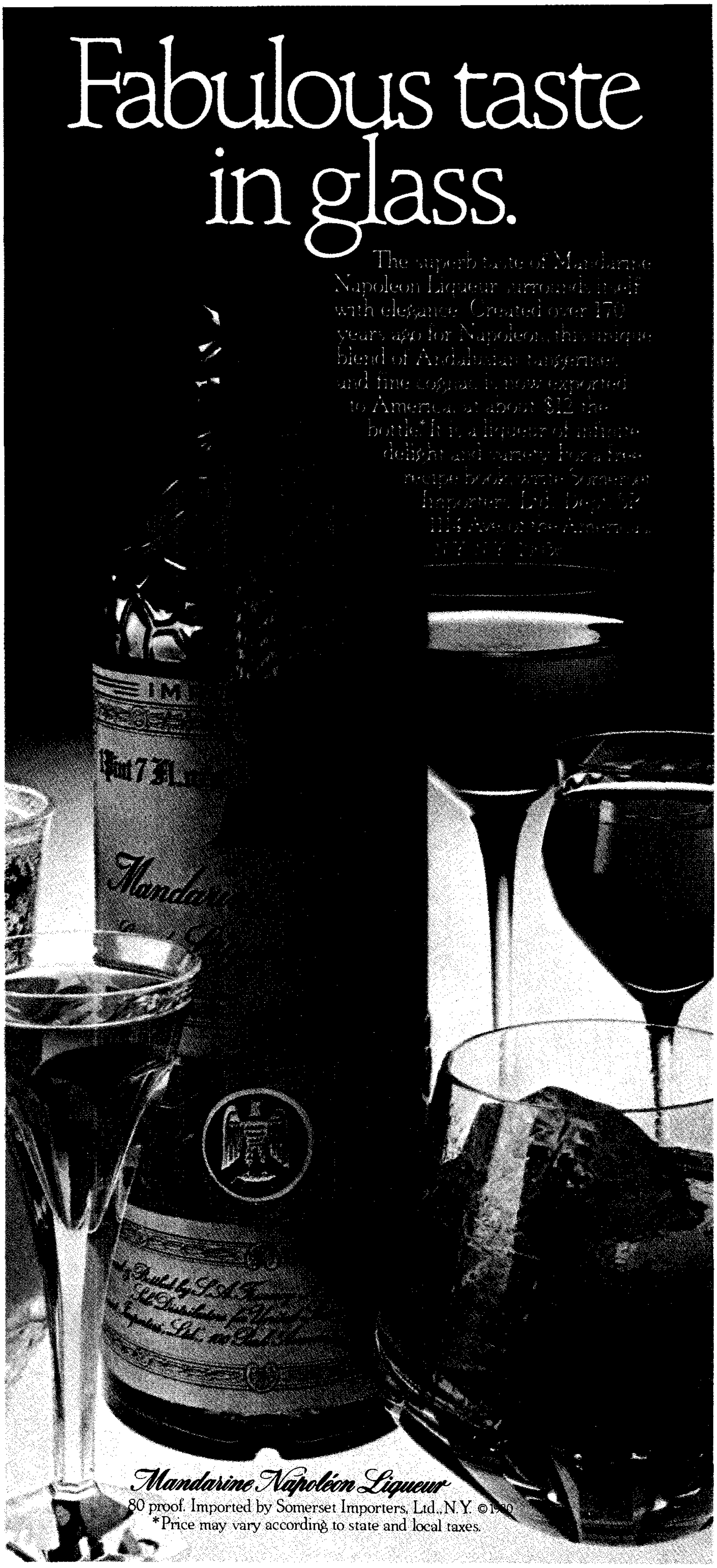
R. Chast

Zurich is a beautiful city, a congenial and in its way a welcoming city. It is not hard to imagine James Joyce at his table at the Café Kronenhalle or Lenin padding through the stacks of the Municipal Library. Goethe liked to write in Zurich. So did Schlegel and Rilke, Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo and Mme. de Staël and even, sometimes, Casanova. Revolutions in art and politics have been plotted in the *Konditorei* of Zurich's comforting neutrality. The cavernous "socialist cafeteria" on the Werdplatz still serves Steak Café de Paris and fried potatoes to the hundreds of workers and students and visiting intellectuals who sit at its long wooden tables every night trying to appear conspiratorial. Theodor Pinkus's ancient coöperative bookstore on the Froschaugasse literally sags under the weight of all the tracts that generations of Marxists and Trotskyites and anarchists have left there, hoping to inspire a revolution somewhere else. Zurich has always offered up the calm climate of its neutrality to foreign activists and artists as a kind of service, the way its banks offer up the calm climate of numbered accounts and secret currency transfers to Arab sheikhs and American mafiosi now. All Zurich asks is that whatever seditious or delicious thoughts are nurtured in the fugitive peace of the city be taken away quietly, exported like tourist clocks or chocolates, so that in the end the twenty thousand brooms of the municipality will have nothing more disreputable to dispose of than the few, last pencilled traces of a polemic or an erotic poem.

WITH its charm and its probity, its banks and its bookstores, Zurich is the bridal bed in a marriage of convenience between a mountain people with a shrewd instinct for folklore morality and a greedy *Ausland* that has found the folklore attractive for its purposes. A dozen other small countries, from Lebanon to Costa Rica, have tried over the years to set themselves up as bankers to the world, with all the assurances of discreet and oligarchic democracy, but the fact is that only the Swiss have been able to satisfy their clients with the right mix of steel and guilelessness. What the Swiss offer, beyond the obvious pleasures of their country and the services of their banks and tax havens, is a kind of theatre of rectitude. They have chosen to believe that their neutrality is unselfish; that their Army and their Alps, and not the conveniences of an open Switzerland, are what protect them. They believe that it is their own industriousness and their own prudence that support the Swiss franc and create that standard of stability against which every other hard currency is measured. They are a conscientiously decent people, but they are no less cynical than, say, the Costa Ricans. It is rather that they are so completely, so almost theologically convinced of the depravity of others that the perception itself amounts to a kind of proof of immunity. Their politics at home, their cool simultaneous practice of the social contract and the secret banking code have to do with a national double standard which holds that the Swiss be rigorous and fair in their domestic life but at the same time free, if not committed, to exploit the greed of foreigners, who are, almost by definition, a species doomed to foolishness. The Swiss are a little like those Indian



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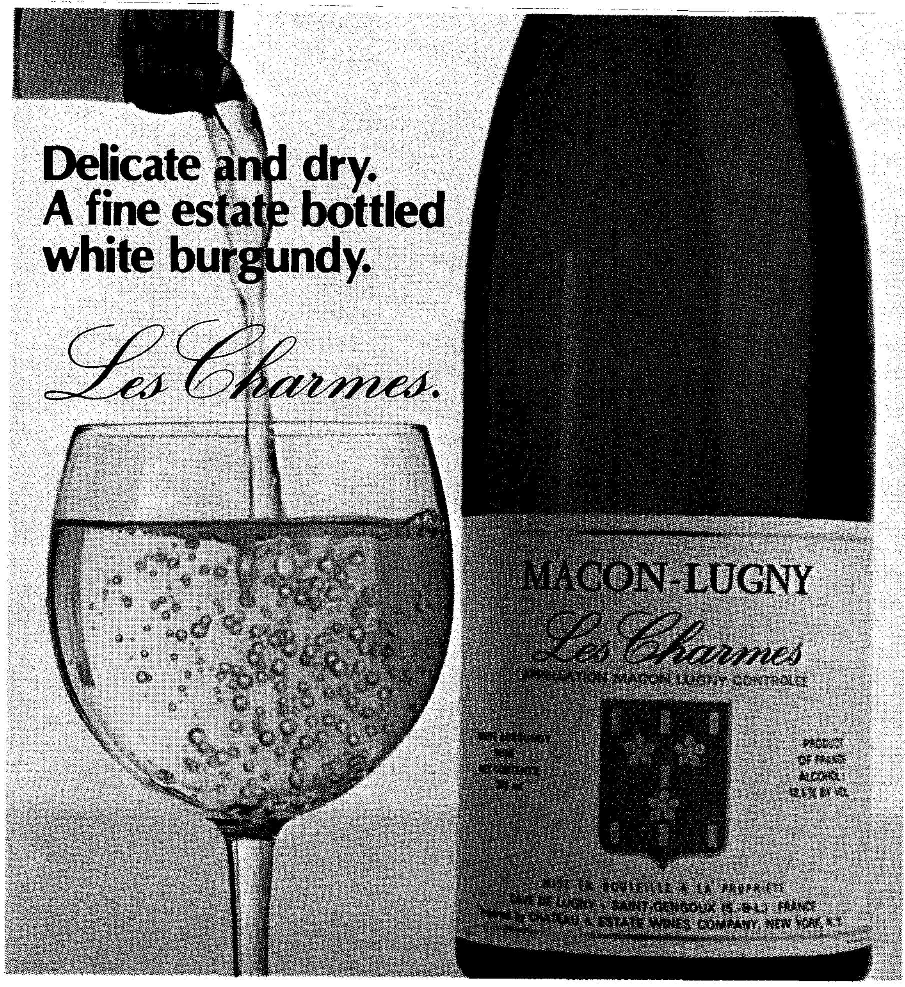
tribes that keep the word "people" or "human" exclusively for themselves. It is the duty of every Swiss citizen to survive the mess the world continues to make of itself, and so if he happens to help finance that mess in order to finance his own survival—that is of no particular consequence to anyone. The Swiss are quite willing to take their service charge and their interest on foreign scams. What they consider a real breach of national propriety is to organize scams of their own. People were genuinely humiliated here last year when bankers from the Schweizerische Kreditanstalt, or Crédit Suisse, confessed to having swindled depositors out of some eight hundred and forty million dollars, and were quick to point out that the Crédit Suisse affair had originated at the bank's Chiasso branch—which is to say practically in Italy. They said that a complicated swindle like Chiasso's, involving bogus investment funds and holding companies in Liechtenstein and forged stocks and guarantees and documents, had a kind of baroque Italian style to it, that Italy, after all, was only two streets south of Crédit Suisse's Chiasso office. Four of the five embezzlers were, in fact, from Italian Switzerland, and feelings here about Italian Switzerland are such that when a mother warns her daughter about the dangers of a mixed marriage she is not talking about the new African exchange student at the University of Zurich but about some young seducer from Lugano. Zurichers tend to avoid the fact that the mastermind of the Chiasso affair was a good German Swiss named Ernst Kuhrmeier and that the money lost was mainly the sort of flight money—imported illegally across the Italian border—that is the stuff of respectable Swiss banking and Swiss investment capital and has helped make Switzerland, with six million people and with water as its most important resource, the fifth-richest country in the world.

Zurichers are right in saying that a scandal like Chiasso's is not their style at all. Zurich is what purists most often have in mind when they talk about the quintessential "Swiss" city. Geneva has lost too much of its distinction to an occupying army of tax exiles and international *fonctionnaires*—eleven thousand *fonctionnaires* in all—and their families to be considered particularly "Swiss" anymore. Besides, Geneva is in the Suisse Romande, dipping into France, and the Genevese themselves are an edgy, inde-



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We're indebted to George Lois, who designed the book with his usual flair and encouraged us to include signatures and comments from many of our illustrious guests; noted food authority Barbara Kafka, who edited and helped translate Seppi's original recipes into at-home recipes; the legendary James Beard, our friend and mentor, who distilled our beloved restaurant to its very essence in his wise introduction; plus all the people at Simon & Schuster, who helped make our first foray into publishing a joy.

We are now looking forward to all those exciting events in the coming year that make The Four Seasons a restaurant like no other: Our 6th Annual California Barrel Tasting, our new quartet of Foursome Dinners, and the many splendid parties we are fortunate to host!

The two-of-us thank you for your continued support and truly hope that this past year has been as wonderful for you as it has been for us.

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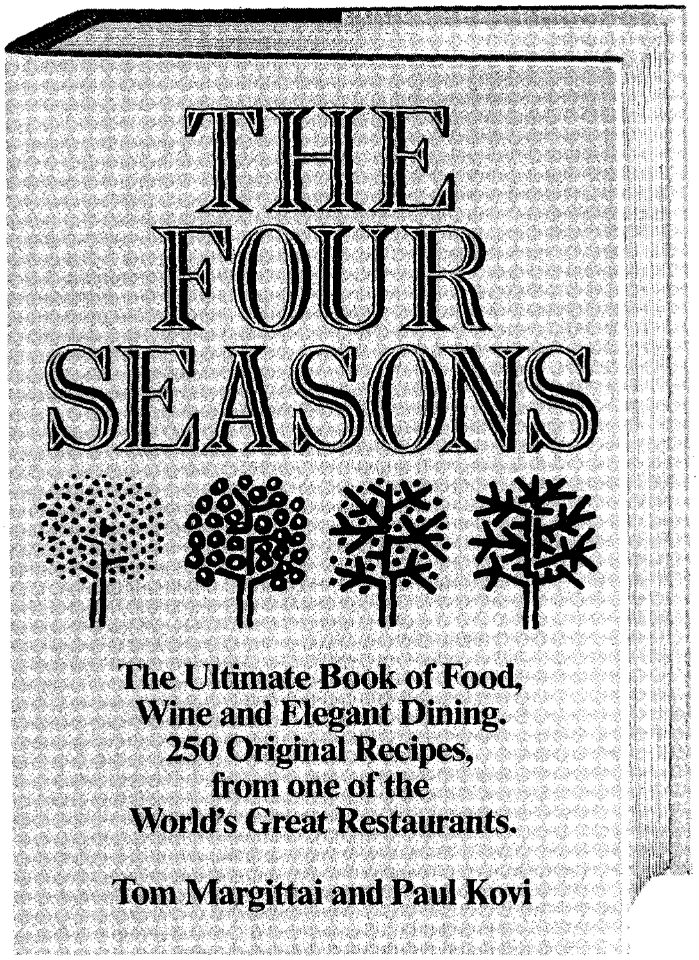
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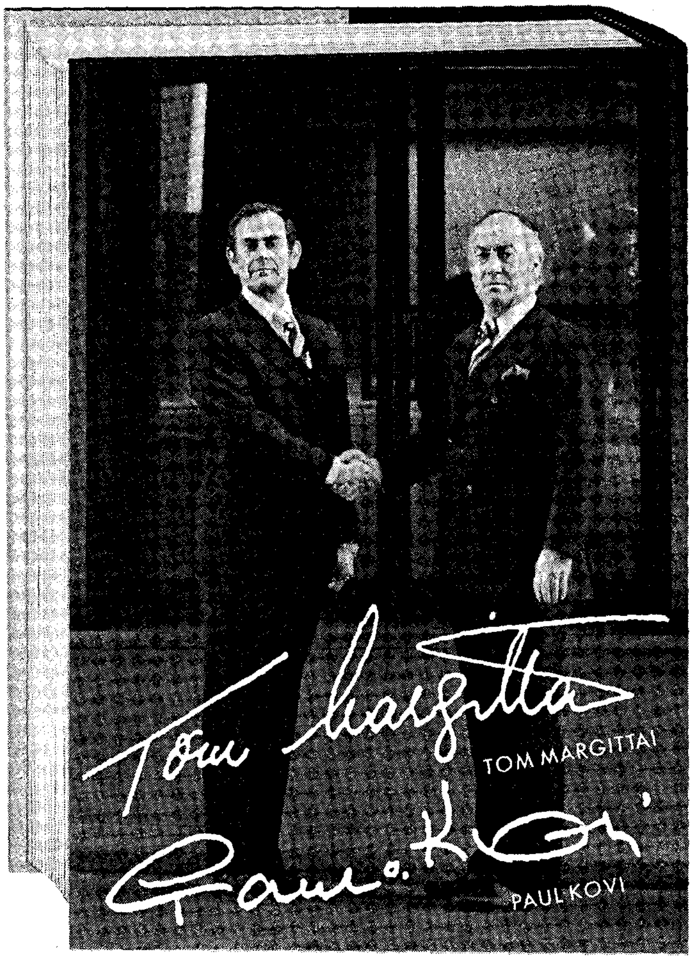
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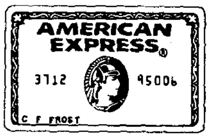
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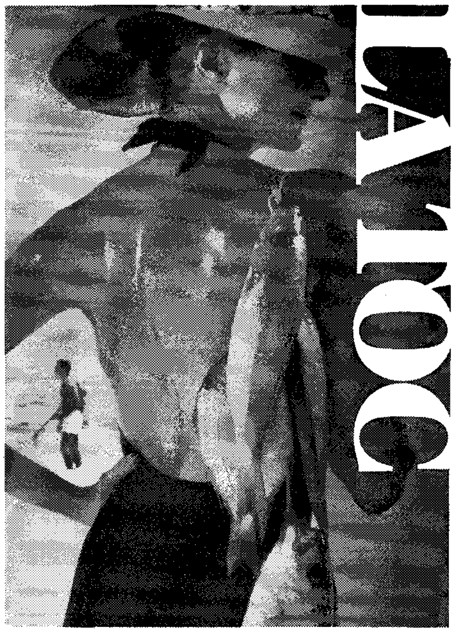

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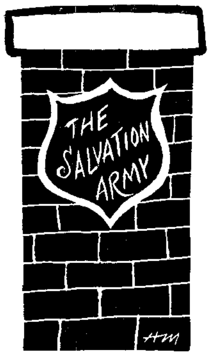
pendent élite who have always kept to their own culture. Bern, for its part, longs for culture. People from Bern will talk about the twenty theatre companies in town before they think to mention the Parliament or the Federal Council, but Bern is still, hopelessly, a government city, given over to the ministries and archives of the Federation and to a commuter population of politicians and lobbyists who put up in bleak, overpriced hotels and run for the train as soon as Parliament adjourns. Basel, at the Rhenish hinge of Switzerland, Germany, and France, is a port and border town in a landlocked, mountain-blocked country. Its wealth is old shipping wealth, and there is a kind of exuberant provincialism about Baselers that lends itself to Fastnacht carnivals and flea markets and students sunning themselves on the steps of the city's marvellous museum. The exuberance of Basel is something very different from the calm enthusiasms of Zurich. Zurich is securely Swiss in its values. It does not attract rich Arabs, the way Geneva does, or retired American Army colonels, like Lugano. Movie stars and millionaire pop novelists are not apt to take up tax-dodge residence in villas by the Zurich See when all their friends are building chalets with private discothèques in Vevey and Gstaad. Zurich is a city of discreet, domestic virtues. A city where the man who directed the Swiss National Bank through the dollar float and the first winter of the oil crisis takes in his neighbors' cats while they are on vacation. A city where the mayor goes on television to complain that too much "bad news" is making people gloomy, and wants to know why the local press cannot be more considerate. A city where the citizens were shocked when their children began rioting last summer, mainly because, as they explain it, no one had found anything to riot about in Zurich since a general strike in 1918. A city where the women have had the vote for only eleven years and still consider themselves fortunate because they were two years ahead of so much of the country. Actually, Zurich has sent a woman, a Social Democrat, to Parliament, but the truth is that most Zurichers would rather see a woman in Bern making laws than a woman at home signing checks of her own or—until a few years ago—getting a passport without her husband's permission. Women who want to control their money have to draw up special marriage contracts with their husbands. Those contracts are very much the custom here, because even now a woman in Zurich does not open a bank account without her husband's signature or keep the interest on her capital if her husband wants it or even order a checkbook unless her banker decides that she is not the sort of woman who will use it foolishly. Extravagance, like war, is for foreigners. The Swiss will profit by it, but they will not indulge in it themselves.



THE Swiss invented neutrality, and they did it mainly to keep their young men home, herding cows and making Emmentaler and cultivating the republican virtues. For centuries, Switzerland's peasants, recruited in the flush of what was considered a superior Alpine hardiness, had been the best mercenaries in Europe, exceedingly adept at making war and taking plunder. One of the great strengths of the Reformation in Switzerland, in fact, was its appeal to poor cantons that were getting poorer because all the young men who might have spent their energies at home had been recruited and sold by local aristocrats or priests to live and die in the camps of foreign armies. It is difficult now to think of Switzerland as a poor country, but the Swiss remember a thousand years of poverty, and this may be why they tend to associate their prosperity with the fact that they stopped fighting. In 1815, the Congress of Vienna established and guaranteed "everlasting neutrality" for Switzerland. The Swiss had lost their state treasury to the French Revolution, and then thousands of their soldiers to Napoleon's Russian winter. By 1815, Switzerland had nothing left to sell but its services—a new way to save itself by serving others.

The Swiss Constitution forbids citizens to fight anywhere, in any war, even as volunteers. A Swiss contingent of the International Brigade was raised in clandestinity during the Spanish Civil War—it was part of the Thälmann Brigade—and Bern, to this day, refuses to lift its official condemnation of the Swiss who fought in Spain, even of the hundred and forty-six among them who died fighting. Well into the nineteen-forties, Swiss doctors who wanted to set up field surgeries for partisans in Yugoslavia, say, or Maquisards in France had to get themselves out of Switzerland like contraband war matériel. Switzerland made it safely through the Second World War with its railroads running and its bank vaults and hotels open, but that safety in the middle of a brutally warring Continent was a Swiss prerogative, jealously guarded. Switzerland had room for everyone's money and almost no one's immigrants. It was a Swiss—the head of police administration in the Ministry of Justice—who concluded that a "J," for "*Juden*," on German-Jewish passports would help Hitler to control the flight of Jews from Germany. Ten years later, with the war over, there were only twenty-nine thousand Jews in Switzerland; thousands more had reached the border, to be turned away.

People in Zurich do not talk about the ethics of their neutrality in the Second World War. It is a kind of national taboo as a subject. It raises questions that the Swiss do not permit themselves to ask now because they did not ask those questions at the time. When war broke out in Europe, most Swiss had already decided that self-sacrifice, even to a just cause, was impractical and even inappropriate—something Switzerland could not afford. It was not that the Swiss were pacifists. People here have always admired military power, and for a while they especially admired German military power. When Kaiser Wilhelm II rode through Zurich in 1912 in his high boots and imperial helmet and all his bars and stars and Iron Crosses, people gave him one of the biggest rallies in the city's history. But in 1940, when France fell to Germany and Switzerland discovered itself surrounded, the first radio message of the Foreign Minister to the Swiss people was a famous "invitation to silence." It is fashionable here now to regard the war-not-fought as a kind of redeeming national experience, the first real experience as a nation for people whose own passports describe them as citizens of their father's native village and only incidentally as citizens of Switzerland. The Swiss were obviously drawn close during those years in their distaste for the war and for Hitler and in their determination to survive both. The government did take in some refugees—mainly the sort of people who could be counted on to

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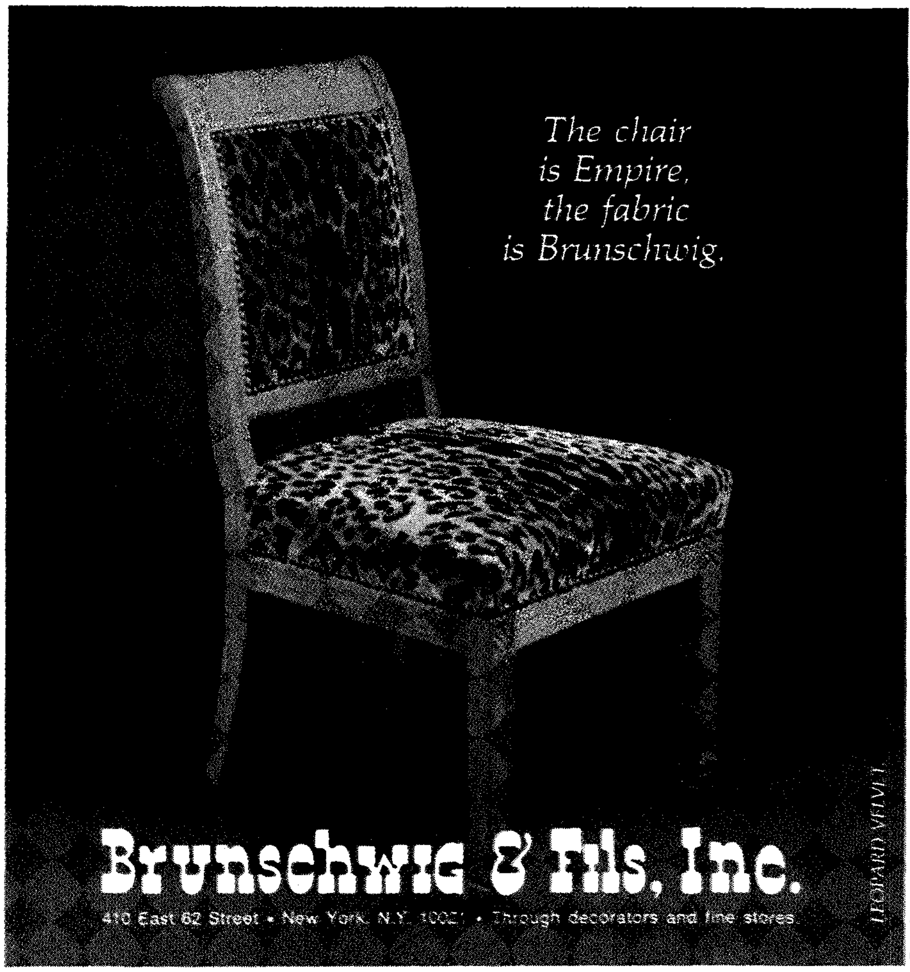
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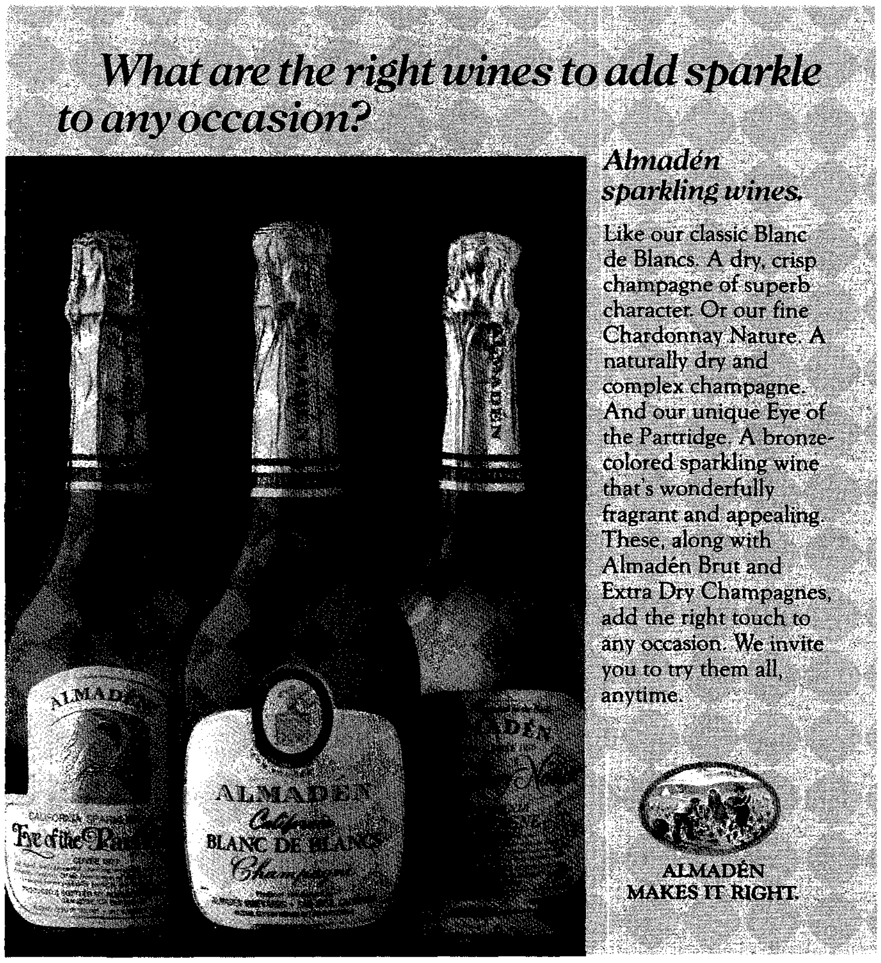
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leave once the war was over—and treated them with the glacial courtesy of a *grand hôtelier* forced by circumstance to run a hostel. In 1946, Switzerland sent out accurately detailed bills for room and board, fully expecting to be reimbursed by the Dutch countesses and Danish diplomats it had accommodated. The Swiss thus turned neutrality into a kind of hospitality. They ran the best cloak-and-dagger spas and at the same time indulged in stern and often satisfying displays of principle that threatened no one who had any real power to retaliate.

A few years back, a local writer named Nicolas Meienberg and some friends made a movie about a dim provincial soldier from Saint Gall, "Ernst S.," who had sold the Germans some commonplace Swiss Army artillery shells for four hundred francs and was executed as a traitor—an example to his countrymen—at the same moment that a group of Switzerland's most important bankers and industrialists were drafting letters to the Federal Council demanding a more accommodating official attitude toward the Third Reich. "Ernst S." was a quiet, shocking movie. Some people said that it should not be shown, that it was unpatriotic—the film critic for the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, for one, opposed Meienberg's application for the kind of government grant that goes almost automatically to filmmakers here—and the reason those people gave for their disapproval was that it was more important to remember that a traitor to Switzerland had been properly shot in 1942 than that some of their neighbors in 1942 were making money on German trade. Switzerland, surrounded, sold its wheat for German coal. Swiss railroads carried corn from Rotterdam to the German front in Italy. The Swiss merchant fleet covered the North Sea and the Atlantic, carrying German cargo. A family here by the name of Bührle, which owns companies like Bally now, made part of its fortune selling arms to the Nazis and used it afterward to soothe the city with a beautiful new Kunsthaus. Three of the richest families in the country made *their* fortunes speculating in corn and grain for the German Army.

The Swiss say that they could not very well have refused to do business with the Germans, that the German war plan was to take Switzerland anyway—from the east, after conquering Russia—and that by selling to them

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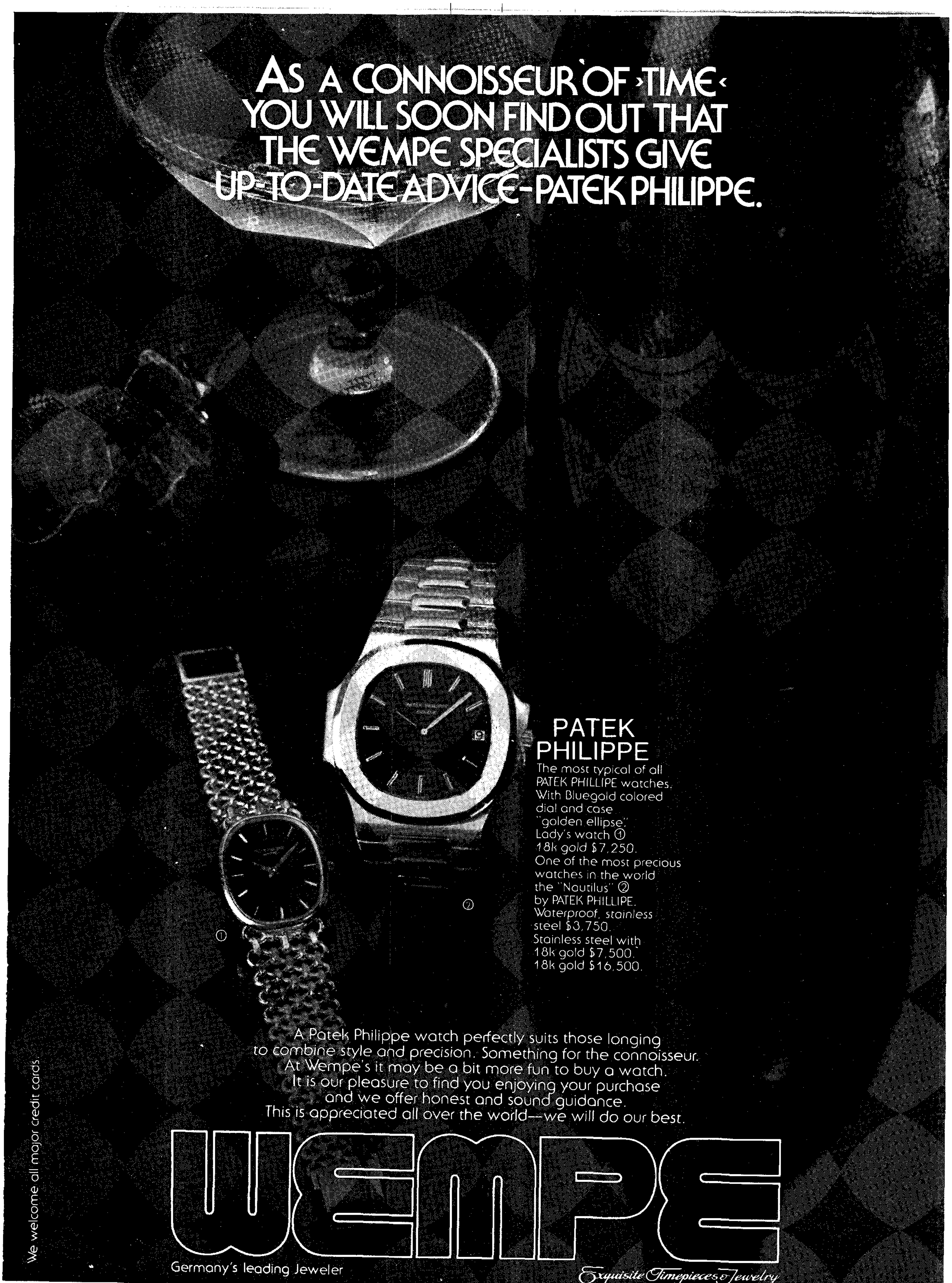

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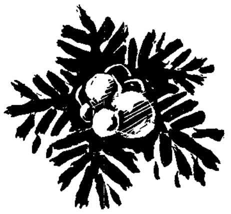
they were really buying time. Germany needed Switzerland's railroads to supply the *linea gotica*. The Swiss were going to destroy their railroad tracks and tunnels if Germany invaded, and the Germans knew it, but, even then, the war folklore had Switzerland's Army and not its railroad tracks or, for that matter, its docility keeping the Reich at bay. The Army, in fact, is at the heart of what writers like Meienberg call the "Federation folklore"—the folklore that creates a nation for people whose circles of identity weaken considerably the farther away they get from the solid core of their communities.

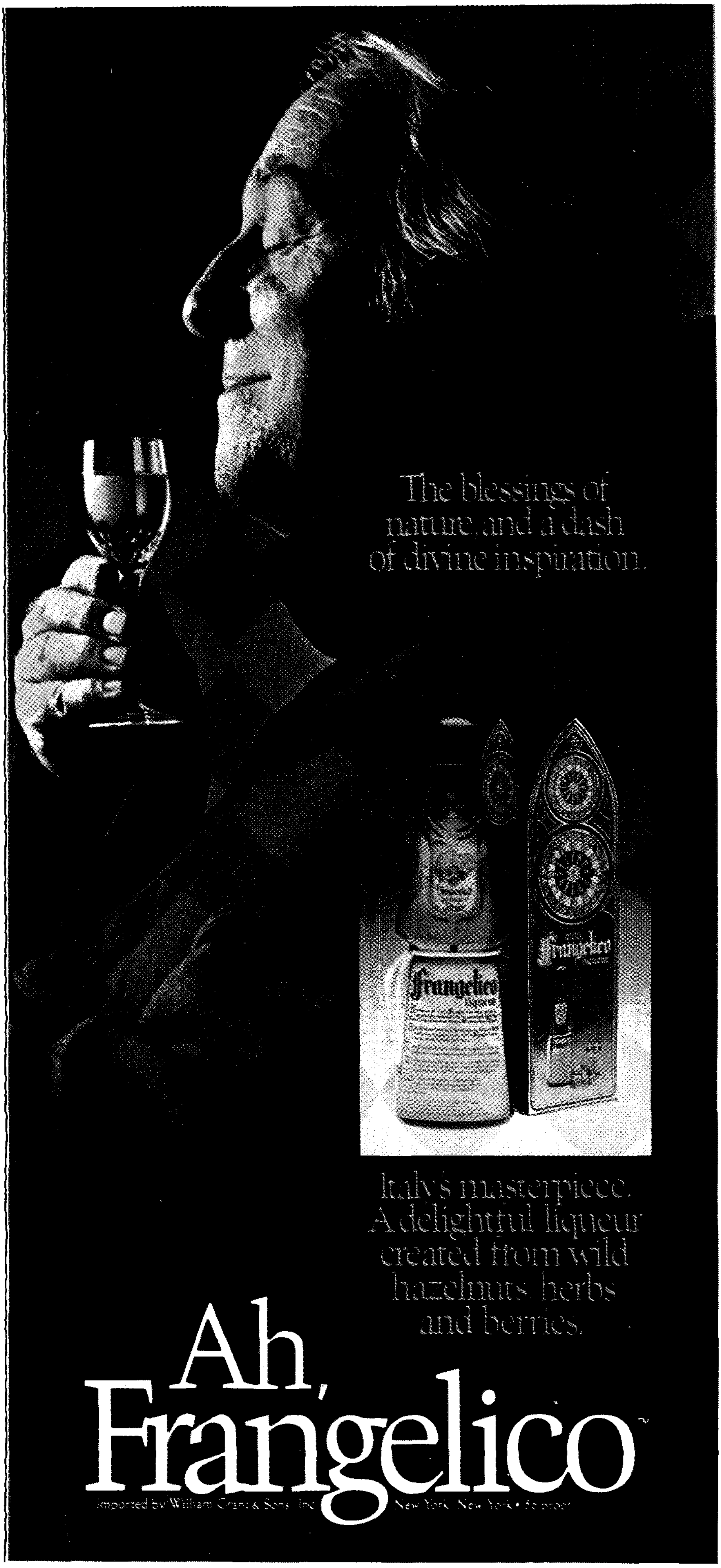
The Army here is a militia, a citizens' force convoked in 1817 and then, in 1848, written into the first Swiss Constitution. By now the Army has sixteen hundred career officers and takes up nearly nine per cent of the federal budget, but it is still, most importantly, a symbol of the Swiss citizen at arms, defending his family and his home. It is as much a part of the national zeitgeist as snowcapped mountains or brass cowbells or the soft rush of a brook through the Jura woods. Every ablebodied man in Switzerland is on active duty in the Army until at least the age of fifty. People with special skills or medical deferments can sometimes join the civil defense instead, but conscientious objectors go to jail. They are considered dangerously anti-social—and not simply by the Army. The Swiss took up the question of conscientious objectors three years ago in a national referendum and voted, by a sixty-two-per-cent majority, against any easing of the punishment. It is only foreigners who confuse Switzerland's neutrality with pacifism. Switzerland, at any given time, can call up a reserve of six hundred and forty thousand soldiers, and those soldiers will be ready for action, having put in four months of basic training and, depending on age and rank, one to three weeks of training most years after that. The Swiss are proud to be soldiers. They live with their rifles propped against the wall and their uniforms, cleaned and pressed, waiting in the bedroom closet, hearty players in the harmless drama of a great deterrent force in a country no one wants to attack, a country that has long since seen to its indispensability. War games are played with the high seriousness of amateur sports. They go on by the Zurich See and in the mountains of the Engadine and the quaint villages of the Bernese Oberland, where the grass is thick and soft and the good food gratifying after a day's maneuvers. They are a chance to get together for the militia captains and colonels and brigadier generals who otherwise sit in Parliament and on the boards of banks and of international conglomerates with headquarters in tiny "tax cantons" like Zug and Glarus and Graubünden. There is no conflict of interest for people in the Swiss Army because nearly every soldier is, technically, just a private citizen in the reserve. Gustav Däniker, who ran a big advertising and public-relations firm and had the Army for a client—along with a lot of other clients with Army contracts—is now a major general, training officers. He likes neutrality. He says that being Swiss is "like being on a bus without paying," and most people here would agree with Däniker that Switzerland has got the best of its bargain with a bad world.

While bigger countries plan for the eventuality of their wars, Switzerland plans for the eventuality of its survival. Civil defense amounts to an obsession here. People are passionate about their bomb shelters and about the barracks and storerooms and hospitals they build deep under the ground of their big cities or hollow out of their mountains. It is as if the discipline and sobriety and common sense that characterize respectable Swiss citizens from Heidi's grandfather to the clerks and accountants in Robert Walser's short stories had finally fulfilled themselves in the heady vision of a holocaust that the Swiss sit out, underground, administering intravenous glucose to each other, sharing Red Cross bandages and brandy, apportioning the food and the water and the comic books, and shooting anyone who comes pounding on their thick steel doors. It does not occur to many of the Swiss that a world which blows itself up might be a failed experiment, cosmically speaking—a world not worth surviving. The Swiss do not like to consider the possibility that the future belongs to the kinder folk of some as yet undiscovered "Star Wars" planet. For the past fourteen years, it has been illegal to build a house or office or hotel here—or any building where people live or work or come together



—without either putting in a private shelter or paying the city to provide one. There are shelters now for more than ninety-five per cent of the people in Zurich. The biggest shelter in town is a parking garage called the Urania, which can house ten thousand people in an emergency and includes among its many attractions a morgue and a police station complete with cells. Most people prefer their own shelters. Zurichers use them as laundry rooms or wine cellars, but they keep them stocked according to the three-hundred-and-twenty-page civil-defense manual that every household in Switzerland must own and that is itself one of the Federation's most engaging exercises in rhetoric, with a chapter headed "We Will Not Be Caught Napping" and lists of all the important "temptations" against constant vigilance—pacifist monks, for example, or citizens' initiatives to cut the military budget, or a Swiss version of the Mothers' Strike for Peace. There is even a demonstration shelter here, with heavy equipment on display and an "infirmary" full of wounded dummies, all of them painted bloody or black and blue, like Sicilian street-procession sculpture, and a permanent exhibit of drawings by Zurich's schoolchildren. Drawings of happy families playing cards together in their shelters while enemy planes drop hydrogen bombs on their houses. Drawings of mushroom clouds exploding in some lurid scribbled distance while Zurich sleeps, peaceful and secure and underground.

THE Swiss have never been very interested in one another's culture. Zurichers learn French in school and people in Geneva learn German, and then they diligently refuse to speak the language they have learned. It is not so strange to hear a couple of businessmen or students carry on for an hour in English because neither one wants to give in and accommodate the other. People in one part of Switzerland rarely read the books or magazines or papers of another region, or consult its scholarship, though intellectuals from the Suisse Romande have at least been trying to encourage some exchange. Writers here in Zurich never talk about an audience in Lausanne, say, or Fribourg. The recognition a Zurich writer wants is not from the Genevese who can read his German, or put it into French, but from the critics in Munich and Hamburg and Frankfurt. He would gladly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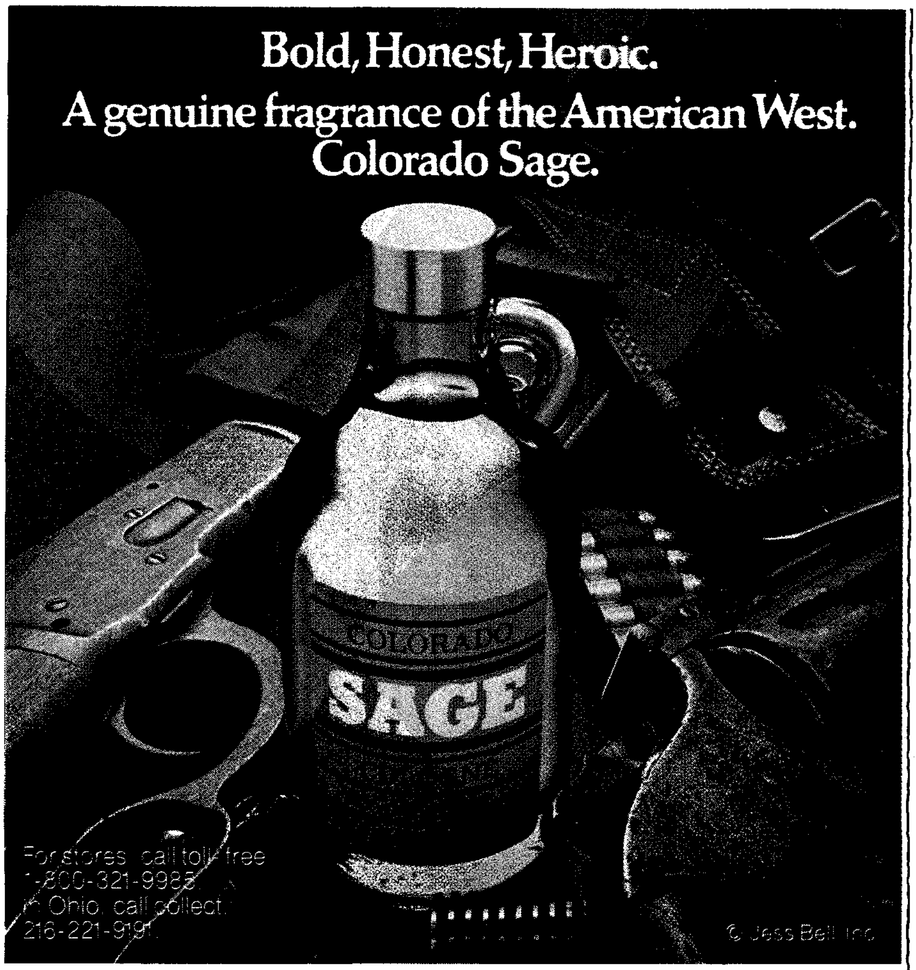
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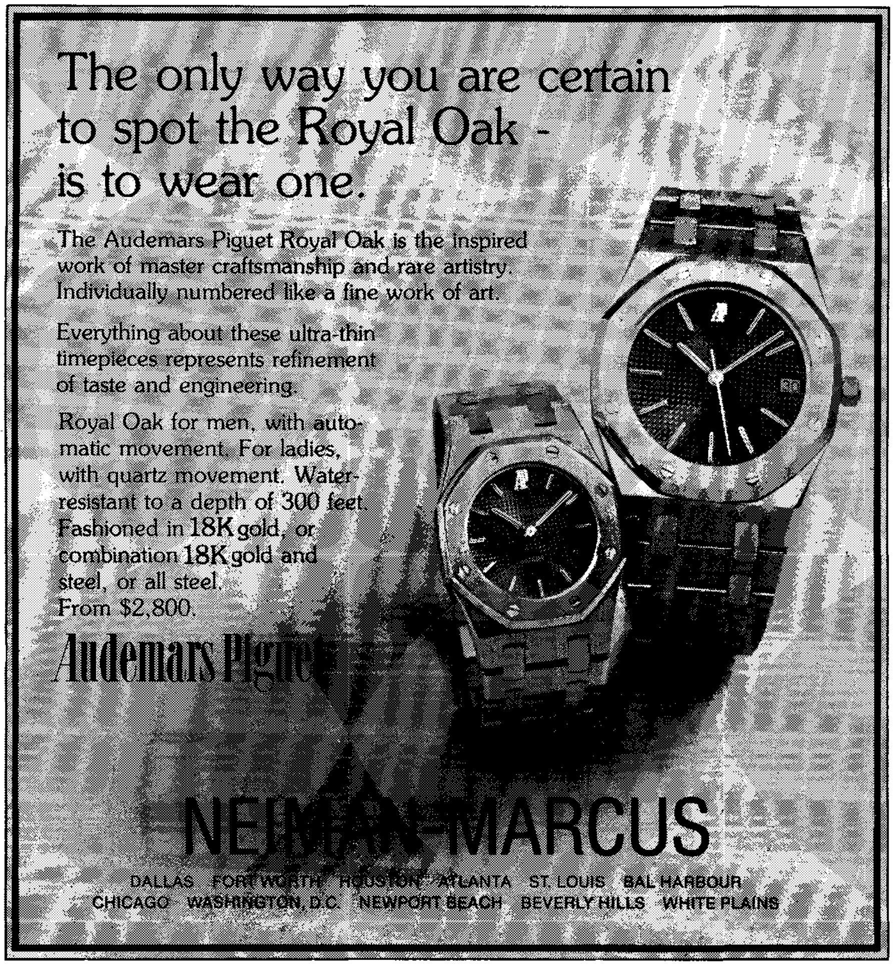
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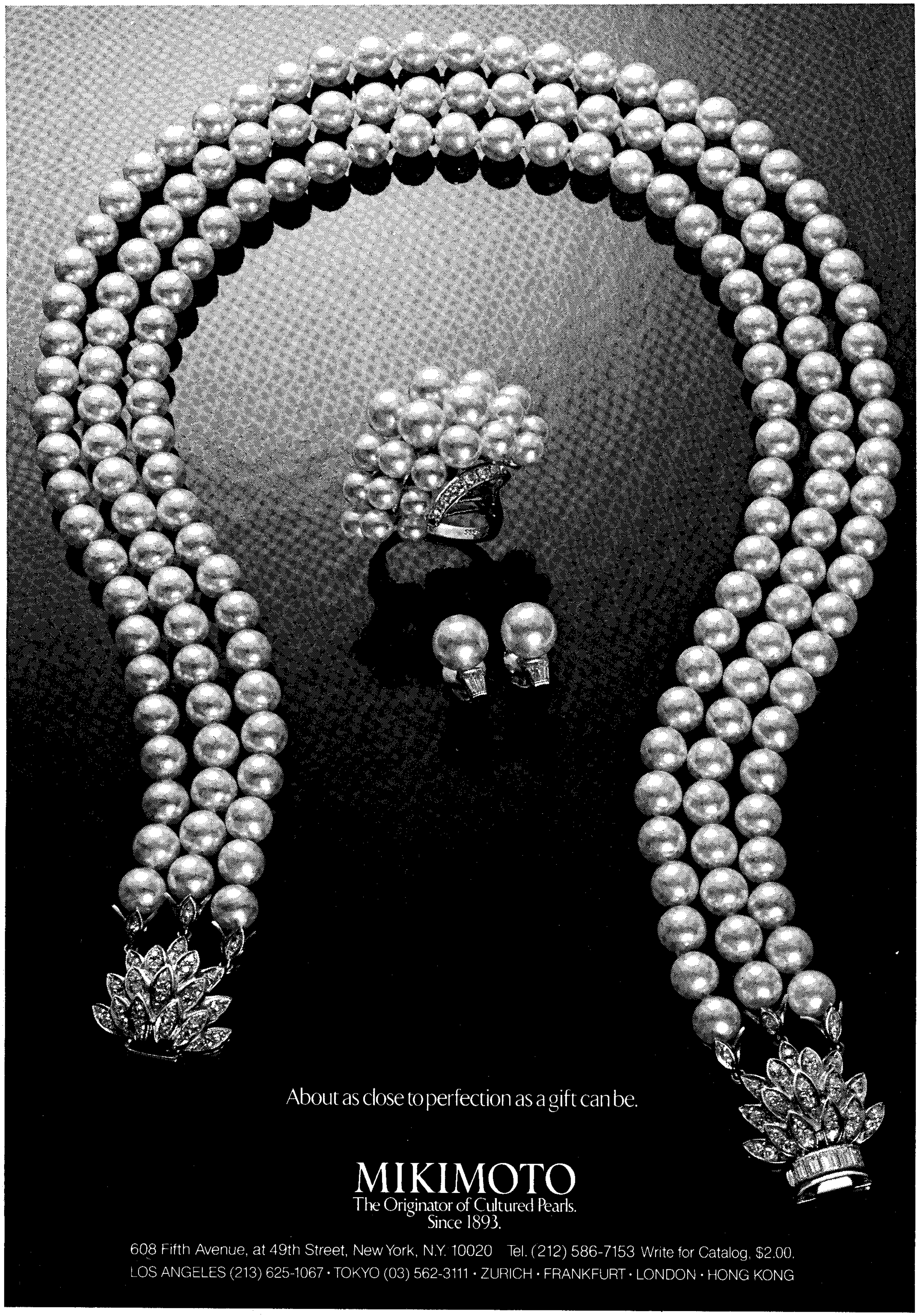
give up half of Switzerland for a place in the catalogue at Surkamp, the Frankfurt publishing house, which happens to be owned by a family of Swiss merchant traders and consequently supports a lot of German-Swiss writers.

Some of the most interesting artists in the country now are filmmakers—people like Alain Tanner and Yves Yersin in Geneva and Rolf Lyssy and Thomas Koerfer in Zurich. In a way, the filmmakers have been forced together, forced to be "Swiss," and not simply because of the high cost of making movies but because the images they explore are bound to be images that all Swiss recognize. Koerfer, who is one of the youngest of the new filmmakers, calls them "images of citizenship"—images of landscape, say, like the Alps, which have been associated for so long with the country's most traditional values that they are narrow, partisan, nearly political images by now and need to be rediscovered to be seen freely.

Some of those images, like the values they announce, are close to caricature. Youngsters here were not as silly and rhetorical as they first seemed when they talked about "liberating the images of Zurich" and then took off their clothes to streak, naked, past the opulent shops of the Limmatquai—which is what a lot of them did last summer. What turned into a kind of teen-age guerrilla war here, with the riots this fall, began really as guerrilla theatre: a couple of hundred kids "occupied" the steps of the Zurich Opera House and made a nuisance of themselves and a mess of everybody else by pelting the city's best-dressed opera lovers with eggs and tomatoes. Zurich was about to vote a special grant of sixty million francs to restore the opera, and these *Schlüsselkinder*, as the Swiss sometimes call them—most of them already offered up to the tedium of trade schools and apprenticeships that are still the tradition in a country where less than seven per cent of the population goes to a university—wanted a grant of their own for what they could only describe as an "autonomous youth center." The fact is that Zurich, with just three-quarters of a million people—half that in the township proper—and an annual culture budget larger than New York City's, had never really bothered much about enlightening or even entertaining its youngsters. Money to turn an old, red brick I.T.T. factory, across the lake, into a kind of open community center



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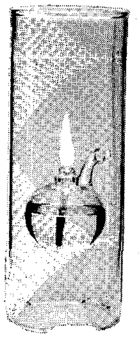

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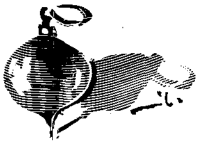
had been channelled and rechannelled, when it arrived at all, and by this year most of the "Red Factory" was in use as ateliers and workshops for "established" artists and directors, and as commercial craft studios. The one big room that the local youngsters wanted for their rock concerts had been turned over to the Zurich Opera as a set storeroom. What they got, instead, after their protests this summer was a few months' lease on a condemned warehouse in one of the seediest neighborhoods in town.



The youngsters who have done most of the rioting here are not very articulate as to what exactly they do want from an "autonomous" center. Some want their own studio and theatre space. Some want the rock concerts they were promised. Some want a safe house for selling dope. Some simply want to get away from their parents, because apartments are so scarce and so expensive in Zurich lately that most young people have to live at home until they marry and have children of their own. They are not really a group at all, and it seems to be against their principles to choose leaders to negotiate for them, but the city fathers could easily have calmed them down with a little understanding and appreciation of the rankling boredom of their lives as baby Swiss citizens. Instead, the generation that had sat out the Second World War quite literally rose to this one. People saw the glass of broken windows on the Bahnhofstrasse and talked, darkly, about a new Kristallnacht. They treated their children like the vanguard of a foreign army. For a while, they even managed to embarrass the police, who tried to ignore the worst of their orders and actually talked their way out of one showdown in the middle of the bridge from Bellevueplatz to Bürkliplatz which would have ended up with everybody in the river. But the mayor and his council saw to it that the police met the next demonstrations with armored personnel carriers and rubber bullets and blasts of tear gas that hung in the humid summer air and provided tourists with the amazing sight of Zurich's bourgeoisie weeping copiously into its *Geschnetzeltes mit Rösti* at the city's best restaurants. Zurich is still in a state of shock. Not fear but shock. The police have settled into what hundreds of the Zurichers who have been injured or arrested this fall say is a stubborn and routine brutality, patrolling the city in their battle gear, scaring passersby, chasing anybody in a funny sweatshirt or a pair of old bluejeans off the streets. The biggest department store on the Bahnhofstrasse has started an advertising boycott, cutting its ads in newspapers like the *Tages Anzeiger* that do not take up the call for *Ruhe und Ordnung* as enthusiastically as the merchants think they might be doing. Good citizens now talk about censoring the press. They find it reasonable that the editor of the *Thurgauer Zeitung* should lose his job for refusing to fire four controversial writers. They are not overly concerned that the local minister of education should try to seize a videotape of the Opera House demonstration which a group of anthropology students from the university made for their "community media project," or that the district attorney may have shot the earlobe off a demonstrator who "provoked" him, or that the police chief in Lausanne, say, or the manager of a dress shop here in Zurich should lose *his* job for protesting the harshness of the official response to a couple of hundred angry and confused youngsters. People in Switzerland identify profoundly with their conventions. Social distress is unimaginable to them, and so they call it criminal.

IT is not surprising that Zurich supports five important psychoanalytical institutes and many of their graduating psychoanalysts. People here save their eccentricities for the couch. Unhappiness shames them. They have based too many of their institutions—from the Swiss family to Swiss democracy—on a conviction that those institutions will reflect not the compromises of individuals living together but a kind of sublime accord. They tend to believe in "the people against the person," as one of the local psychoanalysts put it—in a collective will as solid as any of their mountains or their shelters.

Democracy in Switzerland does not really involve the concept of an opposition. The half-dozen major parties vary so much from town to town, from canton to canton, that they stand mainly for a lot of inherited local networks under common names. Officially, the Social Democrats in Switzerland have a popular majority and the conservative parties—from the Freisinnige Party of the old business

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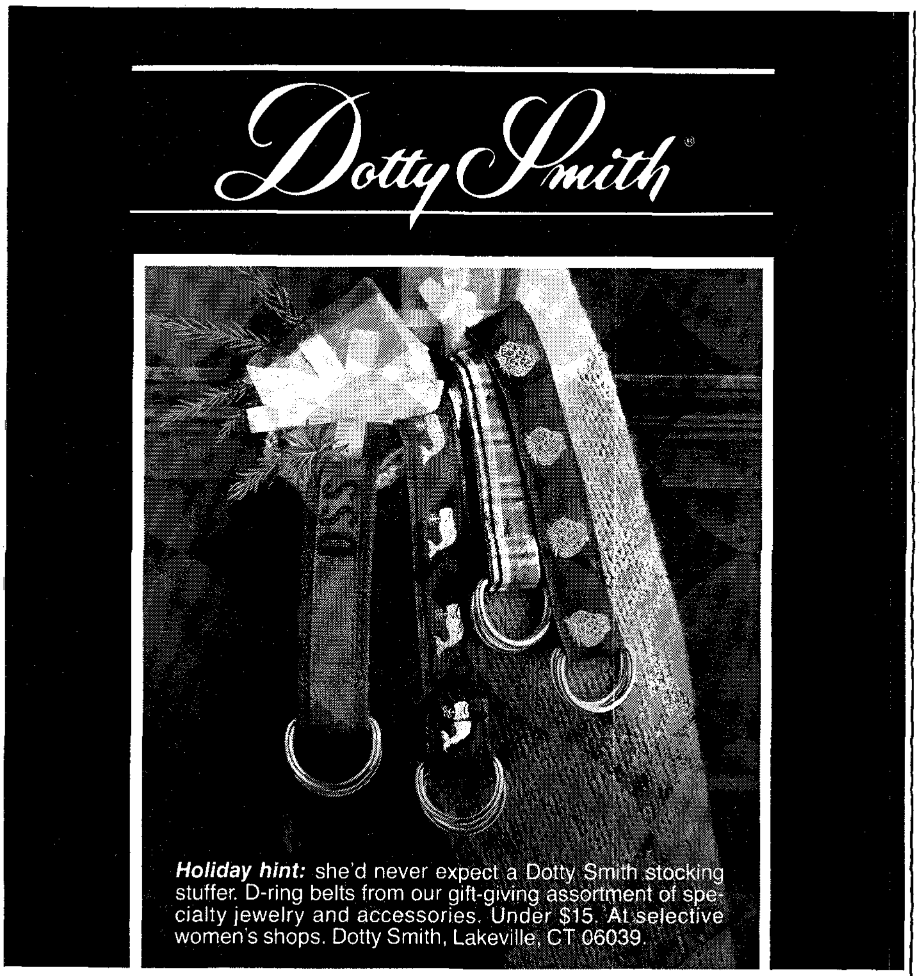
establishment to the various Christian *Volksparteien*—have a majority coalition in Parliament, but none of this makes much difference in the end because the parties have long since agreed to agree on nearly everything. They run Switzerland together. The conservative coalition in Bern does not "hold" power against a Social Democratic opposition. Its leadership is not, technically, in office. There is no prime minister, and the Swiss Presidency is mainly ceremonial, a way of getting someone to sign letters and to meet other peoples' presidents on their state visits and give dinner parties for delegations from the Chinese writers' union. The job passes, yearly, from minister to minister on the Federal Council—a kind of permanent "emergency government" which, by parliamentary formula, always includes two Social Democrats, two Freisinnige conservatives, two Christian Democrats, and one farmer from the Swiss People's Party. It is a formula that gives Switzerland, in effect, a collective Presidency. The Swiss, in Rousseau's phrase, are a "passionately reasonable" people. They prefer to wait out the working life of a fool or a martinet on the Federal Council than to encourage trouble at the heart of the benign and oligarchic family that is their government. They have not even bothered to provide themselves with procedures for bringing down a government they disapprove of—no parliamentary no-confidence votes, no national referenda on the subject. Having settled once on a fairly acceptable balance of power and interest, they are unlikely to change their voting habits any faster than they changed the time on the famous cathedral clock in Basel, which, according to Boswell, ran an hour ahead of the rest of Switzerland for centuries while the town councillors debated the pros and cons, the risks and satisfactions and consequences, of resetting it.

Most of Switzerland works like that—"making haste slowly," as they say here. There are still two cantons where only the men vote, and in five of the country cantons the citizens still gather in a ring, a *Landsgemeinde*, once a year to make laws and elect their leaders by a show of hands. Hundreds of towns and villages are run by meetings, too, including a hundred and thirty-eight of the hundred and seventy-one little *Gemeinden* in the canton of Zurich. Zurich's own mayor, Sigmund—or "Sigi"—Widmer, is a history teacher from the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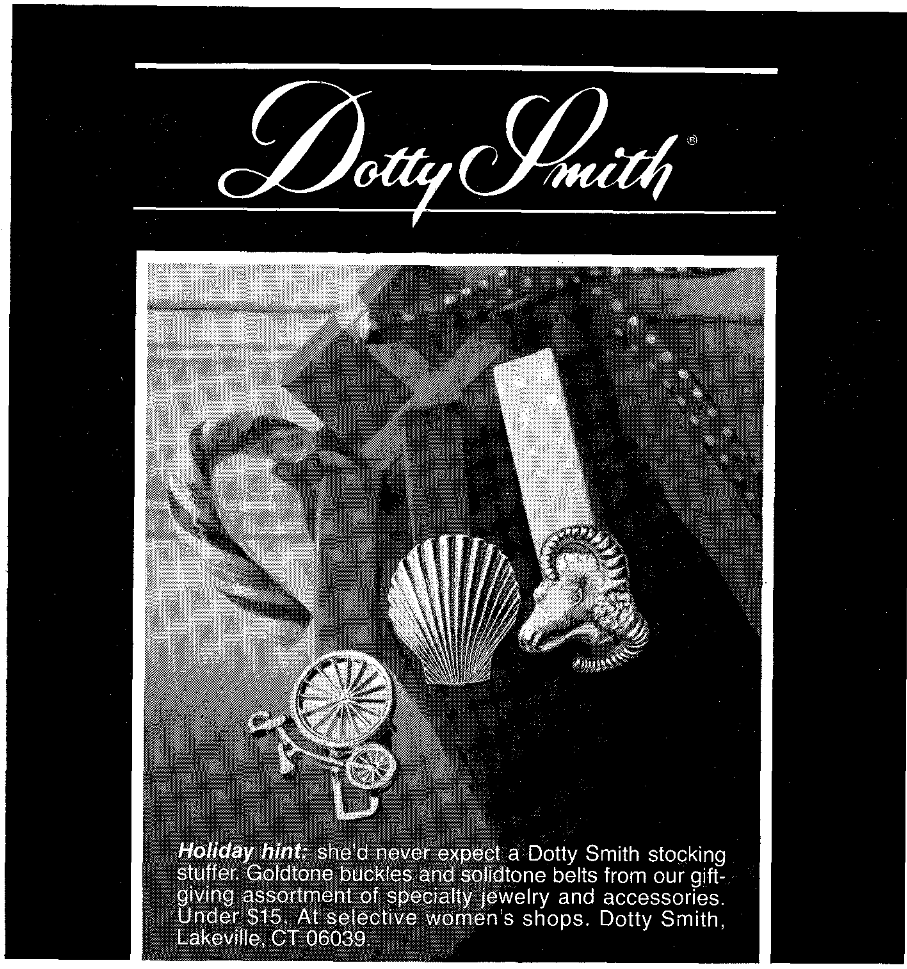

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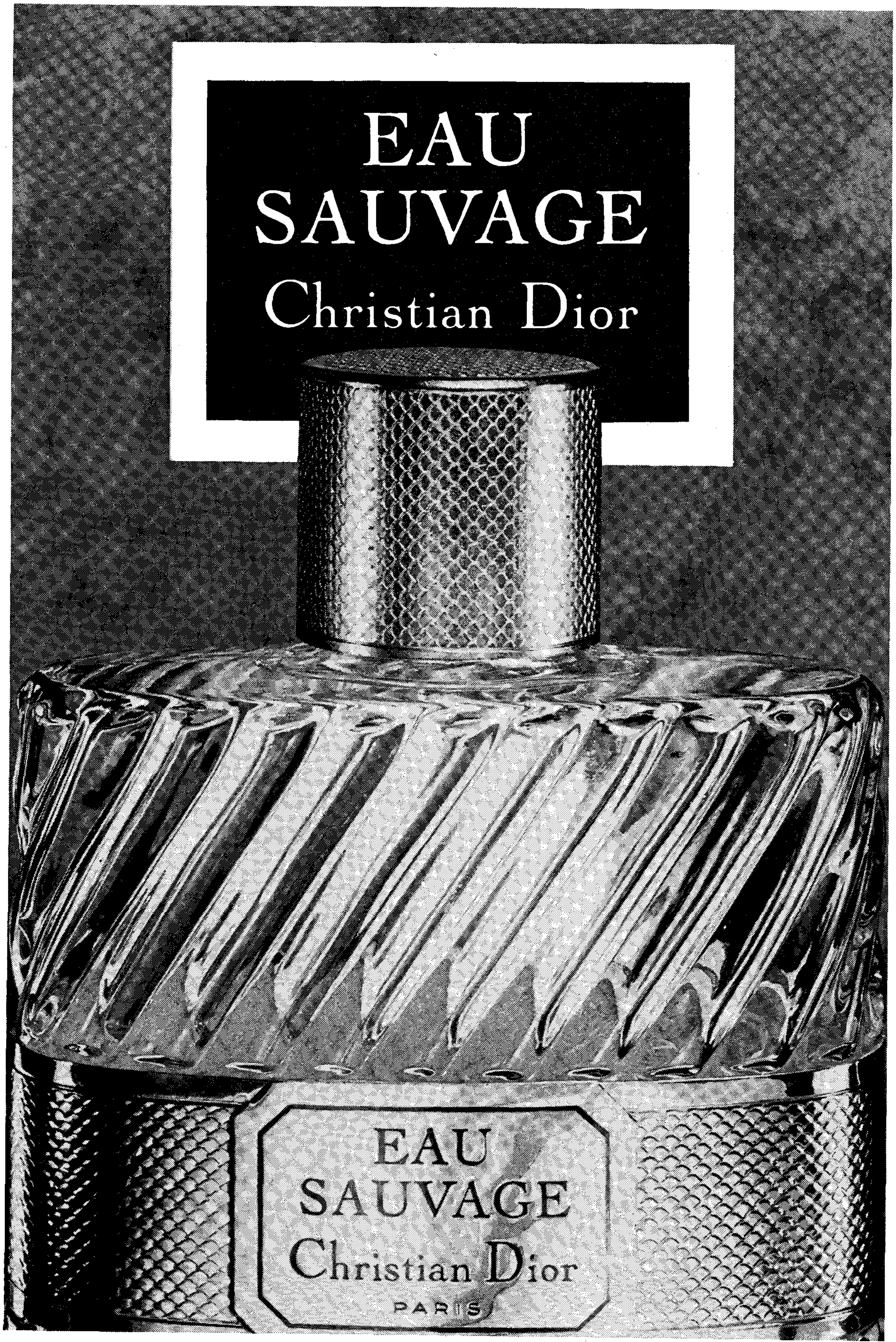
Landesring, the party of the Swiss consumer movement, who governs the banking capital of the world as if it were a fairly successful cottage industry with a union problem.

The politics in Switzerland are homely and lively and collusive. People forfeit opposition policies because they know, in the end, that their security and their wealth depend on the confidence they inspire elsewhere. They are the happy family in a world of divorces. They do not expect their parliaments or councils to argue out their differences for the public record any more than they expect their wives to contradict them at a dinner party. The political fights are fought, and the consensus hammered out, by "pre-parliamentary commissions" of lobbyists from the five economic-interest groups—farmers, employers, the banking and industrial élite, the Schweizerischer Gewerkschaftsbund, and the federation of small businesses and trades—that are called "peak associations" here. And inasmuch as those lobbyists are often deputies or senators, too, the arrangement tends to give a few hundred people most of the political and economic power in the country. The Swiss normally do not talk about this much. Jean Ziegler, a sociologist and armchair radical and, officially, Social Democratic deputy from a town in the Suisse Romande, wrote a book about Swiss multinational involvement in the Third World—"Une Suisse au-dessus de Tout Soupçon"—and upset everybody so much that even the secret policemen tailing him around Bern will occasionally break into his conversations to scold him. It is not so much Ziegler's hyperbole or even his arrogance that seems to distress the Swiss. It is his indiscretion. He is one of the few politicians on the Swiss left to actually behave like a member of an opposition, and so no one in any party trusts him to keep the family closets closed. His colleagues say that he was hustling Switzerland's secrets for his own celebrity when he wrote his book. They are not talking about Nestlé's eight-hundred-million-franc-a-year profit or about the balance sheets of a few Swiss holding companies. The secret is that people in Africa or South America might be suffering some to keep those balance sheets healthy.

THERE is a public-relations man in Zurich named Ernst Cincera who circulates a blacklist telling his clients who the latest leftists are, what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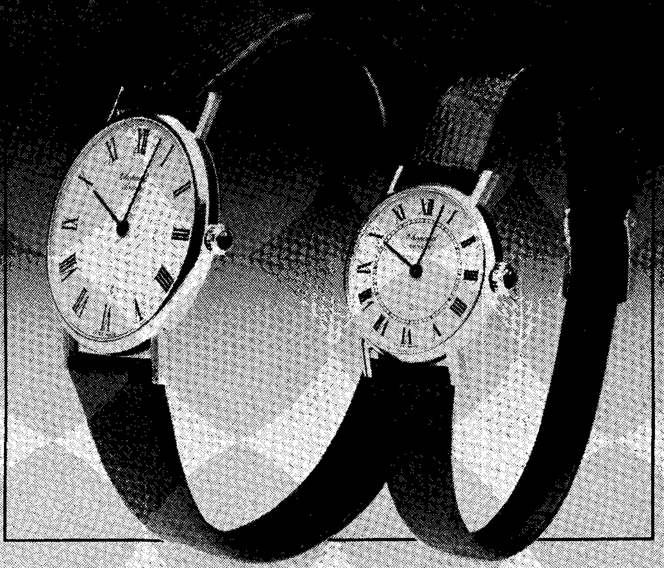

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journalists are subversive, whom to boycott, whom to fire. Cincera and his staff provide a kind of unofficial espionage service on behalf of the people Americans used to call a silent majority and the Swiss call a preventive minority. These are the people who can be counted on to vote no on a referendum to liberalize family law, say, or strengthen the Constitution—the people who keep the country from progressive excesses and who therefore want to have on hand the name of the cartoonist whose William Tell betrayed a suspicious disrespect for the national hero. They have to look hard to find much real subversion here. Youth riots like Zurich's have little to do with the sort of healthy, subversive spirit that creates an avant-garde of its own in art or politics. The claustrophobia of the young is real, but it is not the mountains or the foehn that shuts them in—it is a kind of suffocating contentment around them. They long for friction. Life is good here in such obvious ways that they seem a little crazy, even to themselves, when they complain about it. They cannot point to anything specific, like poverty or oppression, to corroborate their unease. They can only sense that the complacent, collusive citizenship all around them is unnatural to their young age, that a social contract so coolly and successfully elaborated as Switzerland's can be the triumph of their society and still leave other kinds of liberty unexplored.

Certainly no one else seems to complain here. Most of the five hundred thousand workers in the country's labor unions keep to a no-strike policy the unions made in 1937, and it is usually metalworkers from the Suisse Romande, with old anarcho-syndicalist roots, who try to strike now and then, if only to keep the tradition going. Collective bargaining here was once described by Beat Kappeler, the young Economic Secretary of the Gewerkschaftsbund, as a yearly ritual in which "no one adventures and no one loses." The unions settle for modest raises—about two per cent a year lately—and reasonable cost-of-living guarantees, and sometimes seem to be more alarmed than industry about the way the appreciation of the franc cuts into industry profits. Workers voted recently against a shorter workday for themselves—"in the best interests of the economy," they told the newspapers—and supported a referendum to increase the price of bread. It is impossible to imagine this

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sort of forbearance in Britain, say, or Italy, but Swiss workers get a lot for it. They get practically guaranteed employment. (The unemployment rate in Switzerland is 0.2 per cent.) They get an economy that can still absorb the shock of having its currency almost triple in price since 1973—after forty years of a fixed exchange rate of 4.30 francs to the dollar. They get an inflation rate that rarely goes past two or three per cent and a per-capita income of $15,455.

Of course, Swiss workers are highly skilled workers. There is no real underclass, no Swiss lumpenproletariat besides the few thousand rural women who still work for sweatshop wages in the country's textile mills. The Swiss import their underclass. Base labor is Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Yugoslav, and now Turkish. Some of it is even French. One in every six people in Switzerland is a foreigner. Some three hundred thousand of the foreigners are agency bureaucrats and businessmen and tax exiles, but seven hundred thousand are workers, and they are subject to one of the harshest immigration policies in Europe.

Six years ago, there were nearly a million *Gastarbeiter* here. The Swiss have sent about three hundred thousand of them home since the oil crisis—which amounts to twelve per cent of the labor force—because, like most of industrial Europe, the Swiss discovered that they could buy their oil with the money they saved firing foreigners. The day workers and the workers who cross the border from France or Italy or West Germany on nine-month visas, without their families, had no claims on the state at all. The contract workers, or *Jahresaufenthalter*, were simply let go when their contracts expired, or, at best, kept on just short of the ten-year stay that would have given them the right to residency permits and eventually—if they could pay for it—citizenship. The Swiss have already had three national referenda on proposals to expel foreigners. They voted on the first one in 1970, long before Switzerland had to worry about its oil or about exports no one could afford because a pricey franc was making everything Swiss so expensive. The referendum then was the brainchild of a small right-wing party called National Action, which was fairly insignificant in itself but evidently tapped a xenophobic strain in the Swiss, because forty-six per cent of them voted in favor of throwing out foreign work-

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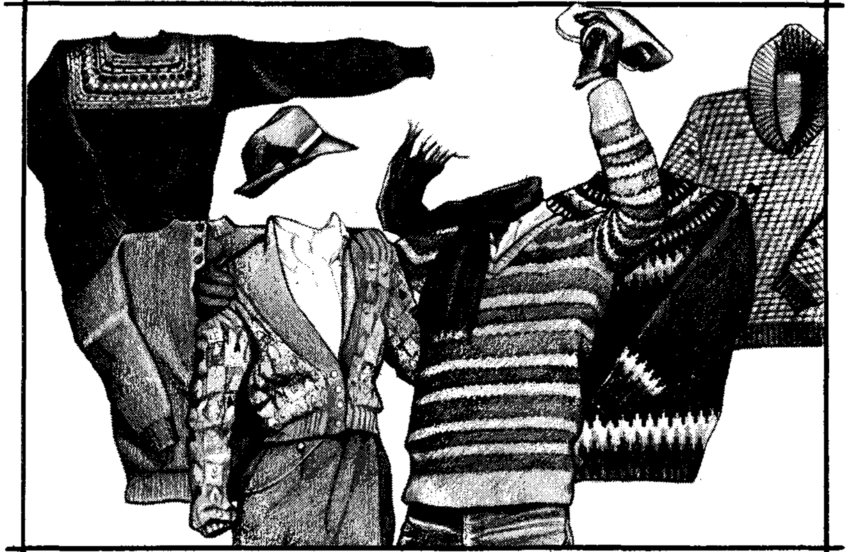

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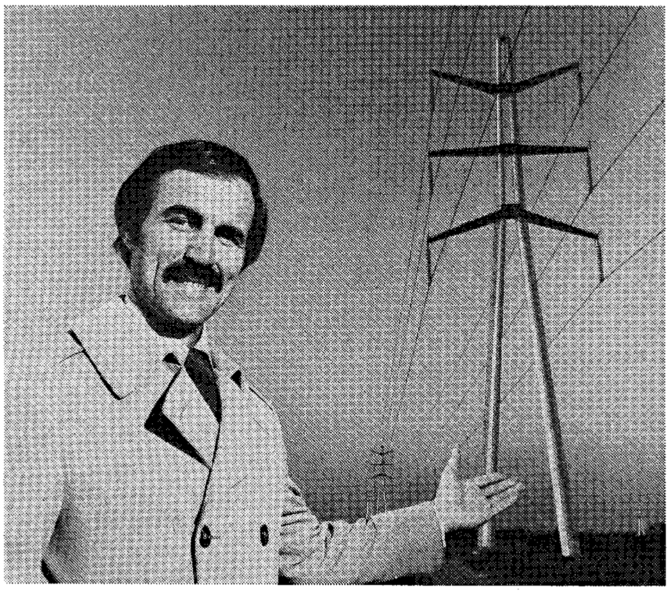

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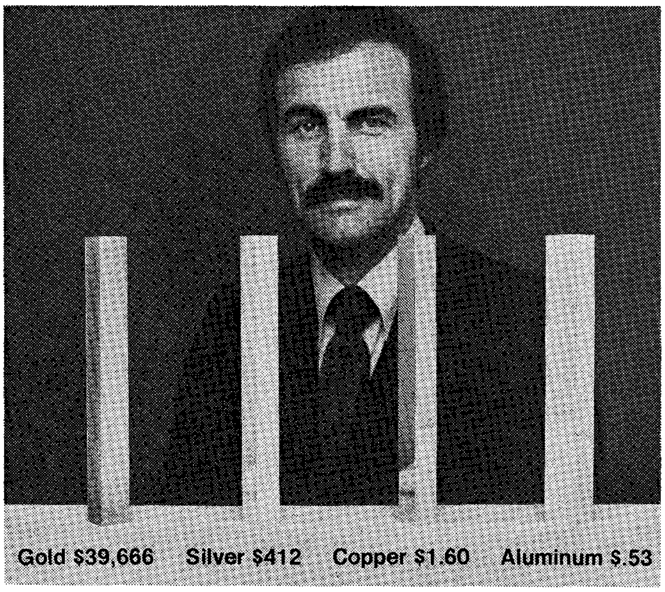

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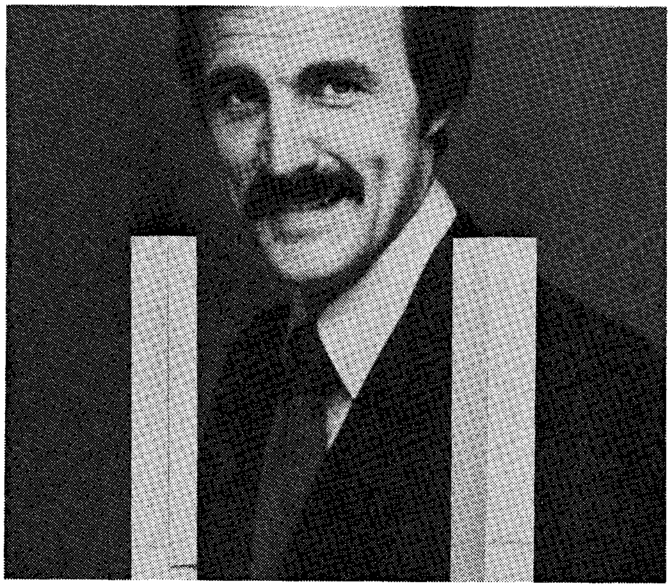

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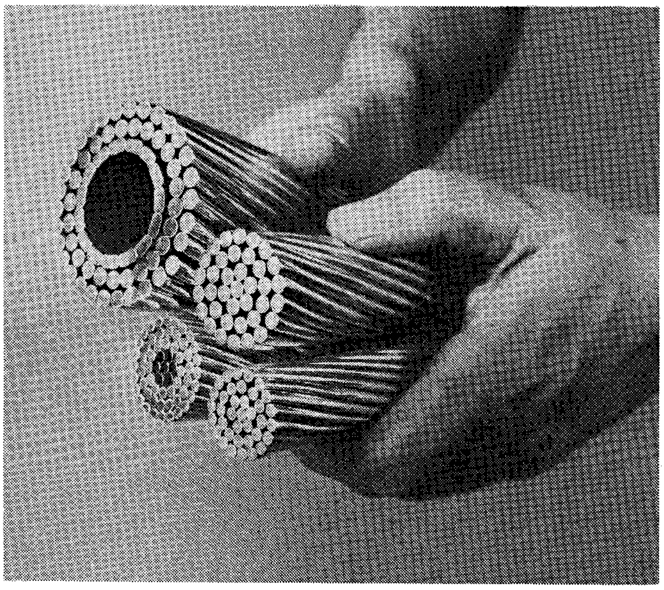

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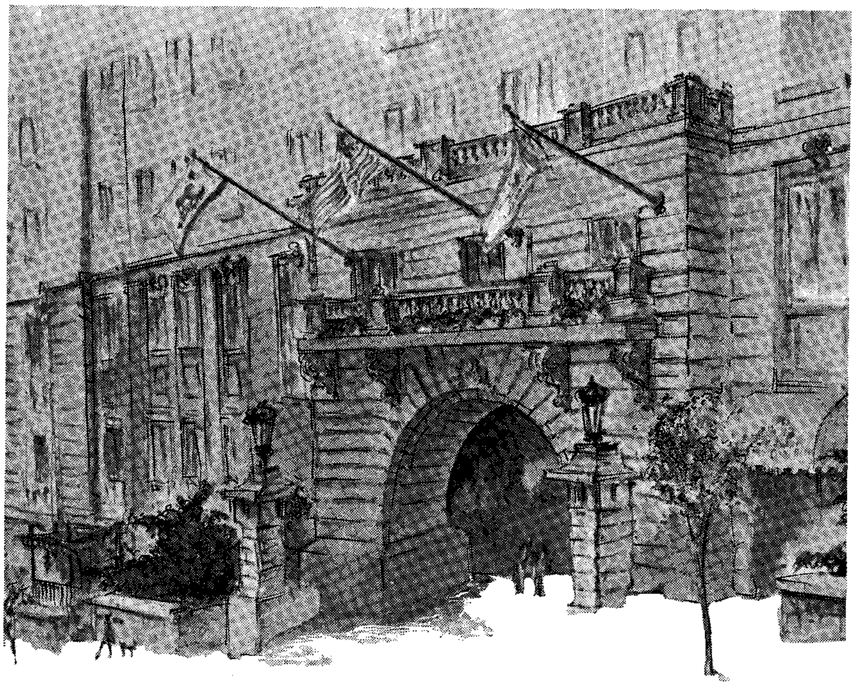
ers. It is a mark of either progress or prosperity that at the last of these referenda, in 1977, only a third of the people who voted said yes.

The Swiss are always voting. They are so worn down by their direct democracy—with its citizens' initiatives and its referenda—that a lot of people who have had to put in their first few Sundays as grownups at the polls, trying to make sense of a bewildering variety of local and cantonal and federal proposals, have simply stopped voting on anything but their own particular enthusiasms. The canton of Schaffhausen now makes its pin money fining citizens who do *not* vote—a kind of reverse poll tax or, more accurately, a luxury tax on staying home. Men who campaigned bitterly against letting women vote will say that they were protecting the gentle sex from the terrible burdens and responsibilities of citizenship, but it is possible that they were just making sure of a woman in the house to cook the Sunday dinner. Only forty-one per cent of the voters showed up for a referendum on taking three northern districts from the canton of Bern and creating a new canton, called Jura, for the sixty-seven thousand French-speaking Catholic peasants and watchmakers who lived there, but the Swiss considered that a good turnout—reflecting the fact that the creation of a canton was a serious and highly emotional business, involving self-determination and religious liberty and the tremendous job of dismantling and redesigning the dome of the Bundeshaus rotunda, with its stained-glass cantonal crests, to include the new crest of Jura.

THERE is no Supreme Court, in the sense of a constitutional court, in Switzerland. The Federal Court sitting in Lausanne can comment on the constitutionality of laws, but it cannot rule on them, and so the Constitution itself has become a kind of working brief, always redescribing and redefining its authority. By now, it is a bulging document. Legislators often carry it around in a scrapbook, with paste-ups of the ninety amendments that have passed the majority of Swiss people and Swiss cantons since the last constitutional revision, in 1874. The rule of thumb—in a system where any piece of legislation is put to a popular vote if its opponents can collect fifty thousand signatures—is that the government is going to be more liberal than parliament, and par-



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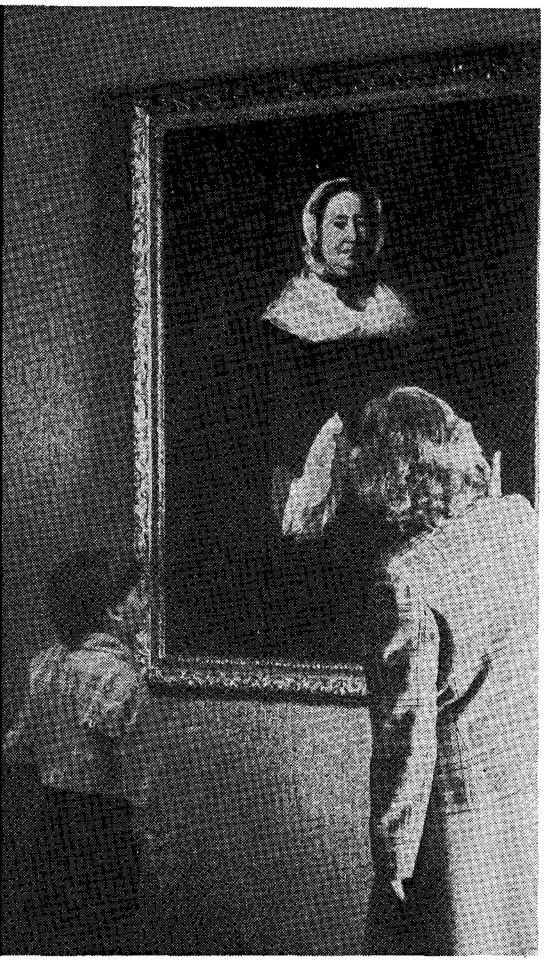

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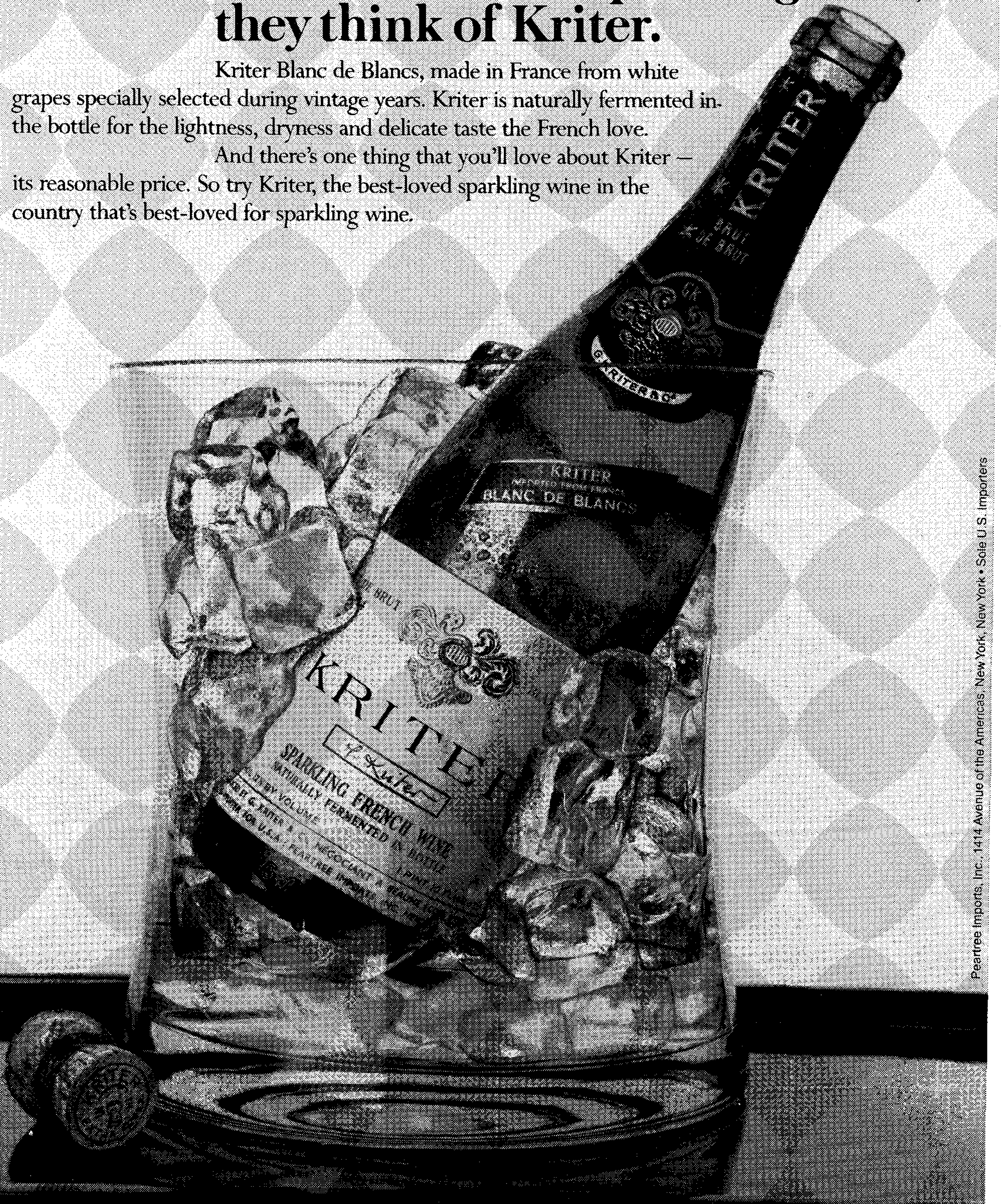
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liament is going to be more liberal than the people. "Preventive minority" is delicate, as descriptions go, since most Swiss consider it a duty to vote down anything that comes from Bern. They reject some sixty per cent of the laws put to them, and still more constitutional amendments, because constitutional amendments mainly broaden the jurisdiction of the federal government and the cantons get to vote them down even if the country as a whole likes them. It took fifteen years for Switzerland to pass a federal civil code. The federal penal code took twenty-four years. Work on a new Constitution began in 1965 and is unlikely to satisfy everybody in Switzerland till sometime into the next century. Actually, the Swiss reject their own proposals even more often than the government's. They have not said yes to a citizens' initiative—which is a way of changing the Constitution through a referendum organized by a grass-roots group, like the ecologists, or by a political party—in thirty years.

There is undeniably something moving about the ruddy elders of Appenzell or the velvet-vested cowherds of the Oberland or even the portly burghers of Zurich walking out on a Sunday after church to make a solemn choice about the cost of bread or the right of the federal government to cut a hiking path through their canton or the wisdom of establishing a federal riot police or of abortions on demand or nuclear power plants or a ban on cars the second Sunday of every month. This exhausting exercise in citizenship takes place in the more folkloric reaches of Swiss democracy. It sets a kind of moral landscape for Switzerland's real business—a Reformation landscape, out of Max Weber, for a country that sells its nuclear technology to places like Pakistan and Argentina and wants to export its own spent fuel before any radioactivity can leak into the fresh Swiss air, a country that pays its deputies only twenty or thirty thousand francs a year in the knowledge that most of them will make up for it in one of the Swiss-registered banks or companies which, by *code d'obligation*, have to have a "fifty-one per cent resident" board of directors.

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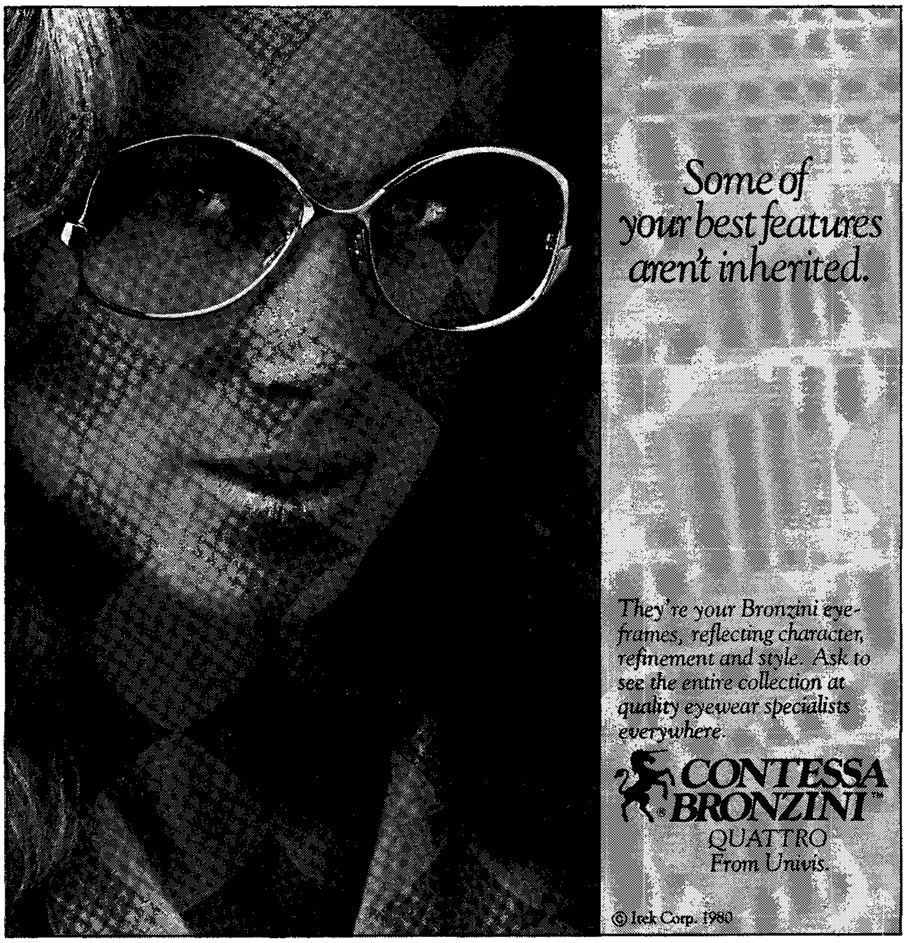

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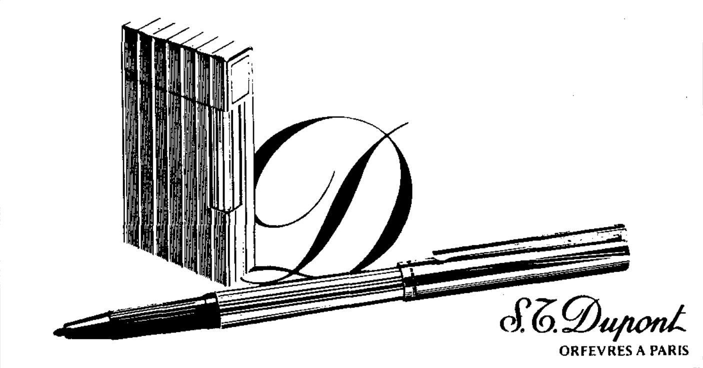

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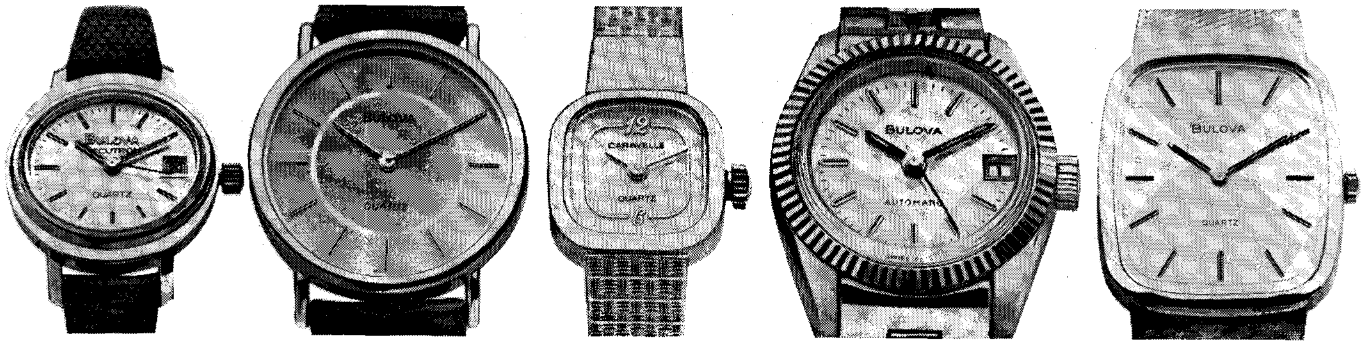

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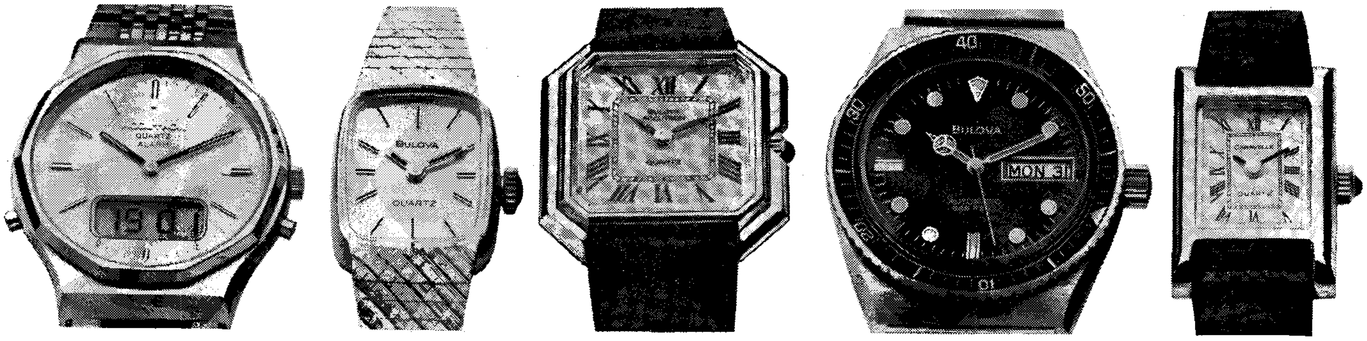

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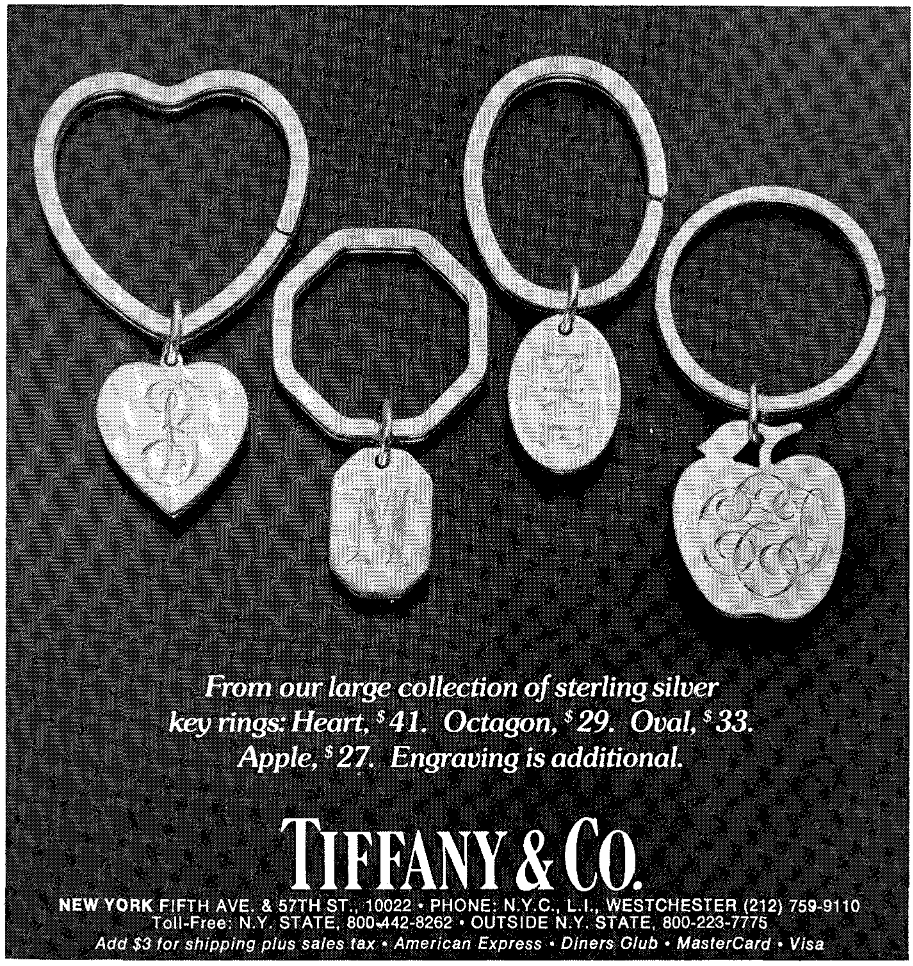
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among them. About eighty thousand people work in those banks. Their total assets come to four hundred and forty billion francs, which is more than twice Switzerland's gross national product, and half of that money is in the accounts of foreigners—a house of bank cards built on what the Swiss call "the principle of confidentiality" and "the freedom of currency exchange," or laundering and hiding money. Lately, there has been pressure on the banks from American tax collectors chasing mafiosi, but it is still up to the tax collectors to prove a degree of criminal intent if they want figures, and even then the most they can get from the banks is figures, not cash. Flight capital, in any event, will arrive, by routes that make it possible for an honest Swiss banker to avoid knowing who the worst of his clients are.

Honest Swiss bankers are really office managers at heart—bureaucratic and fussy. They prefer to think of the banking apparatus here as a kind of social service, not as a marketplace for felons and fiddlers and tax fugitives and money hawkers. The gnomes of Zurich, left to their own common sense, would never have dropped the gold standard seven years ago. Edwin Stopper, who was head of the Swiss National Bank at the time, was evidently shocked into a heart attack by the dollar float, and soon retired to the relative calm of the Bank Leu, which is merely the sixth- or seventh-biggest bank in the country. Stopper complained then that the Swiss franc was going to replace gold as a standard and that this would put a burden on the franc—which is in short supply in the best of circumstances—inflating its value to satisfy a market of speculators and leaving the domestic economy in a "disagreeable and even irritating" position. This, of course, is what happened. Swiss businessmen had to risk their reserves to meet costs and stay at all competitive on the world market, and since then Swiss bankers have had to orchestrate their policies like conductors—playing on themes and restraints and resolutions to keep the franc steady and at the same time keep the foreign capital in Switzerland fluid. Last year, with too much foreign money on their hands, they put a hundred-thousand-franc limit on foreign accounts. The law of the moment read that foreign depositors had forty-eight hours in which to invest "productively" any capital over that hundred thousand—which meant in gold or in Swiss bonds or shares in Swiss compa-

Managing Chemical Wastes

What the chemical industry is doing to improve waste-disposal methods

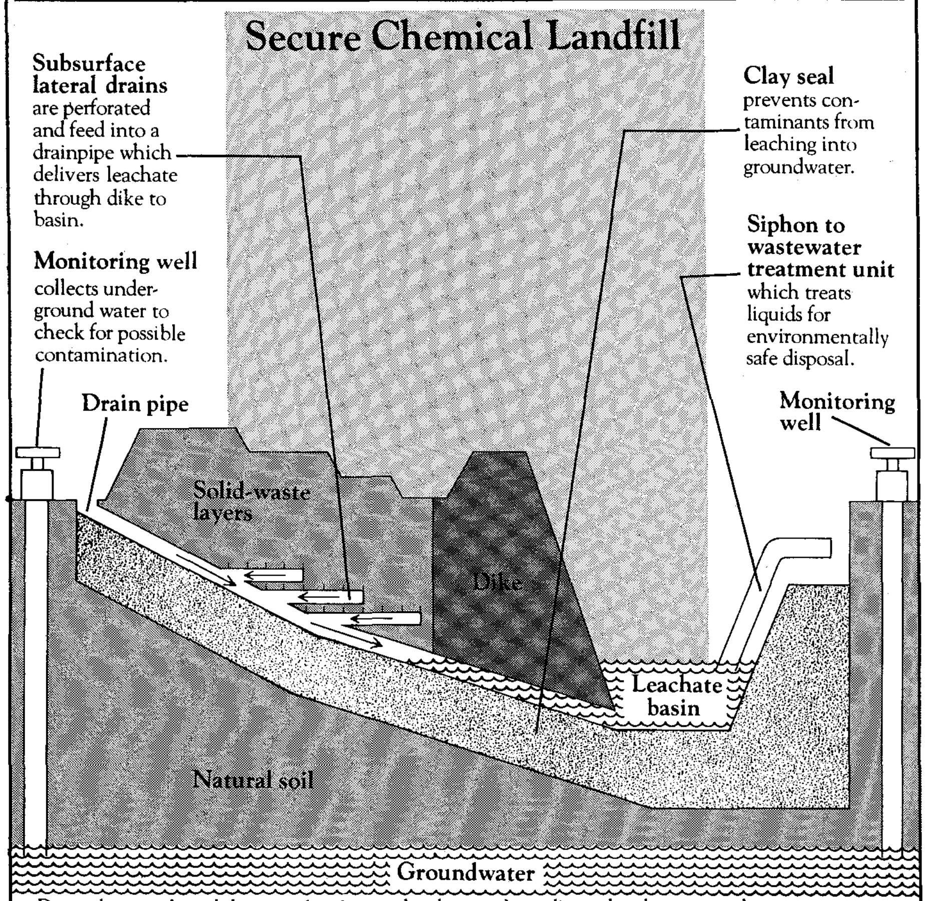
America's chemical companies have already invested hundreds of millions of dollars in safer, better waste-disposal methods. We'll spend over $2 *billion* more on waste-disposal facilities in the next two years. Here's how we're advancing the "state of the art":

1. Eliminating wasteful processes

We're redesigning manufacturing processes and improving efficiency. We're adding on-line treatment systems to neutralize, reduce in volume or change the nature of waste by-products. We're also using recovery techniques that let us recycle wastes back into the production process. One company, for example, is salvaging phenol, used to manufacture plastics, pharmaceuticals and other useful products.

2. Building secure landfills

Secure landfills have a barrier that keeps wastes from seeping out into groundwater and keeps groundwater from migrating through the landfill. Other features may include facilities for recycling liquids or a wastewater treatment unit to clean up liquids for safe disposal. Landfills—if *properly* designed, operated and monitored—are one of the best ways to dispose of many kinds of solid wastes.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Monitoring well collects underground water to check for possible contamination.
Drain pipe
Solid-waste layers
Dike
Clay seal prevents contaminants from leaching into groundwater.
Siphon to wastewater treatment unit which treats liquids for environmentally safe disposal.
Monitoring well
Leachate basin
Natural soil
Groundwater

Depending on the solid waste, the chemical industry selects disposal techniques such as incineration, by-product recovery, stabilization or secure landfill design to protect the environment.

3. Continuing industry commitment

We were finding ways to manage solid wastes long before the nation recognized the need for better waste-disposal methods. In fact, we already had much of the required waste-disposal technology and remedial strategies in place—or being developed—when Congress passed the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act of 1976, which sets forth strict waste-disposal guidelines.

4. Sharing knowledge and new technology

As we develop new waste-disposal techniques, we share our knowledge with industry, government and the public. In 1979, we began conducting a series of regional seminars that presented current techniques for solid-waste disposal. Individual companies may use videotapes, visual aids or other techniques to train personnel in waste-disposal methods.

5. Encouraging solid-waste exchanges

Sometimes one chemical company's wastes can become another company's raw material. Fluoride wastes from a phosphoric acid plant, for example, can be used by a company producing aluminum. So the chemical industry has encouraged the development of waste-exchange organizations, which develop and distribute lists of available wastes.

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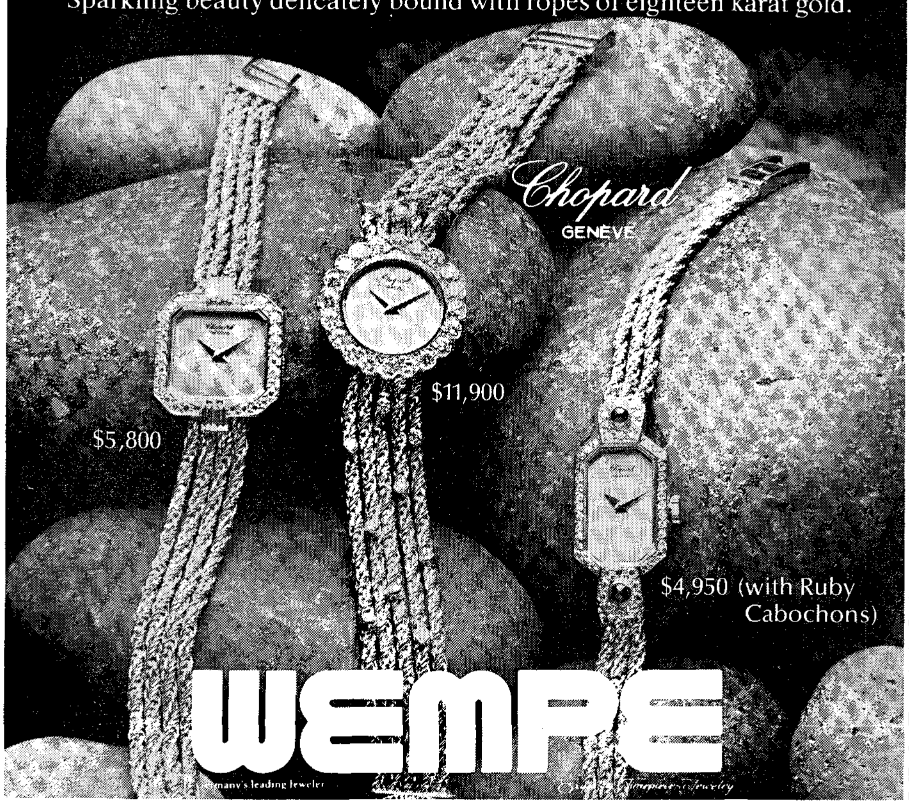

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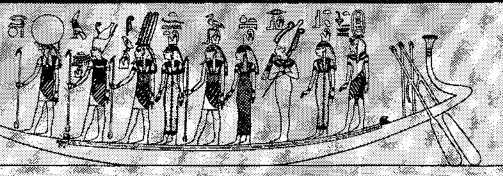

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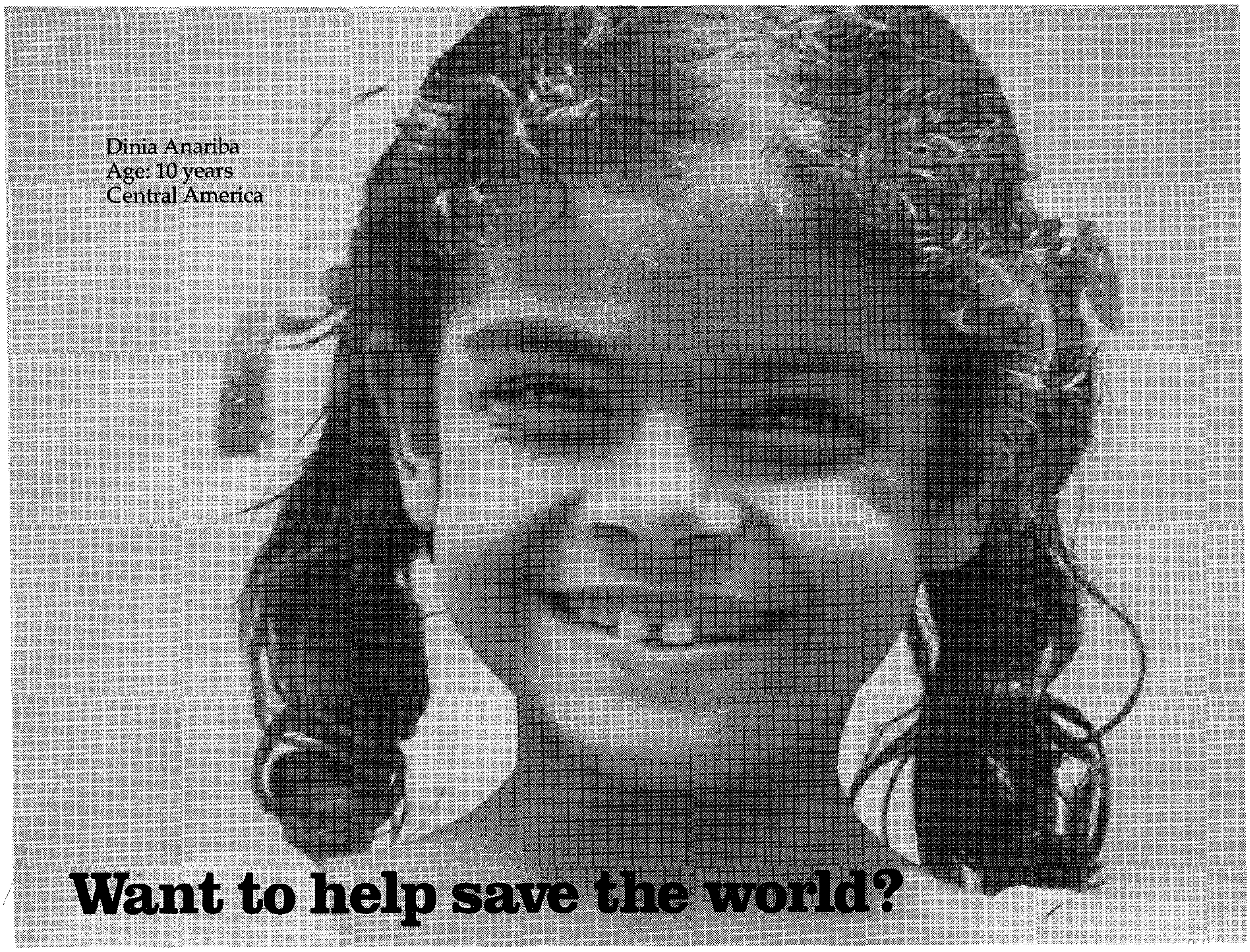
nies or Swiss-registered companies—or pay a forty-per-cent interest charge to keep their capital in francs. This year, with the franc falling slightly, the bankers abolished the law, saying that the "informal arrangements" they had made with national banks in other countries—arrangements about buying money and covering transactions in important trade currencies—were more agreeable, friendlier finally, than formal rules and regulations about liquidity.

There is probably no country in the world that can afford to do without Switzerland. The Swiss National Bank, at the top of the Bahnhofstrasse, is often mistaken for the national crafts center, down the street, where tourists go for wooden cows and aprons with mountains or fondue recipes printed on them, but there is no mistaking the feeling about midtown Zurich, near the Bank. It is a feeling that somewhere close, just around a corner, the ex-president of a small banana republic is entering a bank with the state treasury in his pocket. Or perhaps a commissar with a cardboard suitcase full of foreign-exchange currency from the Moscow black market. A drug-and-numbers racketeer who wants to clean the money his daughter will need at Princeton for the spring semester. A cabinet minister from Pretoria converting his profits on the Zurich gold exchange to a stash against a black future. Or, of course, the perfectly respectable factotum of any one of a thousand foreign businesses and corporations and holding companies here. There are five hundred American companies alone with offices in Zurich. Companies registered here not only can buy and sell and change and hide their money but can negotiate their own low Swiss taxes and enjoy the convenience of the best university hospital in Europe and a fine airport for trips from Paris or São Paulo or New York or wherever their impresarios live. Those impresarios like to come to Zwingli's Zurich. They feel rigorous and wholesome here. They take their children to the old guilds' festival of Sechseläuten and wait, shivering, in a field by the lake while important Zurichers in medieval costumes light bonfires under a big cotton snowman of Uncle Winter with his corncob pipe and a wicker basket for a cap. They buy their children goose-down comforters and chocolate truffles just across the street from the banks where they buy their gold.

—JANE KRAMER



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Of Dames, of Knights, of Love's Delight

VIVALDI claimed, late in life, that he had written ninety-four operas. The figure has been doubted—only fifty-five or so operas by him have been identified—but its preciseness suggests that the composer drew up a list, and modern scholarship suggests that the claim should be taken seriously. In that case, among the prolific giants of the Baroque only Alessandro Scarlatti, Reinhard Keiser, and perhaps Antonio Caldara were more prolific than he. His tercentenary fell in 1978. That year, London heard "Griselda," Paris heard "La Fida Ninfa," and New York heard "Farnace" in concert performances. "L'Incoronazione di Dario" was staged in Siena, and "Orlando Furioso" in Verona. Recordings appeared of "Tito Manlio," "Orlando Furioso," and "L'Olimpiade." "Orlando Furioso" has now been produced by the Dallas Civic Opera, with great success. It seems to have been the first Vivaldi opera staged in this country. May others follow soon. The combination of beautiful melodies, fine singing, and spectacular décor made it a hit with the public. Who could ask for more?

Well, in Dallas those who knew Vivaldi's opera, and even those who knew only its libretto, which is by Grazio Braccioli, could and did ask for more. Around the first performances of its "Orlando" the Civic Opera, in conjunction with the Meadows School of the Arts at Southern Methodist University, had convened a four-day international symposium on the theme "Opera and Vivaldi: Reflections of a Changing World." Bold undertaking: unless the dramaturge of a troupe has done his work with unusual thoroughness, or unless the conductor and the director of a show are themselves keen scholars, such symposia invite critical scrutiny of a performance from people who know far more about the piece concerned than its performers do. Each scholar may have studied in detail only one aspect: how the composer intended his work to be staged, sung, accompanied, acted; how the vocal lines should be decorated; how continuo chords and cadences should be played, and by what instruments; and so on. By the time all have exchanged information and commentary, and have descried the special characteristics of the work both within the composer's œuvre and in relation to opera of his day, they share a formidable body of knowledge and understanding—assembled and made public too late for the performers to take advantage of it. The Dallas symposium was particularly useful in that it included several scholar-performers who have themselves conducted, directed, sung in, played in, and edited Baroque operas—who have formed and tested ideas in the theatre and discovered that they work. Perhaps it should have been held a year ago. At any rate, whoever next puts on Vivaldi's "Orlando" and whoever next puts on, takes part in, or, for that matter, attends a Baroque opera should be able to do so with mind, ears, and eyes sharpened by what was revealed at the Dallas symposium.

"Damn it, Palmer, you don't have to greet me every time you pass by!"

BRACCIOLI'S libretto was written in 1713 for the composer Giovanni Alberto Ristori and the Teatro Sant'Angelo, in Venice. The following year, Vivaldi produced a different "Orlando" opera, "Orlando Finto Pazzo," for the same theatre and again to a Braccioli libretto, and then followed it with a new version—the music partly his, partly Ristori's—of the 1713 show. Thirteen years later, now a very experienced opera composer, Vivaldi returned to "Orlando Furioso," recomposing much of the music but retaining some of his 1714 numbers and also a little of Ristori's work. This 1727 "Orlando Furioso" was also performed at the Sant'Angelo. Modern

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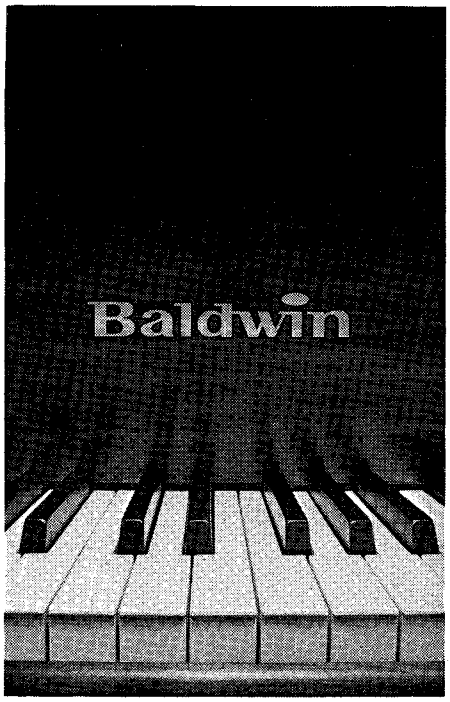

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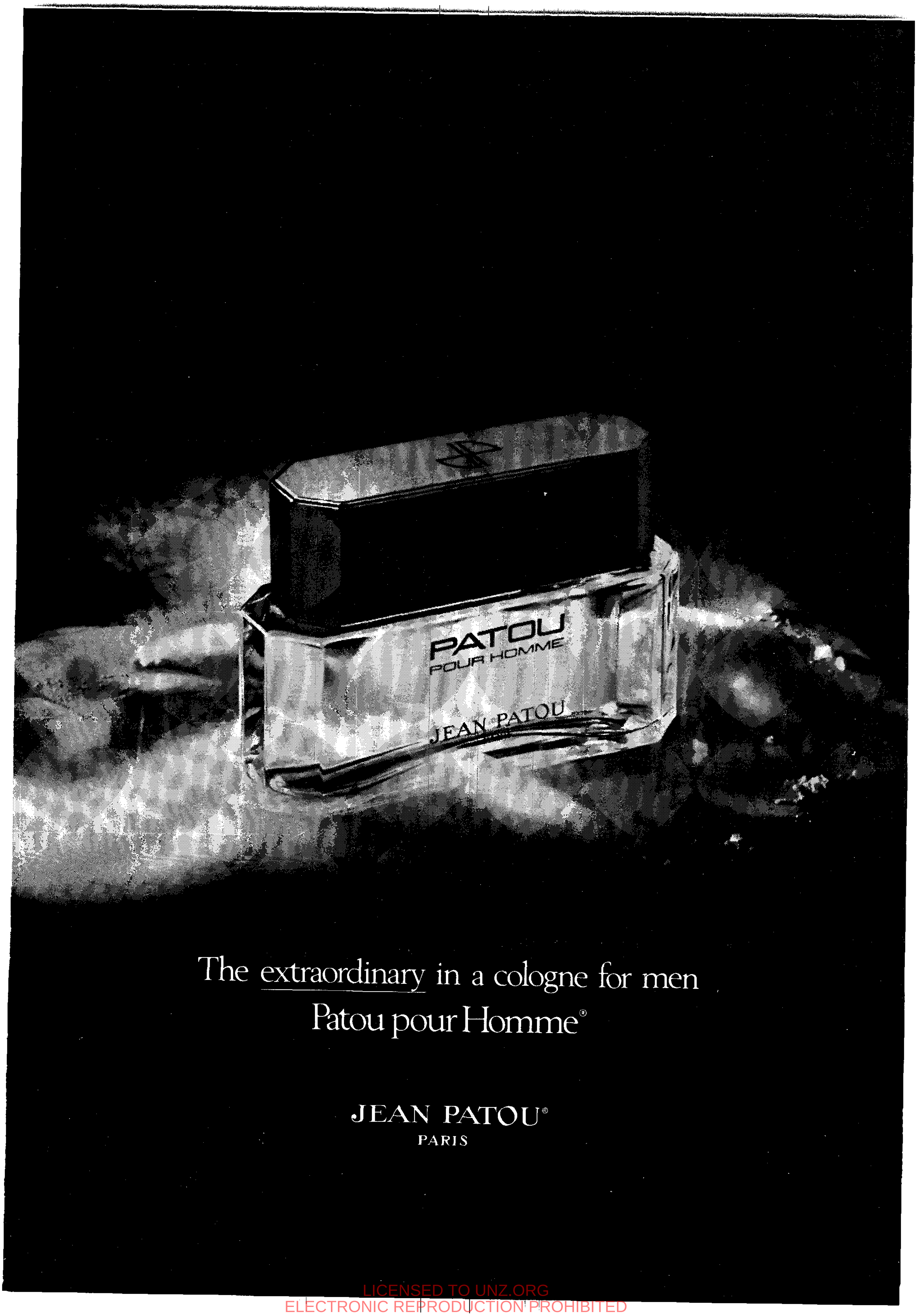
revivals have used a text derived from it.

The 1954 Grove stated flatly that "Vivaldi's vocal music has been entirely forgotten." Although that's no longer true, the old textbook view of his operas reappears in the New Grove: "Viewed dramatically, the operas merely supply what was expected of a composer working within narrow and at the same time universal conventions." The sharp satire contained in the prescriptions of Benedetto Marcello's "Teatro alla Moda" still tends to be taken as truth: the poet "will write the whole opera without formulating any plot;" the composer "will take care never to read the whole opera." And the evening will consist of a long, loose string of arias devised solely to display the varied vocal abilities of the performers, divided by screeds of recitative. After hearing "Tito Manlio," "L'Olimpiade," "Farnace," and "Orlando," we know better. Each creates and inhabits a world of its own. "Orlando" is a skillful and attractive essay at capturing and transforming episodes of Ariosto's poem for the lyric stage. Although the numerous exploits of the epic, Braccioli says in his 1713 preface, roam half the world, he has limited his scene to Alcina's enchanted island and taken as his main action the love, the madness, and the recovery of Orlando. But "the love of Bradamante and Ruggiero, the love of Angelica and Medoro, the various inclinations of Alcina, and the diverse passions of Astolfo serve to accompany this action and lead it to its end." Ariosto's military theme—the conflict of Christendom with the infidel invader (which was being waged again when he wrote, seven centuries after the Carolingian battles he told of)—is unsounded in the opera, but seven of the leading characters are here. The women are Angelica, proud Princess of Cathay, a Helen who has turned the heads of half Europe's heroes and driven the mightiest of them mad, who spurns them all only to lose her heart to the humble Saracen soldier lad Medoro, with his black eyes and golden curls; Alcina, King Arthur's sister, an old woman still greedy for sensual pleasures, her irresistible beauty preserved by artifice; and Bradamante, an early Leonore, the shining type of heroic, loving woman—clear-eyed and ever true to her errant, unfaithful Ruggiero. The men are Medoro, passive and beautiful; the impetuous Ruggiero; the adventurous English prince Astolfo, who journeys into space to find the cure for his cousin Orlando's madness; and Orlando himself, his noble mind o'erthrown when he learns that the haughty Angelica has bestowed herself on another—the observed of all observers quite, quite down. By allusions, elisions, brief narratives (as of Astolfo's space trip), and ingenious transformations and inventions to tease and please the connoisseur of Ariosto, Braccioli covers a surprising amount of the poem, and does so with Ariostan bravura. He wrote for listeners who knew the epic; and with Barbara Reynolds' fluent, readable translation available in Penguin there is no reason that anyone who goes to Vivaldi's opera today should not know it. The libretto is a subtle and colorful achievement. In the opening scenes, the characters are brought to the island and identified, and their relations one to another are defined. Then, as in "Figaro" but against a background of bright chivalry and romantic marvels, love and the effects of love in all their variety—idyllic tenderness, steady devotion, deceit, infatuation, lust, frivolity, jealousy, obsession—are explored in a carefully balanced drama.

In composing this unusual opera, Vivaldi, as John Walter Hill noted in one of the symposium's most valuable papers, broke an oft-cited opera-seria "rule"—that each aria should be in a different genre from that of its predecessor—by grouping within each of the opera's nine stage settings arias of a similar type: bravura, parlante, cantabile, etc. And thus he achieved a diversity subtler, less mechanical, than that of the automatic contrasts mocked by Marcello: one hears a similar emotion—resolve, tenderness, whatever—catching different people differently. And in other ways Vivaldi, like the best of his colleagues, bent and broke the conventions with dramatic surprises: by embarking on an aria without recitative; by cutting a number short; by keeping a singer onstage after an apparent "exit aria." Such effects lose their singularity if, in a modern performance, the conventions are everywhere disregarded. For Orlando, he composed remark-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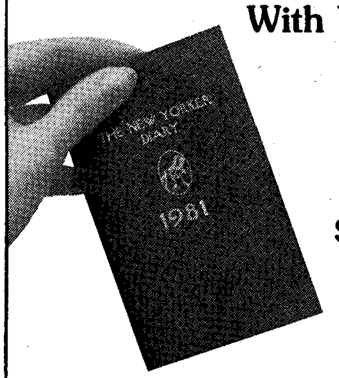

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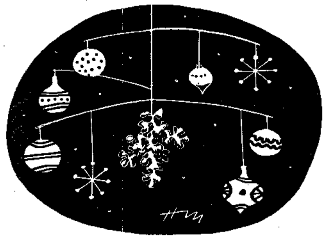
able mad scenes, violent, pathetic, and vivid.

IN Dallas, the literary, narrative, formal, and dramaturgical aspects of "Orlando" had been treated with disdain. The first four scenes and most of the fifth were omitted. After an overture, Orlando—unintroduced, unmotivated—stepped forth and launched into the fifth aria of the score. The edition used was an abbreviated and partly disordered version of the opera prepared by Claudio Scimone for the 1978 recording and the Verona production. Further cuts were made in it. Something over two and a half hours of music—between two-thirds and a half of the original score—was done. Snail's-pace recitative, with cadences protracted, extended the playing time. Sometimes it was organ-accompanied. In not looking beyond the Scimone text for his source, Nicola Rescigno, the conductor and the artistic director of the Dallas Opera, could be likened to a theatrical director who, introducing "Hamlet" to America, was content to do so from the prompt script made for an earlier production which contained about half the original and shuffled some of the scenes about. There were practical reasons for the decision. The Scimone score and parts existed, ready to play and sing from. Décor and staging keyed to the edition, both by Pier-Luigi Pizzi, had been borrowed from Verona. The protagonist was that of the Verona production and of the recording, and she may have been reluctant to restudy her role. One can appreciate such reasons and still regret that Dallas took over as a package deal a presentation evidently conceived in accordance with what Daniel Heartz, in the New Grove, describes as "received opinions, still regrettably widespread," about opera seria: that it "had been static and entirely predictable, both dramatically and musically; that its only interest had lain in music, not in drama." Such views lend license to editors and directors who decide, quite wrongly, that opere serie need jollying and refurbishing before a contemporary audience can enjoy them. Of course, in our enormous modern theatres, and before audiences unwilling to devote five or six hours to a show, there must be compromise. But, as Winton Dean says in his "Handel and the Opera Seria," it should be no more than an adjustment between the ideal and the practicable: "A compromise between what a great composer desired (provided it is practicable) and what we happen to be accustomed to is not a valid artistic operation. It is a piece of intellectual slovenliness."

I wish the work of Braccioli and Vivaldi had been treated more seriously and sensitively. Nevertheless, Dallas's "Orlando" package was filled with good things, and I enjoyed them thoroughly. The title role was written for a woman. Marilyn Horne sang it with astounding and resistless virtuosity, bravura, brilliance, and power. She looked unfortunate, clomping about in buskins, costumed in a voluminous black dress, a huge cloak in some filmy, feminine fabric floating out behind her. But I'll go part of the way with the Covent Garden chairman who remarked after Tetrazzini's first London Violetta, "Let her sing the role in a top hat if she chooses, provided she sings it so well." Ellen Shade was a lovely Angelica, particularly in the expressively molded lines of her second-act aria, "Chiara al pari di lucida stella." Gwendolyn Killebrew produced rich, lustrous sound as Alcina, but a cleaner, more accurate focus on the notes was needed. Rose Taylor was a brave, pleasing Bradamante. (The role was written for Maria Caterina Negri, who eight years later created the same character in Handel's "Alcina.") The high notes of James Bowman, the Ruggiero, were more powerful than those of most countertenors but were not always pleasant to hear. Astolfo, sung in Dallas by the bass Nicola Zaccaria, was the only low voice in 1727, but here, as in Verona, the role of Medoro had been dropped an octave. Dano Raffanti revealed a tenor of exceptionally beautiful quality, one to send a thrill of pleasure through the listeners by the freshness, purity, and firmness of its timbre.



The music was treated with care. Under Mr. Rescigno's baton, it moved well. Decorations of the vocal lines were interesting. Cadenzas were surprising both in the right and, sometimes, in a wrong, out-of-period way. A viola obbligato to Medoro's only remaining aria was exquisitely played; the flute obbligato to Ruggiero's "Sol

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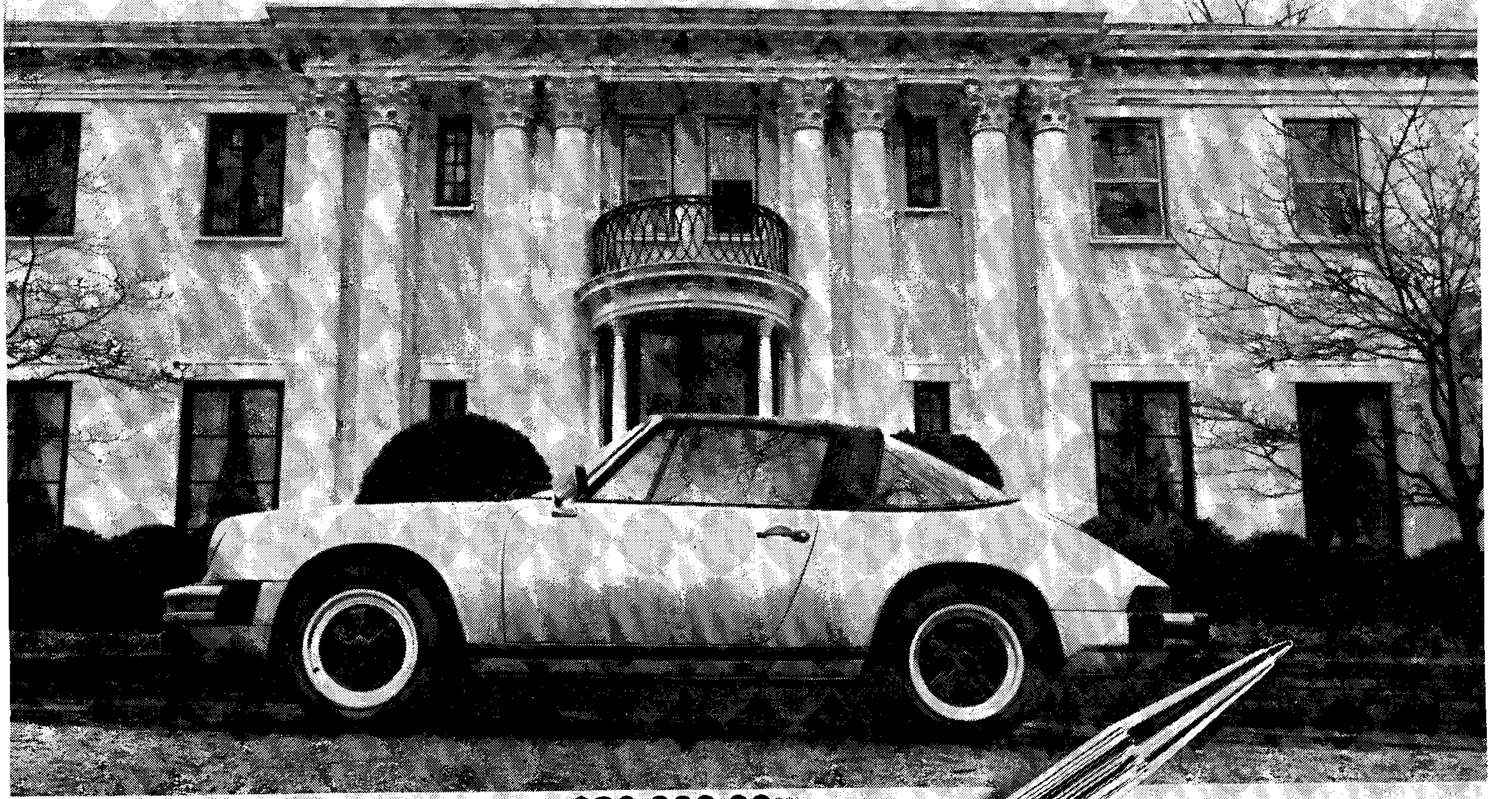

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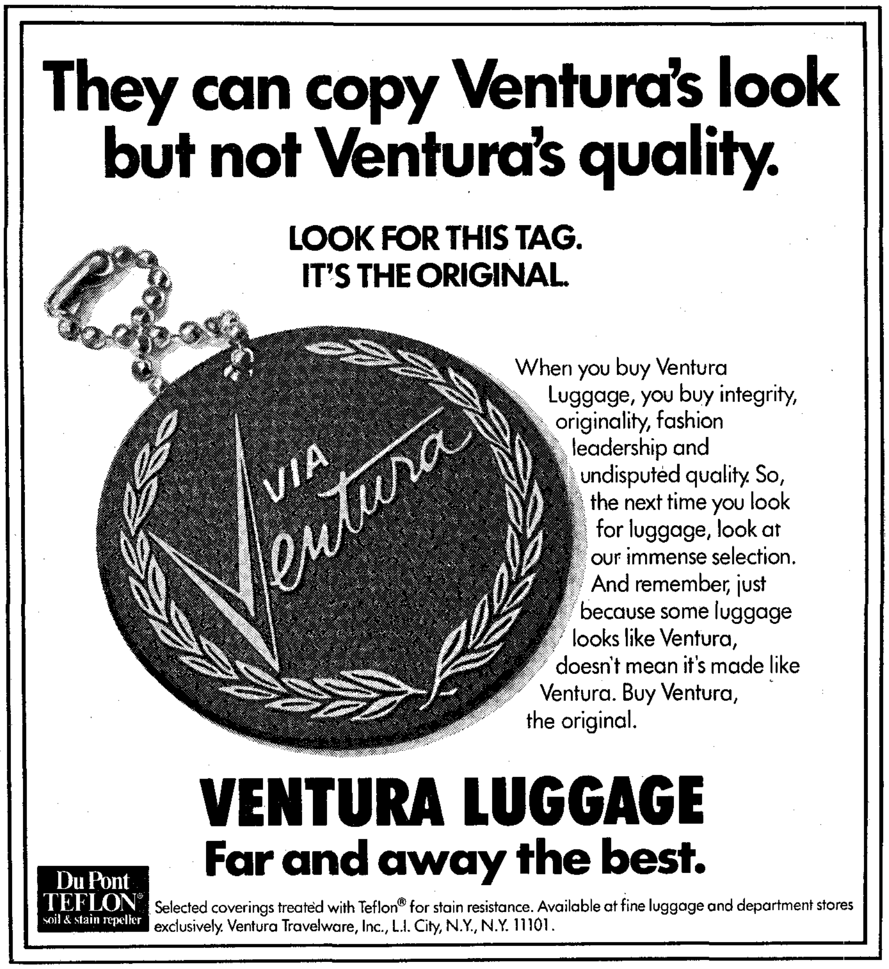
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per te, mio dolce amore" was wobbly. (The instrumentalists joined the singers onstage.) Vivaldi's score is, among other things, a treasure house of affecting and exciting melodies, and musically there was a great deal to admire. There was also matter for the eye. In conjunction with "Orlando," the Opera and the Meadows School had mounted a splendid Vivaldi exhibition, and here one could see the way operas were staged in his day. It is not Mr. Pizzi's way. The floor of the Dallas stage was a perilous alpine slope, of some shiny black substance, which dropped sheer into the orchestra pit except where two bridges came out toward the audience. The side and back walls were of dusky mirror—a striking if modish device. (It worked even better in the Bologna Comunale, reflecting Bibiena architecture as background to the Gluck "Orfeo" Mr. Pizzi designed for Luca Ronconi.) The magical machinery specified in the score was handled simply: the flying horse on which Ruggiero arrived a mere statue pulled on from the wings; two plastic tubes doing duty for the fountains of oblivion and desire from which he drank; two gilt rocks flopping forward to represent the avalanche that should precipitate an imprisoning cavern around Orlando. But there were some big scenic strokes elsewhere: a wall of painted mirror, spanning the stage, that pivoted up to make a reflecting sky. Scene changes were swift and ingenious, but, like Mr. Pizzi's direction, they obscured the dramatic design of the work. Whoever mounts an opera seria does well to preserve the prescribed scene changes, entrances, and exits. They are part of the musical and dramatic scheme. The rich costumes—Orlando's excepted—happily recalled Tiepolo's Orlando frescoes in the Villa Valmarana. —ANDREW PORTER

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DANCING

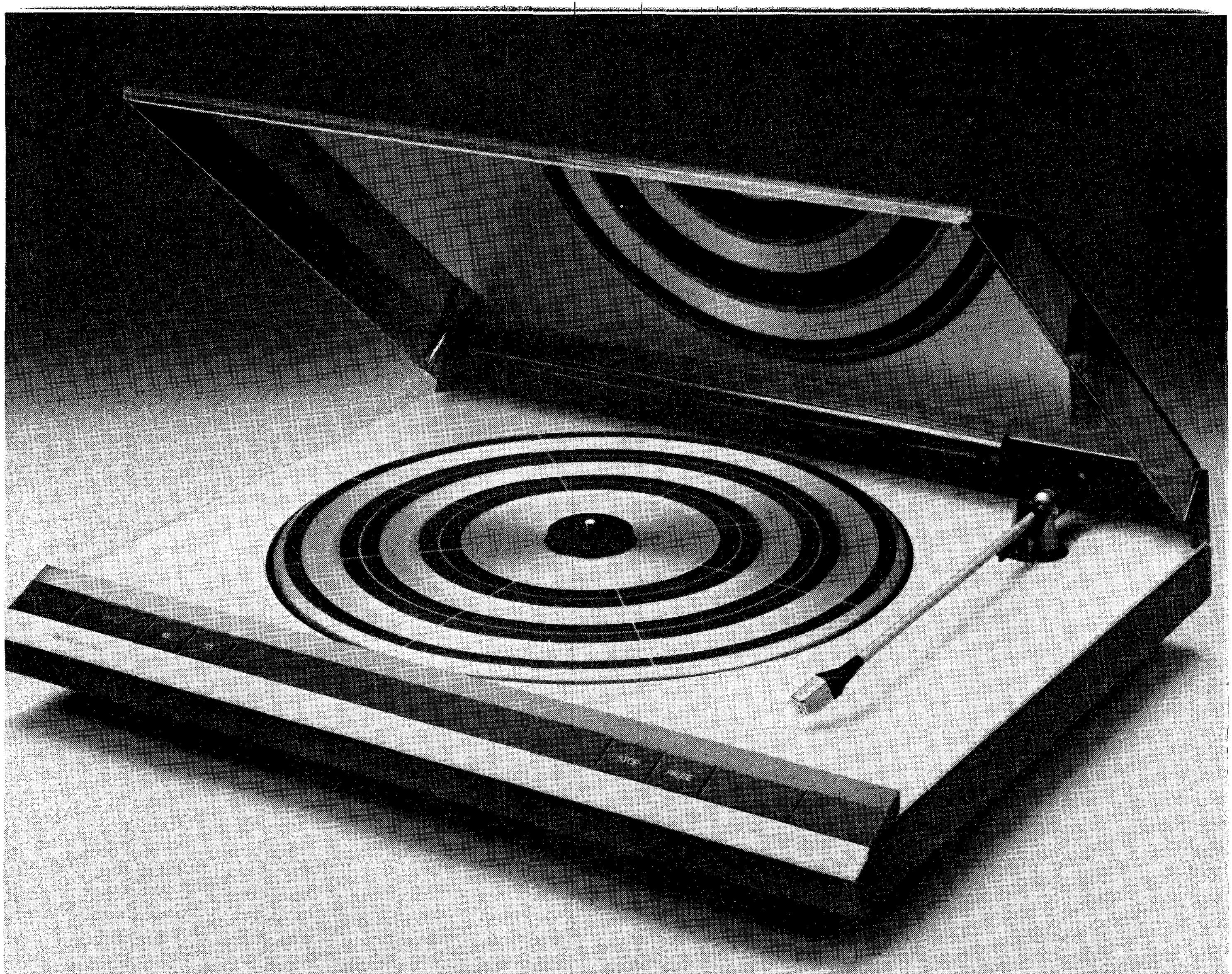
Mythology

THE revised, enlarged edition of "Orpheus" at the New York City Ballet works surprisingly well. There have been no extensive changes in choreography—only the Furies scene is new—but the piece looks different from the revival that was mounted two years ago for Baryshnikov. It looks different from the way "Orpheus" has ever looked. Peter Martins is Orpheus, and, with a commensurately tall and blond Karin von Aroldingen and Adam Lüders as Eurydice and the Angel of Death, the ballet is persuasive in a whole new set of terms. The enlarging process began with Isamu Noguchi's scenery in 1972, when the ballet was restaged for the Stravinsky Festival. The new dimensions and the use of coarser materials thickened the atmosphere. The current Viking cast breathes this air comfortably. Even the Bacchantes seem to be Valkyries who have stormed down the Thracian peninsula from the Rhine. Balanchine has prolonged the life of a ballet once presumed lost by giving a new life to its characters. In the old, small-scale "Orpheus," first produced in 1948 at the City Center, Nicholas Magallanes was the poet, frail and limp, with a muscular, barrel-chested Angel (Francisco Moncion) to support and guide him on his way to the Underworld. Martins is a physically powerful Orpheus whose passive grieving is all the more moving because it seems unnatural to him. And his Angel, Lüders, is a spidery androgynous intellectual.

Lüders' vigilance and delicacy are different from Moncion's massive calm; the quality of tenderness in the Angel's support of Orpheus is different, too. Moncion's quality was animal warmth; Lüders' is pure intelligence—it doesn't get mixed up with sympathy. Lüders is extraterrestrial austere. The "Greek" austerity, the Mediterranean tinge of religious ritual, is missing from this revival, and it's largely because of the way he looks and moves. In addition to the thick ropes wound around his limbs and torso (which Orpheus now also wears—formerly, he wore a few flat strips), the Angel has on a black skintight helmet with an elephant trunk hanging down the middle of his face. The design is an extension of the black rope that bisects him from cranium to crotch when he first appears. Orpheus' mask reminded Stravinsky of a baseball catcher's. Lüders' headgear makes us think of a spaceman, a scuba diver, or an anesthetist, and it keeps his bisected or dual nature constantly before us. When he lunges close to the ground or braces the body of Orpheus, his long legs are like grappling hooks; the men are two mountain climbers yoked together, first with that black rope or air hose, then with Orpheus' lyre, slung between them.

Martins has never been as quiet and slack and listless as he is in the first half of "Orpheus," yet he's rhythmically charged. The non-dance character of the role is not a negation of his dance energy; neither was the non-dance role of Junker Ove in "A Folk Tale," which Martins performed recently with the Royal Danish Ballet. His Orpheus, like Baryshnikov's (once he got the hang of the part), comes out of the operatic-mime tradition. The role as originally conceived seems to have come more from the modern dance. Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein had the year before sponsored the première of Merce Cunningham's "The Seasons," which had décor by Noguchi. Not that there's necessarily a connection; however, the larval passivity of Orpheus is unlike anything a ballet dancer is trained to express. The reconstituted "classical" Orpheus has been achieved without changing a step. The Furies, though, have always had weak choreography. Noguchi designed them as hellhounds sprouting quills all over, like porcupines. Stravinsky set them quivering in perpetual agitato. Balanchine arranged a disconcerting rhythm chorus of high relevé kicks and pumping elbows. If Noguchi had not done the décor, the only conceivable visual style would have been seventeenth-century Renaissance, in keeping with the Monteverdian roots of Stravinsky's score. Shallow grotesquerie would have been appropriate if Hades had been a Renaissance court; demons in doublets and allegorical masks were a constant feature of the seventeenth-century *ballet à grand spectacle*. Balanchine's Hades is Halloween. The new staging, by Peter Martins, eliminates a lot of the jollity, expands the corps of Furies, and puts it more aggressively to work on the Lost Souls, who cower beneath their rocks or out in the open, making little mounds to be jumped over. The head Fury, with his egregious split jetés, has been deleted. Now it is Pluto who joins the hands of Orpheus and Eurydice. But the Pas des Furies is still a lightweight affair, irretrievably athletic. It's a great relief when the scampering feet are stilled and Pluto, affected by Orpheus' song, wheels slowly to reveal the captive Eurydice pinned to his back.

Eurydice's solo, with its leggy contrapposto, its hesitations, its anguish, its fleeting Arcadian moods, is one of the sweetest Balanchine has made; it ranks with—and gesturally resembles—Calliope's in "Apollo." Karin von Aroldingen dances it about as well as she dances Calliope badly. Eurydice's earthiness and womanliness bring out her best qualities. Von Aroldingen is wrong for the sprite Calliope; her forte is gravity, and in recent seasons she has come to symbolize a kind of humanity I don't recall seeing in any other Balanchine ballerina. Von Aroldingen isn't tantalizing anymore in the first movement of "Suite No. 3." The mystery has worn thin. As she plods toward and away from the dreaming young man, all she has is a kind of steadfast patience. It's the quality that Balanchine exploits so beautifully in "Vienna Waltzes." Von Aroldingen's triumph as Eurydice came just before her Clara Schumann in "Davidsbündlertänze." She is Clara the faithful, Clara the wife. Like Eurydice, she is at the center of her husband's affections, but is she at the center of his art—his obsessed mind? That is the question. It is the answer to this question which, in Balanchine's interpretation of the Orpheus myth, brings on the poet's tragedy. In von Aroldingen's interpretation, it's the mere wifeliness of her presence. Von Aroldingen isn't imperious or devouring, as other Eurydices have been; she's so modest that her demands on Orpheus as they journey home come to seem something he can easily satisfy without tempting fate. After all, she only wants him to recognize her, his wife—how can he deny her this? Her sensuality has about it a submissiveness



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so trusting that we feel Orpheus is driven to rip off his mask as much by pity as by physical craving. She doesn't ask much, yet the little she does ask kills her. The death shroud swallows her up.

The Orpheus-Eurydice pas de deux before the shimmering silk curtain is justly celebrated. She follows in his footsteps (his arabesque, then hers, a beat behind), coils herself about him, whispers seductively in his ear, recalling their past life. With his eyes averted, they dance one of their little dances—a 1948-style Lindy. (In "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," the Faun and the Nymph do a 1912-style tango.) She dies as in the myth, before the upper world is reached. Orpheus wanders in Limbo. He's lost his lyre—lost all his secrets. The sky turns red, foretelling his own bloody death. The Bacchantes appear: one, then several; then he's surrounded. Hanging on to his mask for protection, he tries to evade the swarm. The scene must be carefully done to avoid seeming like touch football. This season, it looked reblocked. The Bacchantes, led by Florence Fitzgerald, killed with stiletto precision, like Dorothy Sayers murderesses. (Robbins' harpies in "The Cage" are out of Mickey Spillane.) The blondly radiant Sean Lavery or the darkly soulful Victor Castelli made a good Apollo, though the Apotheosis has lost a lot of its sacred meaning.

FOR Ib Andersen's début with the company last spring, Balanchine rechoreographed sections of the male soloist role in the first movement of "Symphony in C." It has become a minor tradition for Balanchine to do this when new dancers take the role, and he also revises the third movement from time to time. But Balanchine has stopped freezing the revisions. The first movement is now done in two versions—"Andersen" and "Lüders." I've lost count of the options open to the male soloist of the third movement. "Symphony in C" is the best refutation there is of the theory that Balanchine's art lies in his steps. It's like saying that a great writer's art lies in his diction. Balanchine can devise many combinations of perfect steps to the same music. It is true that some steps are preferable to others; Balanchine's first thoughts are often his best. But he has proved too many times that "definitive" choreography is mostly the choreography we're used to seeing. There are textual differences in the way "Theme and Variations" is performed by New York City Ballet and by American Ballet Theatre; there are even textual differences in the way N.Y.C.B. performs it from one season to the next. A few weeks ago, both of the principals, running out to take their places in the finale, entered downstage, in front of instead of behind the corps. A mistake, I hope, and not a change. One can list many "mistakes" that have become changes. The critic Robert Greskovic recently noticed the simplification of a passage in "Allegro Brillante" where the men repeat arabesque à terre four times instead of stating four different arabesques. I suppose that if you don't know the more interesting version you won't miss it, but if you remember it chances are it's because the music has cemented it in your mind.

Steps are not sacrosanct, as Balanchine shows; yet our nostalgia may have been conditioned by the exactness of his musical response. In the male solo of "Divertimento No. 15," my mind's eye persists in seeing a double tour that was deleted years ago—the music keeps forcing it into view. But it doesn't seem to matter musically whether the "Theme and Variations" ballerina does gargouillades in her first variation or simple pas de chat. The point is that she do well whatever she does. Gargouillades, which were inserted for Gelsey Kirkland's début in the role, don't happen to suit Kyra Nichols or Heather Watts, both of whom took the ballerina role this season, and problems arose from other personalized accretions. One passage in the pas de deux which Merrill Ashley makes excitingly distinctive is the series of little tendu swings of the foot this way and that as she prepares for the giant swing into arabesque. It's as if she can't for a second decide where to aim the arabesque. Dancers who don't have Ashley's ability to flick her weight in different directions can't help making the passage fuzzy. Neither Nichols nor Watts was miscast, though. Watts was the better prepared. She's not as well equipped as Nichols and not perfectly suited to the style of the choreography, but she had the edge in nerve and stamina. Nichols rushed her big effects in the pas de deux—hitting an arabesque pose several counts ahead of time, holding, then letting go, again too soon. It was Watts who had the fuller phrase, the more restful attack. Nichols, though, has a fine record in Tchaikovsky ballets. Maybe the Ashley roles she's been

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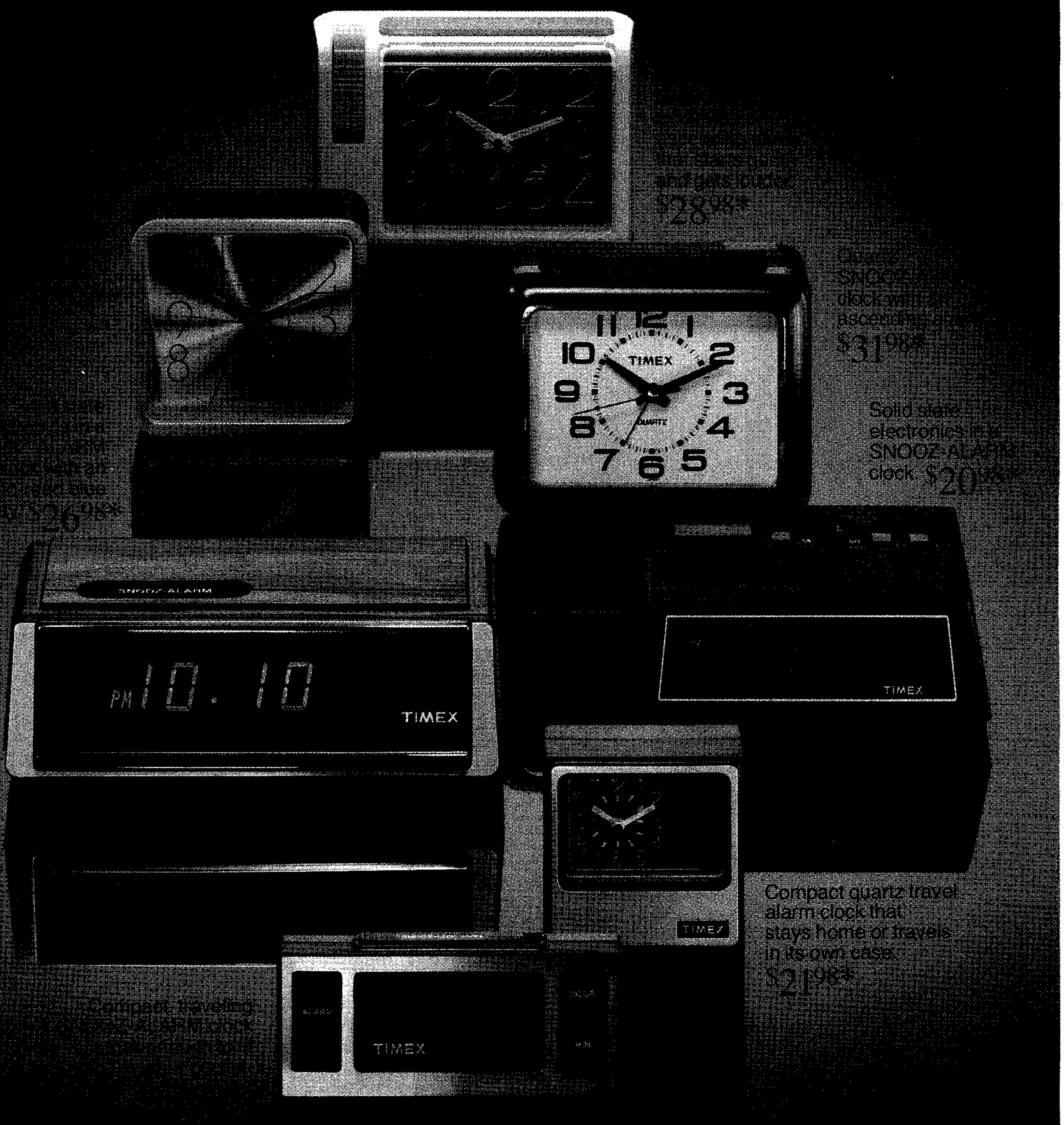
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getting are making her abrupt; she's now done "Ballo della Regina" as well as "Square Dance." These may have been Balanchine's antidote for the slight lethargy that used to mar her dancing. If so, haven't they more than done their work?

Nichols, who has been poised on the brink of stardom for some time and had been held back by injury, could make it this season. She's beautiful, strong, and scrupulous. Just now in "The Nutcracker" she's the company's most dazzling Sugar Plum. But she's not always fully present. In the first movement of "Symphony in C," she has everything she needs to light up the stage except—one can't help thinking—the hunger to be there. Young Darci Kistler in the second movement has that hunger and all the other stuff, too: an astonishing début. From the ground up—her feet and legs are prodigiously long and strong—Kistler has a fledgling power mightier than many dancers have in their maturity. She's not one of the sleeping beauties, either; she beams out, a child diva. It's a pleasure to see her next to Suzanne Farrell, who is riding a crest this season. Casting linked them: in the same ballet ("Walpurgisnacht"), in the same role (second movement, "Symphony in C"), in similar roles (Scherzo, "Suite No. 3;" Scherzo, "Diamonds"). It may have been in the two Tchaikovsky scherzos that the generational connection was most obvious. Tchaikovsky seems to be recalling the enchanted wood of Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" musically and choreographically, the subject is Titania, an archetype to whom Balanchine has returned again and again.

Dancers don't have to incarnate myths to become Balanchine ballerinas, however. The evidence suggests that all they need is a two-syllable first name. It should be a trochee and, if possible, the second name should be a trochee, too. In former days, the thing was to have an amphibrach for a first name, ending in "a." (This rule, like the current one, applies to American-born dancers. The foreign-born must seek other formulas.) The amphibrachic (Maria, Diana, Melissa, Patricia, Allegra, Jillana) gave way to the trochaic with the advent of Suzanne Farrell. Suzanne is iambic; Farrell is trochaic. At first, studying the pattern, I thought this must be the great exception—the Great Iamb. It didn't even bother to crack the mold. Then I discovered Farrell's real name: Roberta.

—ARLENE CROCE

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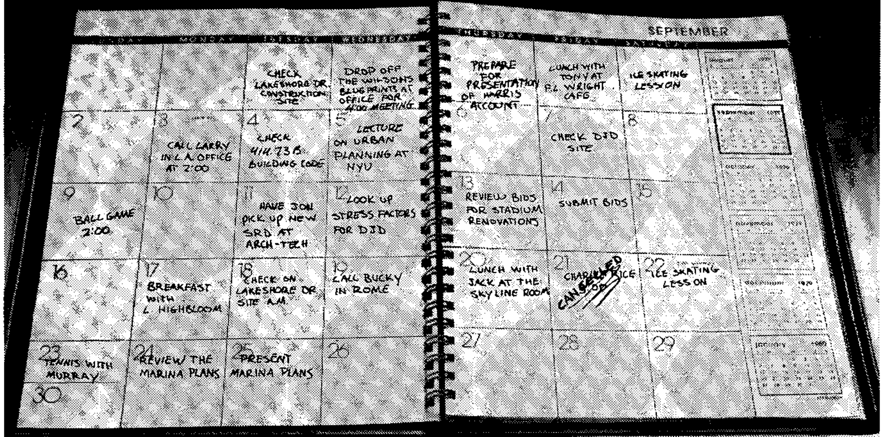

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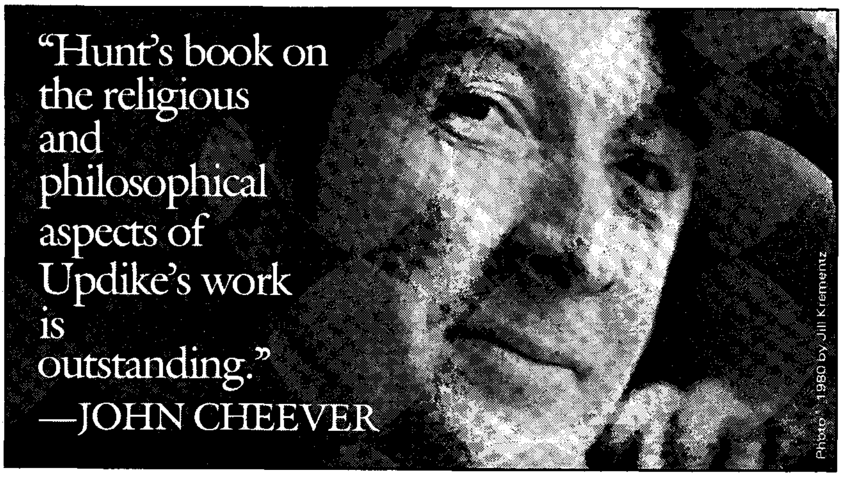

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BOOKS

An Earlier Day

ALAS, a certain testiness has been noticeable in the reviews of “The Thirties,” Edmund Wilson’s journals from that decade as posthumously edited and introduced by Leon Edel (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $17.50). Morris Dickstein, in the *Times Book Review*, found the writing bland and gray and the sexual episodes depressing. Gore Vidal, in *The New York Review of Books*, complained of Wilson’s foot fetishism, boring landscape descriptions, and nervous if not derisive attitude toward male homosexuals. And Harry Levin, whose every review nicely approaches the definitive, concluded in the *Saturday Review* that the volume “adds a little—not very much—to the record, and nothing at all to his stature as man and writer.” Even the suave and conscientious editor of these papers, accustomed to dealing with the elegant leavings of Henry James, allows in his introduction that Wilson’s “candor may seem at times gratuitous” and asks the question “Why do authors keep journals?” Why, to be specific, has this author already heavy on the shelf inflicted upon us from beyond the grave yet one more portly volume: over seven hundred pages of quasi-chaotic journalistic jottings and personal notes upon erotic conquests, psychologically fraught dreams, sociologically limp conversations, dreadful parties, melancholy inklings, landscapes seen, and meals eaten? The answer, perhaps, is on the dust jacket, where the visage of Wilson in early middle age—one eyebrow lifted, both collar wings impeccably stiff—gazes sideways with a humorless, elegant, and ungainsayable arrogance. Because he wanted to.

There is something here to offend everyone. The gratuitous candor to offend puritans (if any still exist) and living survivors of Wilson’s companionship. The frequent references to “fairies” to offend homosexuals. A schoolboyish satyrism to offend women, and an unchivalric post-coital eye—his wife Margaret in bed gives him the impression of “little arms and legs, turtle paws, sticking out on each corner.” A host of casually condescending ethnic and racial epithets and speculations figure in these pages, along with an instinctive coupling of the words “Anglo-Saxon” and “civilization,” as in “her high and nobly modeled brow and temples were no longer merely Anglo-Saxon, but showed the modeling of a high civilization” and “their fine clear complexions, blond hair, thin and pale, fine civilized Anglo-Saxon types.” “Nigger” seems to be Wilson’s natural way of referring to black people (even “coon” occurs), though as the decade wears on, and he has visited the shacks of Kentucky and the slums of Chicago, the more respectful term “Negro” gradually takes over. Wilson rarely fails to omit mention of Jewishness, however often he encounters it in literary and Communist circles, and includes in his journals considerable callow theorizing, his and other people’s, along the lines of “Jewish men thought themselves ugly, so had to keep proving to themselves what they could do in the way of getting Gentile girls” and “[Jews] tend naturally perhaps to exclude non-Jews—love excluding people, asserting moral superiority (Communism, psychoanalysis).” Of course, overt anti-Semitism flourished among the upper-class friends he retained from Princeton, and even in his own family circle at Red Bank: his Uncle Win thought there were too many Jewish comedians on the radio and too many Jewish advisers in Roosevelt’s Washington and, when admonished by his nephew that Hitler’s persecution of Jews (as of Christmas, 1933) was a terrible thing, answered, “Of course it is, but—” Edmund Wilson came a long way from the prejudices he was born to, and the assumptions and tensions they reflect are part of what “The Thirties” in sum is: a haphazard but relentless exposing of the great gray underbelly of this gray decade and the psyche of one of its more sensitive denizens.

At the beginning of the thirties, Wilson married Margaret Canby and published his first major critical work, “Axel’s Castle” (1931). A versatile, rather rakish journalist, editor, and poet five years older than the century, he travelled around the country, to Southern mining towns and strike-bound New England mills and his wife’s native California, to report at first hand on the worsening Depression. Along with taking notes to be worked into articles for *The New Republic* and then collected in “The American Jitters” (1932), he scribbled down snatches of conversation and descriptions of landscape in the faith that he would eventually create “a work of fiction made out of the materials that I had been compiling in these notebooks.” But the decade was to produce no fiction, and what Wilson did manage of creative writing, in the form of plays and poetry, was rather sour and skewed. In September of 1932, while he and his wife were on opposite coasts, Margaret tripped at the top of a flight of stone stairs while leaving a party in Santa Barbara, fractured her skull, and died within hours. For the next six years, Wilson led a morose, sometimes sordid, but productive bachelor life, dividing his time among New York City, Provincetown, and Stamford, Connecticut. In 1935, on a Guggenheim fellowship, he spent five months in the Soviet Union, promptly publishing his impressions in “Travels in Two Democracies” (1936). Two more collections—one of plays, the other of critical essays—followed, and in 1940 Wilson published the magnum opus, “To the Finland Station,” that had preoccupied him since the early thirties, when it first occurred to him that “nobody had ever presented in intelligible human terms the development of Marxism and the other phases of the modern idea of history.” In 1938, he had married, after a swift courtship, the twenty-five-year-old Mary McCarthy. The last pages of these journals record a touch of rheumatism and a pressing awareness

> of death, of a person who never again can reach one, that one never again can reach—you cannot hear her voice because it is no longer there—she is not somewhere far away now, even sitting alone, writing you a letter—she is no part of this house, of these houses, of any houses of people—she cannot make, cannot hear, a sound—all around there is nothing and I lie alone with silence sloping on every side, slipping (sliding) away to nothing, and I, as it were, content.

“You’re a cold fishy leprous person, Bunny Wilson,” Margaret once told him. Yet the long delirium of writing in which he recalls this—an outpouring of description and reminiscence and self-recrimination that he began to set down immediately after boarding a plane in Newark to go view her body in California—contains piercing evidences of deep and complex feeling. "But then when I would bring her back in imagination, the sadistic impulses would come back—at other times I would begin to cry with grief, my face would contract in a grimace of grief, how sweet and pretty and darling she had been, all soft and cunning, so affectionate and gentle, how we had slept together, she always turning with me, no matter when or how many times I had wanted to turn . . ." For the rest of the decade, he will dream of her—dreams that tell him she is not dead. In 1940, he makes this entry:

> *Margaret.* For years, I have been like a spring, uncoiled with difficulty and kept straight with effort, that snaps back into its twisted state as soon as sleep begins to relax the effort: the images that disguise reversion to the past, the convulsive twitching that wakes me up and represents the reassertion of the effort that keeps me straight by day.

In 1929, Wilson had had a mental breakdown that sent him to a sanatorium for three weeks. Morbidity accompanied him through his long and vigorous life. Like many of the great Victorians whose tireless careers his own recalls, he was a bedevilled man, prone to despair—"How I'd wake up in the night, strained, suicidal, couldn't see any end to it"—and hallucinations of a sort:

> When I first came back to *New York* from Provincetown after having been driving all day, first in the chill rain, then in the sweltering sun, arriving in a daze, the people in the streets looked like sinister specters—I was almost afraid of them, looked askance at them uneasily as if they might be going to bite or slug me.

Darwinism was no mere theory to him. Getting out of an elevator, he glimpsed a workman who "looked, not like an ape, but like some kind of primitive man" and whose face proved that "humanity was still an animal, still glaring out of its dark caves." On another occasion, he suddenly saw his hand on the page of a book as "an animal's paw with the fingers lengthened to claws and become prehensile for climbing around." The lurking malevolence of the primitive beneath the façade of civilization haunted him; in one of the last pieces he saw through the press, the epilogue to "Upstate" (1971), he wrote, "I look at the creatures on the street and think, well, we have begun to walk upright and our toes, now more or less impractical, are shrinking like the toes of elephants' feet."

A streak of the macabre and surreal runs through his reporting. In "The American Jitters," Los Angeles is dissolved in Joycean wordplay:

> For a theme song you can buy a Moorish sinagogue, a dream of dreams, a regular pitti-pitti palace, with many bathrooms done in onyx Napoleonics and pornographic Pompeian red, mauve and emerald sateen coverlimps on all the die-away divans for didoes and a private slipping pool filled with green fountain-pen ink—a little bit blushful perhaps at selling itself to the pictures for $20,000 a year but happy as a real bribe and with all its prollems slobbed!

His notes for this article in "The Thirties" begin, "Los Angeles (the goozly-floofy beach, flou, floozy, goosy, goozley, goofy, floozent, flooey, floozid, foozled, the flooffy goosey beach)." And of course the fiction he did eventually produce, out of some of the material in his notebooks, was "Memoirs of Hecate County," where men turn into turtles and the Devil spouts pages of French at a drunken suburban party. Social realist though he strove to be, and admirer though he was of the sparkling atmospherics of Hemingway and Fitzgerald, he had a sardonic, stringent imagination akin to that of an Ambrose Bierce. There is scarcely a sunlit scene in his fiction, though he loved the summer life of Provincetown, and its great wide light.

Not cold, but dark, and drawn to piscine and claustrophobic imagery, and leprous in a sense. "You don't like people" was another of Margaret's accusations, and though many people pass through these journals, the rare note of happiness is struck in settings of solitude:

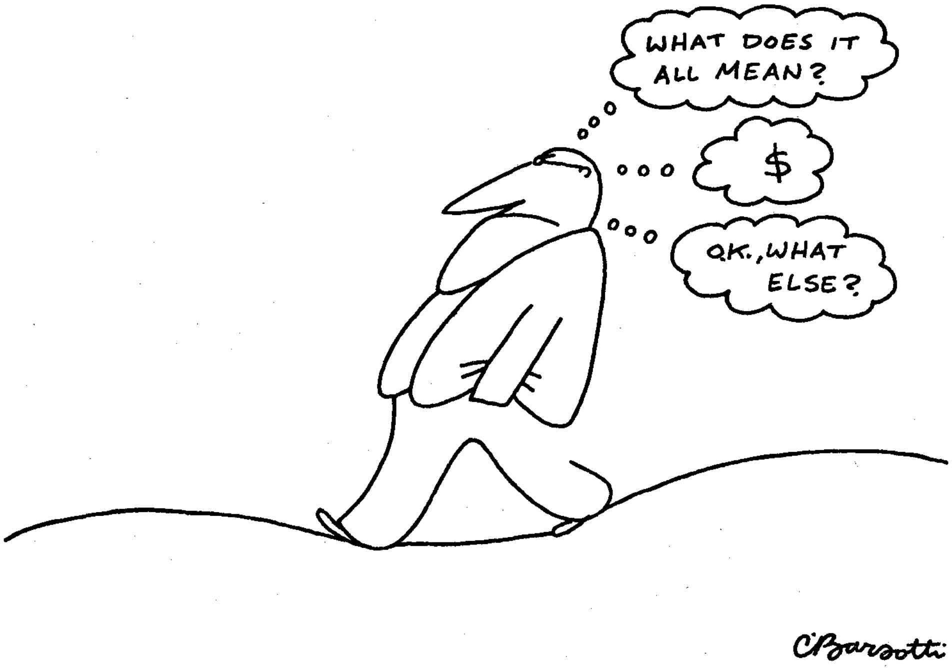
> The kick I got out of my room at the back corner of the sordid rooming house kept by a blowzy yellow-haired woman . . . to be away in the little back room of a house in a provincial Southern city when spring has just definitely come on! —away from family, politics, engagements, even love affairs, where I could lie in bed in the morning and think about pleasantly but coolly at my leisure. . . . Clearness, simplification, and peace.

And in Provincetown, after the season:

> On damp days, when the brown of the trees was almost gone and the sea and the sky were gray, all colors neutralized, Provincetown was like being on a boat—for me, living alone, writing during the day and reading at night, the external world was almost obliterated.

His visits to old friends sound stifling, and the parties he attends barbarous.

> *Ann,* in her blond phase, while acting up over Cummings's escapades, at a party at the Rogerses', in the bathroom with Margaret and Katy, seized the fancy guest towels, such as no one would even think of using, soiled them in the toilet, and threw them across the room. Katy's eyes grew round as saucers.
>
> *Dawn Powell's knock-down-and-drag-out party.* George Hartmann . . . (his hair now grizzled) found in the kitchen snuffing up the gas out of the range.
>
> *Waughs' party for Bubs Hackett* . . . Barbara Jones, at the end of the evening, discovered that her finger was bleeding and had an idea that Bill L'Engle, with whom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> she had been talking, had bitten her. . . . They all, more or less, ended up at Ticino's, and as the Waughs were coming back, Coulton knocked Bubs down in the snow.

Some fun. During Prohibition, Wilson drank a great deal of illegal and poisonous liquor, and after Repeal (which he describes under the melancholy head "*Ghostliness, dreariness, of night of Repeal*") consumed legal poison at the same rate, not impairing his marvellous critical cogency but contributing, we may surmise, to his after-hours sense of foreboding and phantasmagoria. On more than one occasion recorded here, liquor rendered him impotent.

And what *of* his notorious sexual adventuring, set down in his journals with such fishy, clinical candor? The episodes provide, tedious though they seemed to fastidious reviewers, the only narrative suspense in these jumbled pages, and the nearest approach to three-dimensional character studies. Seven distinct women can be counted among Wilson's paramours of the period. Margaret Canby Wilson is not only one of the erotic heroines but, persisting in memory and dream, the romantic heroine of "The Thirties." The proletarian dance-hall girl Anna, who figured so prominently in the notebooks of "The Twenties," continues into these. The elderly Wilson, annotating the journals forty years after the event, troubles to tell us that even while he and Margaret were married, earlier in the fatal summer of their separation, he entertained Anna at their New York apartment: "Eventually I looked up Anna and had her come to see me. I would not let her go into the bedroom, but made love to her on the couch." And the other heroine of the central tale of "Hecate County"—"The Princess with the Golden Hair"—the princess herself, called there Imogen Loomis, makes her début in the journals under the initial "D.," as a flirtatious and skittish married woman with "round eyes and nose" and an "Isoldesque, Guineveresque beauty." The climactic—anticlimactic, from the hero's point of view—sexual scene of the novel actually occurred, it turns out, in the Colonial Inn in Concord, Massachusetts, four years after Wilson was first smitten by the lady. But the details, including her disconcerting perfection of form and "honey-sweet sleek profusion" (in the journals, "honey-sweetly-smooth profusion"), are all here, along with her piquant mix of narcissism, distraction, and efficiency. Wilson's hottest times in this era, however, occurred with one "K.," a Chicago belle who liked being spanked with a hairbrush and whose interest in "funny ways" proved even Wilson to be satiable. There is also "O.," with whom he enjoyed a fiasco, for all of her "delicacy and beauty," and Maria Michelaevna, a hat-check girl in a Lexington Avenue restaurant who his black maid in Stamford thought would have been a good person for him to marry. Instead he married Mary McCarthy, who, with the son born to them on Christmas Day, 1938, figures in these journals hardly at all. The marriage, which Mr. Edel speculates was too "strained and . . . stormy" to write about, and of which Wilson in a retrospective note said, "Our life—though we had also a great deal of fun—was sometimes absolutely nightmarish," lasted eight years, and contributed, possibly, some shadowy forms to "The Weeds" and "A Charmed Life" in Miss McCarthy's own œuvre.

By the time of this marriage, Wilson was writing in his journals relatively little. Over six hundred pages of "The Thirties" take us up to the end of 1935, and the remaining half of the decade passes in little more than a hundred. To his critical and reportorial chores for *The New Republic* he had added a teaching stint at the University of Chicago and the vast reading—in English, French, German, and Russian—necessary for "To the Finland Station." Also, the anecdotal and descriptive wealth of the pre-1935 journals feels tilted toward the eventual objective of an ambitious novel, perhaps on the scale of Dos Passos' "U.S.A.," which Wilson much admired; and this ambition fell into abeyance. The true and habitual creator of fiction, it could be asserted, does not work from journals but trusts to memory and imagination, which are forms one of the other. The welding together of descriptions written down on the spot is a technique of journalism. The eye of

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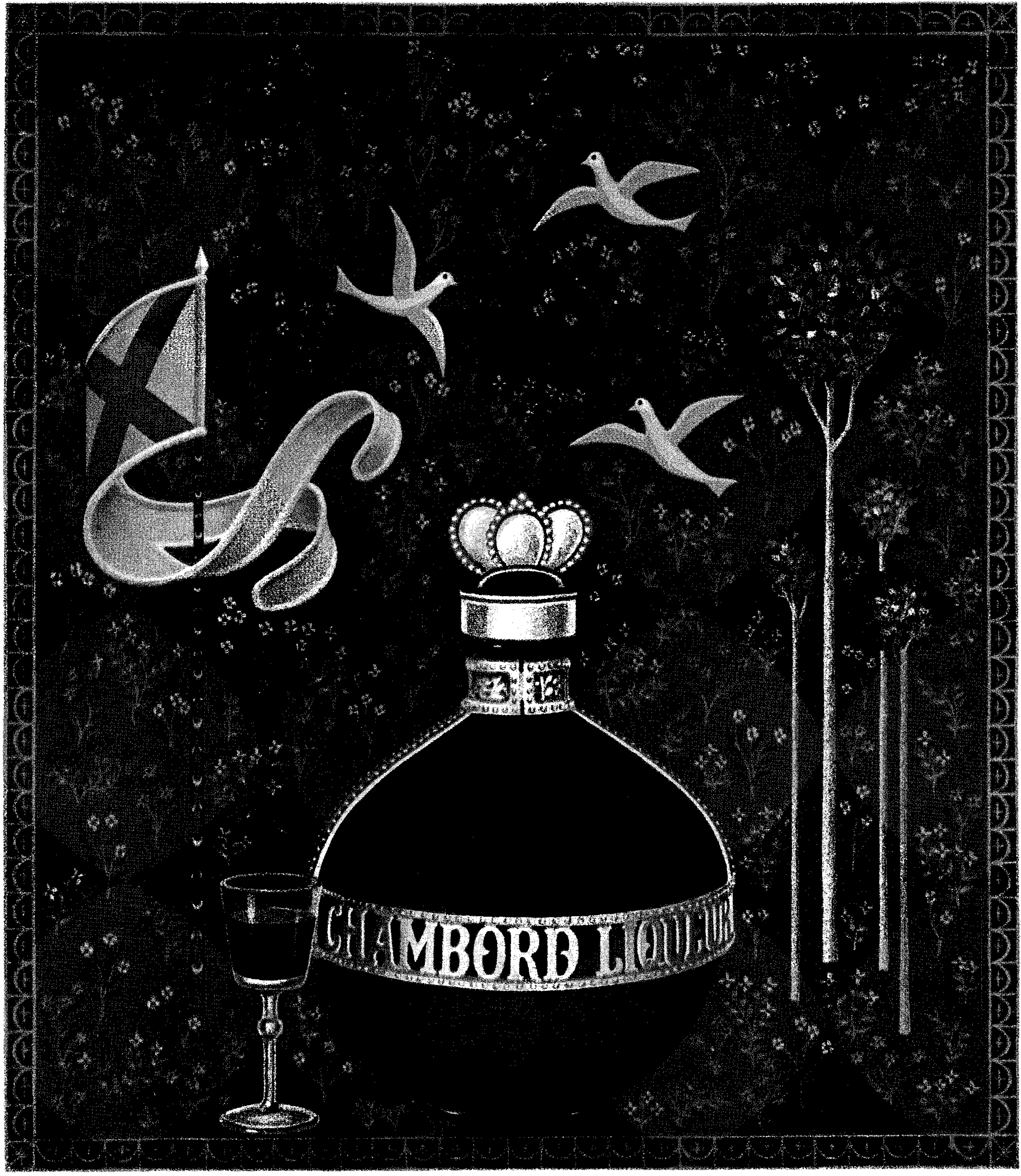

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fiction does not see the multifarious thing itself; it would lose momentum and the subliminal music if it did. A passage of observation like

> An earlier day, when, as we set out to Provincetown, a strange autumnal pink light of sunset made the sand dunes toward the Coast Guard station pink-beige in front of the equally amazing laid-on blue, somewhat unharmonious, of the water, and brought out in the roots of the beach grass, where the gash of the path to the house laid them bare, gray in ordinary light, a ruddy color almost like that of willow roots in a brook

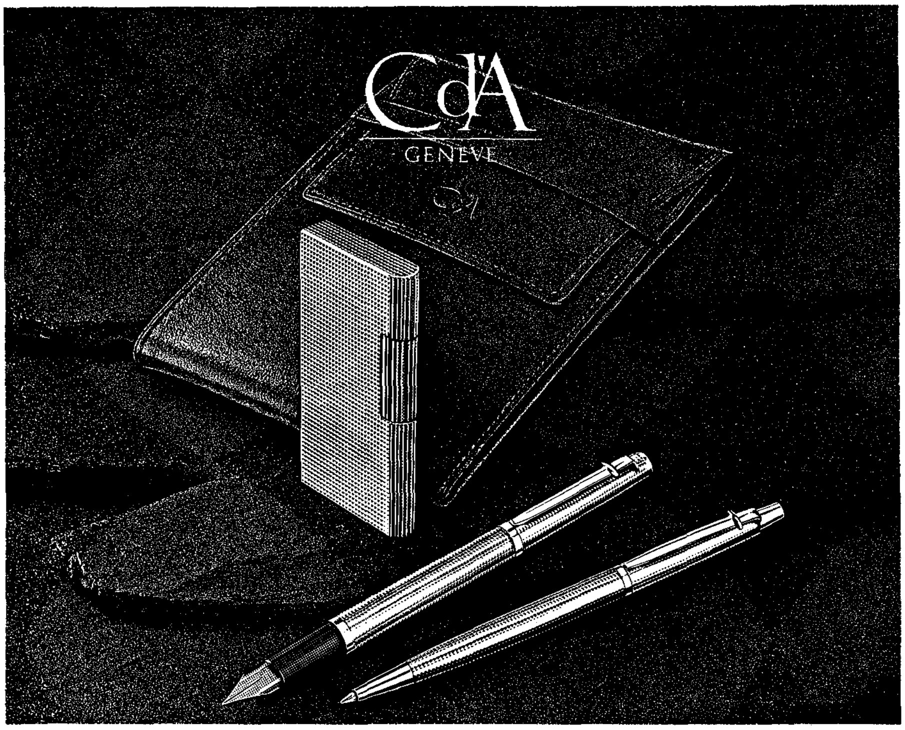
makes a fine watercolor, suitable for framing, but would clog any narrative where it was inset. Nor was Wilson's tropism, in his notetaking, toward the strikingly idiomatic, the especially illustrative, a good sign; for fiction proceeds in the faith that it can animate the mundane and breed significance out of its own accumulating context. So the publication of these journals is justified if only in that they contain much beautiful writing and many telling vignettes that could have found their niche in print nowhere else. Their poignance, over all, stems from the transformation, by the mute years, of an immediate presentness for the writer to an irrevocable pastness for us, the readers.

Wilson died before he could elucidate and expand upon the journals of "The Thirties" as he did those of "Prelude" and "Upstate" and even—partially—"The Twenties." Many entries remain mysterious, some deliciously so:

> The wood she had been buying in sealed envelopes—you could more easily boil it than burn it—when you put it on the fire, great quantities of water came gushing out from both ends of the log.—They climbed mountains and had photographs of the peaks.

> *Albany.* Using O.'s name and signing it to checks; my collapse; new little Ford roadster. I stopped off at Pittsfield.

When one turns from the notes he took on his travels to the finished articles he based upon them, one is grateful for the coherence and whole new amounts of material he has injected, but the surface seems relatively hard, flashy, and repellent. The verbal scaffolding within the journals has a dreamlike delicacy, by comparison. Though disoriented, we enter in. Wilson wanted these journals with all their embarrassments published, and they do have a questing, tentative, vulnerable quality he rarely manifested elsewhere, where the breadth and firmness of his opinions occlude any sense



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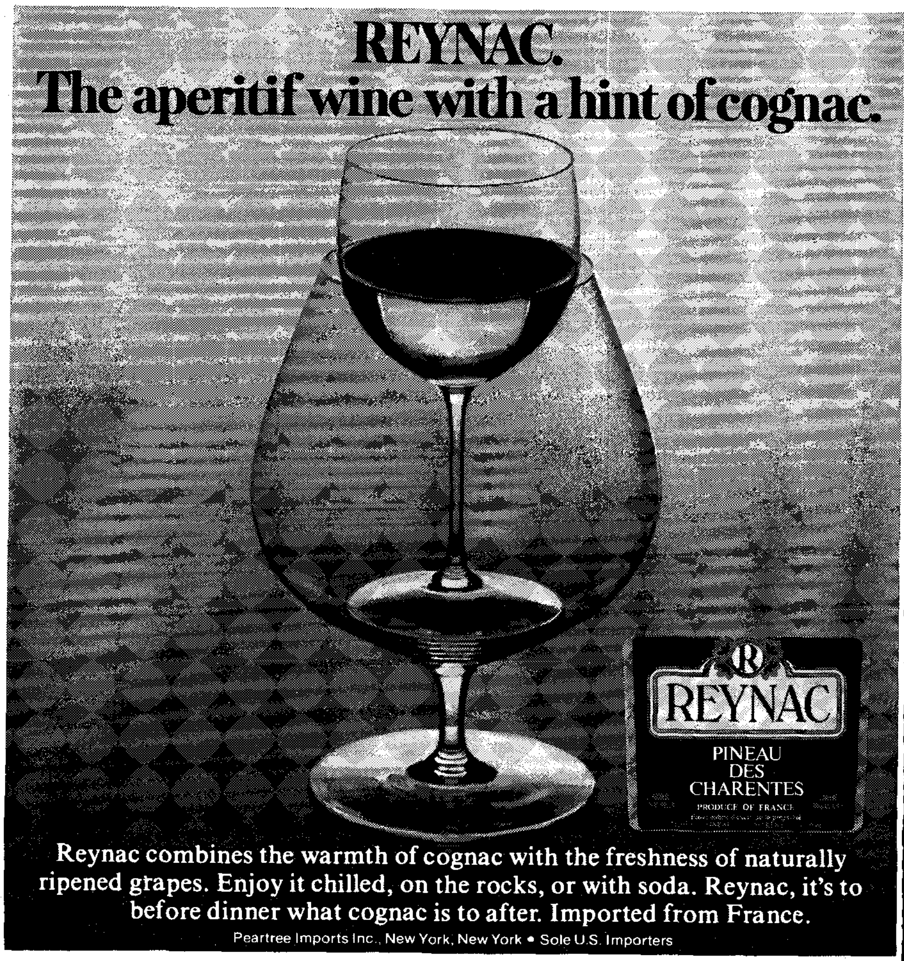
of a mind in the process of education.

Criticism and historiography, which so snugly engaged the thrust of Wilson's mind, make surprisingly small inroads into the matter of the journals. In all the pages of "The Thirties," only a handful hold notes on his reading—of Dos Passos and Tolstoy, and these near the end—and we learn little about the literary lights whom Wilson knew. Cummings tells a dirty joke, Dos Passos' wife is a delightful cook, Fitzgerald has "expressionless birdlike eyes," and Auden, we hear from a young man at a dinner party, "was animated wholly by hatred—envied everybody, imitated *Beowulf* because he envied *Beowulf*." In the realm of politics, the Marxists and fellow-travellers with whom Wilson mingles at rallies and strikes seem no less frivolous and prone to extravagance than the personnel of the dinner parties he attends in Connecticut or the artistic crowd in Provincetown. Though he was engaged with Marxism throughout this decade, the advocate subsiding into the analyst, our principal political impression is his refusal to be favorably impressed by Roosevelt—"the popular enthusiasm for him had more warmth and force than he." As the Second World War swept into irrelevance so many of the thirties' debating points, Wilson came to a determined (and offensive) denial of moral content not only to that conflict but to the American Civil War; just as the street crowds loomed to him as cavemen, so all wars illustrated merely "the irresistible instinct of power to expand itself, of well-organized human aggregations to absorb or impose themselves on other groups." He was himself, after the thirties, to hole up in Wellfleet and Talcottville, and to relinquish commentary on the present American scene; he lost touch with contemporary realities so completely that he ignored his income taxes and ran afoul of the federal authorities. In the early forties, he did compose an extended work of fiction, but one most alive in its personal confessions, and far narrower and more saturnine than the one he seems to have envisioned. There is much that is magnificent about the second half of Wilson's career, and the journals he continued to keep will surely hold their rewards and revelations. He did succeed in not being absorbed by the aggregations of spectral primitives outside his study walls, as he went from one self-assignment to another, his mind grinding away at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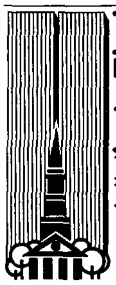

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—JOHN UPDIKE

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DECEPTIVE CADENCE, by Eugenia Zukerman (Viking; $11.95). A skillful and superior example of the performer's-life romance—something to shelve beside Beverley Nichols' "Evensong," Lotte Lehmann's "Eternal Flight," and Marcia Davenport's "Of Lena Geyer." Tibor Szabo, a young Hungarian-émigré pianist with concert and recording dates reaching eight years ahead, disappears just before a Berlin Philharmonic concert. Only his beloved and his best friend—and, in due course, the reader—know why; the media and the international trail of girls bedded before or after each concert are left guessing. Mrs. Zukerman, herself a well-known flutist married to a famous violinist, provides a colorful chronicle, with informed professional details, of a modern virtuoso's busy life, and it all slips down very easily.

GENERAL

CHROME COLOSSUS: GENERAL MOTORS AND ITS TIMES, by Ed Cray (McGraw-Hill; $14.95). A book, written in a simple style, that asks and answers pertinent questions and sticks to its point. Alfred Sloan, who ruled General Motors first as its president and then as its chairman, from 1923 to 1946, decided that what the company was marketing (besides the machine itself) was a contradiction: mass-produced "luxury" and the chance of trading up from the Chevrolet to the Cadillac. That suited the American public, though; the engineers gave way to the stylists, and General Motors became "the greatest industrial empire ever assembled." Mr. Cray tells us that as a vast conglomeration of subsidiaries, suppliers, and dealers arose, so did a management that increased profits while it reduced quality. Guided primarily by bookkeepers and press agents, G.M. grew smug and unresponsive to queries and criticism; only lately has it begun to take seriously the need for safety and efficiency. Mr. Cray suggests that this disappointing performance is, unfortunately, representative of the American automobile industry in general.

TITO: THE STORY FROM INSIDE, by Milovan Djilas, translated from the Serbo-Croatian by Vasilije Kojić and Richard Hayes (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $9.95). A onetime comrade and confidant who subsequently became a precariously tolerated dissident describes his old chief. Djilas's recollections of Tito go back to 1937; their alliance broke up in 1954. During their years together—as fellow-Communists, as partisans fighting the Germans, and as rebels against Russian aggression in the Balkans—Djilas was observant but uncritical, believing, up until their breach, that their political goals were similar even if their personalities were not. Djilas shows us Tito in the prime of life: handsome, natty, somewhat vulgar, and ambitious—a nervous military commander but an assured political leader—and suggests that he was formidable rather than good, more dedicated to himself than to Yugoslavia or to Communism.

FIRST REACTIONS: CRITICAL ESSAYS, 1968-79, by Clive James (Knopf; $12.95). In his preface, Mr. James goes to great pains to assure us that he is a Serious Writer, who turned to television criticism (an Australian, he has been television critic for the London *Observer* since 1972) to satisfy his "urge to shine" without forsaking his more earnest dedication. He has culled, from three collections already published in England, a selection of his literary essays which he thinks will travel well, along with fifteen of his pithier television columns. The British take their television more attentively than Americans do, and have, in general, programs more worthy of the attention of critics. Mr. James is often very funny at the expense of both programs and personalities, but American readers, lacking any frame of reference, are left with only his selected irreverences. Where literature is concerned, Mr. James' position is predominantly that of an enthusiast. He applies the same arbitrary, Olympian glibness to writers as disparate as Auden, Solzhenitsyn, and E. E.

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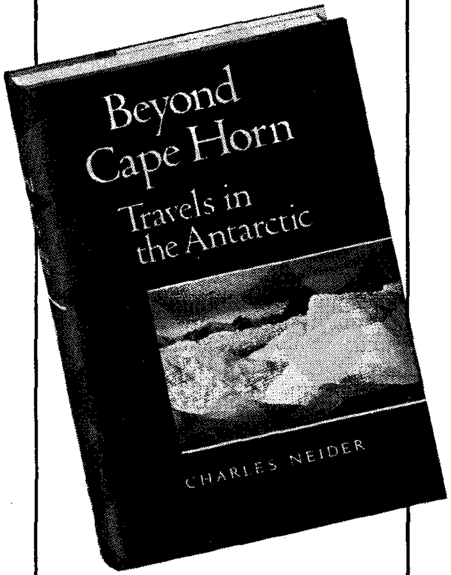

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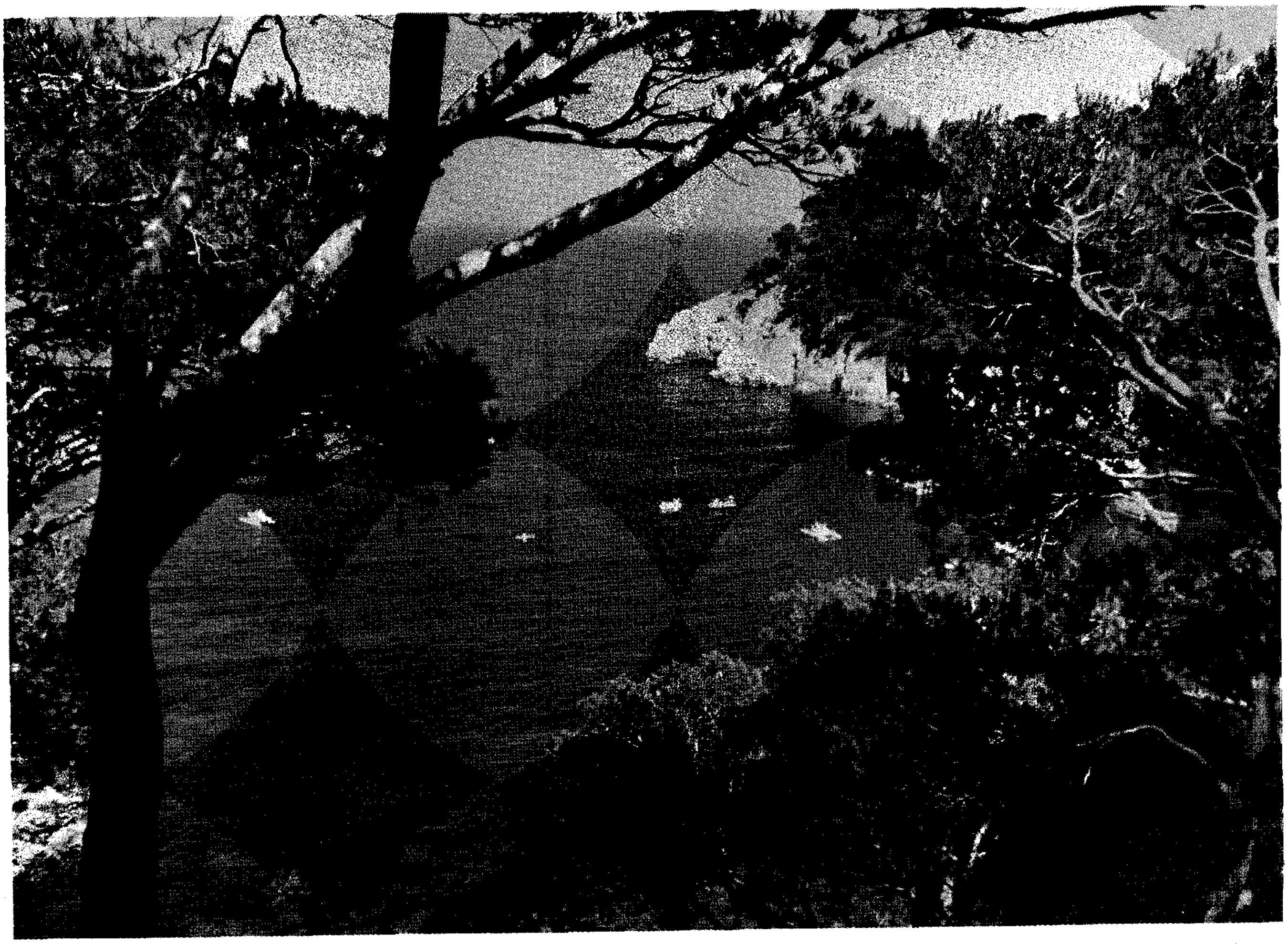

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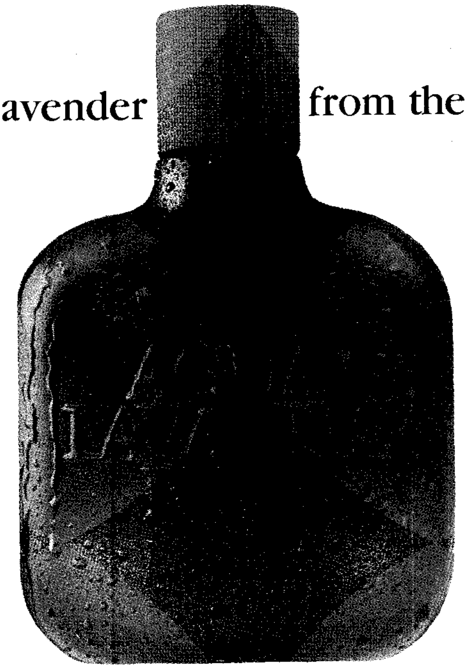

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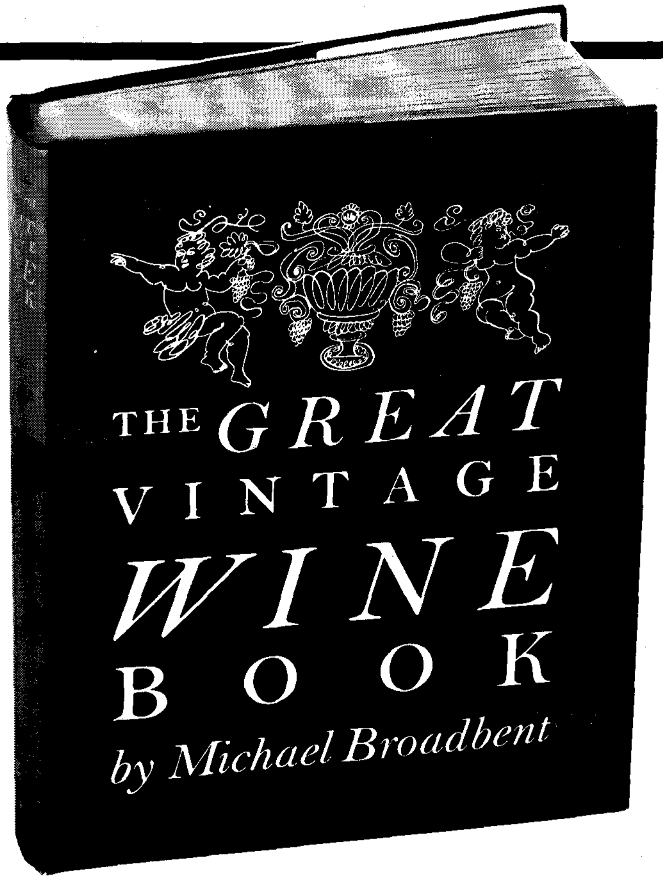
Cummings, and his verbal showing off constantly comes between his subjects and his readers. On subjects that are more obviously on his wavelength, like Raymond Chandler and Norman Mailer's "Marilyn," his sharp cleverness seems more appropriate, but his hectic prose does not serve reverence anything like as well as it serves irreverence.

The Dollar Princesses: Sagas of Upward Nobility, 1870-1914, by Ruth Brandon (Knopf; $12.95). This excellent writer's previous work, "Singer and the Sewing Machine," told of the formation of a great American fortune. Here she tells how this fortune and others went to buy titled European sons-in-law. One of Singer's daughters became a Princesse de Polignac and a patron of twentieth-century music, but most of the other women in the book were not so discriminating, because they were not so gifted; a homely daughter of Jay Gould who married a Marquis de Castellane and then his cousin, a Prince de Sagan, was at least as crass as her father. With some exceptions—Mary Leiter, who married Lord Curzon, was one—American girls were snappier or snippier than their British and French counterparts, who had been trained to defer to men, especially in the handling of property. Ruth Brandon is astute in distinguishing the various motives, including sheer boredom, that impelled these rich young women to risk marriage and transplantation at the earliest opportunity.

Thomas Cardinal Wolsey, by Nancy Lenz Harvey (Macmillan; $19.95). An able retelling of Wolsey's rise and fall. That a butcher's son from Ipswich could become almoner and chaplain to Henry VII before he was thirty was astonishing enough; what was even more astonishing was that under Henry VIII he became Lord Chancellor, took control of both domestic and foreign policy, and made England a first-class power in Europe. Mrs. Harvey writes sympathetically of the Cardinal's talents, not only as a politician but as a builder of country houses and parks as well, and as a founder of schools and colleges—including one for the poor boys of Ipswich. Her recapitulation of the intrigues—centering on the King's demand for a divorce so he could marry Anne Boleyn—that brought



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about Wolsey's total ruin is particularly skillful.

City People: The Rise of Modern City Culture in Nineteenth-Century America, by Gunther Barth (Oxford; $19.95). A delightful work of scholarship that stresses how much better life was in the last century in American cities—even for slum dwellers—than in European cities or in American small towns or on farms. Mr. Barth discusses how American cities took shape—the popularity of apartment houses, the development of transit systems—and how newspapers provided a kind of unity as well as an introduction to an increasingly stimulating environment, one that included parks, department stores, stadiums, and vaudeville theatres. Each of these institutions, Mr. Barth thinks, helped to teach new city dwellers how to cope with strangers and how to attract friends.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Maigret at the Coroner's, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Frances Keene (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $8.95). This novel, written in 1949 but now making its first appearance in this country, was a product of Simenon's wartime sojourn in the United States, and it has, uniquely, an American setting: Tucson. Maigret (known to his jovial American friends as "Julius") is making an American tour and drops in on an inquest into the death, after a drunken party, of a promiscuous young carhop; though only a spectator and imperfect in American English, he solves the sordid little case. The chief pleasure here, however, is Maigret's observation of America in general and of the Southwest in particular: a haunting refrain of heat, men in white shirtsleeves, Coca-Cola, bourbon whiskey, and Bromo-Seltzer.

•

New York (AP) William Silliam E. Simon the former Treasury secretary who had been regarded as likely to take that post again in the Reagan administration, has asked that his name be withdrawn from consideration for personal reasons, the New York Daily News reported.

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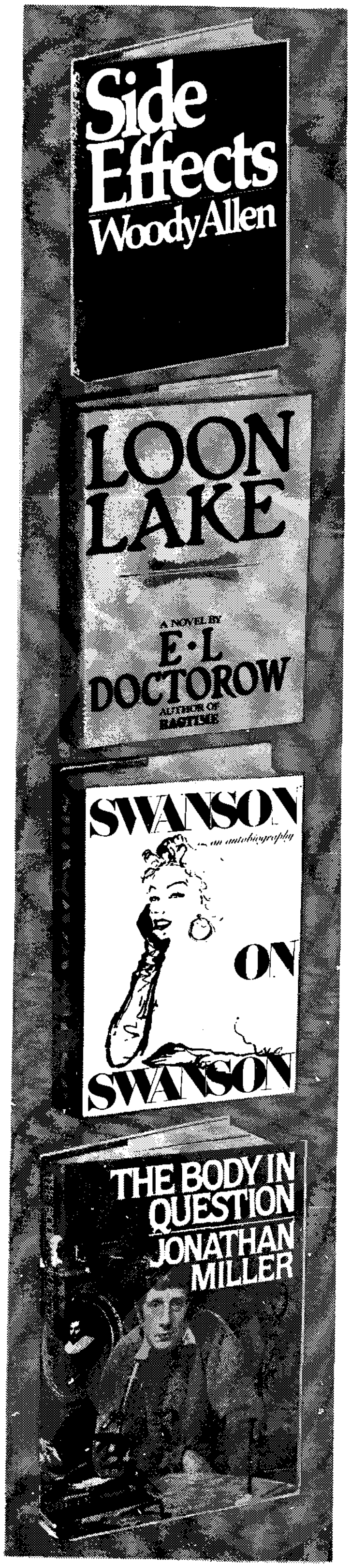
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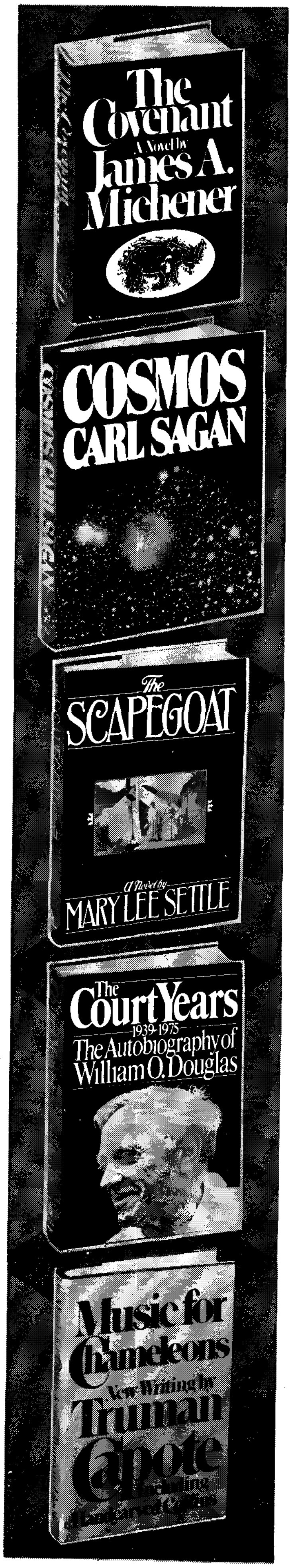
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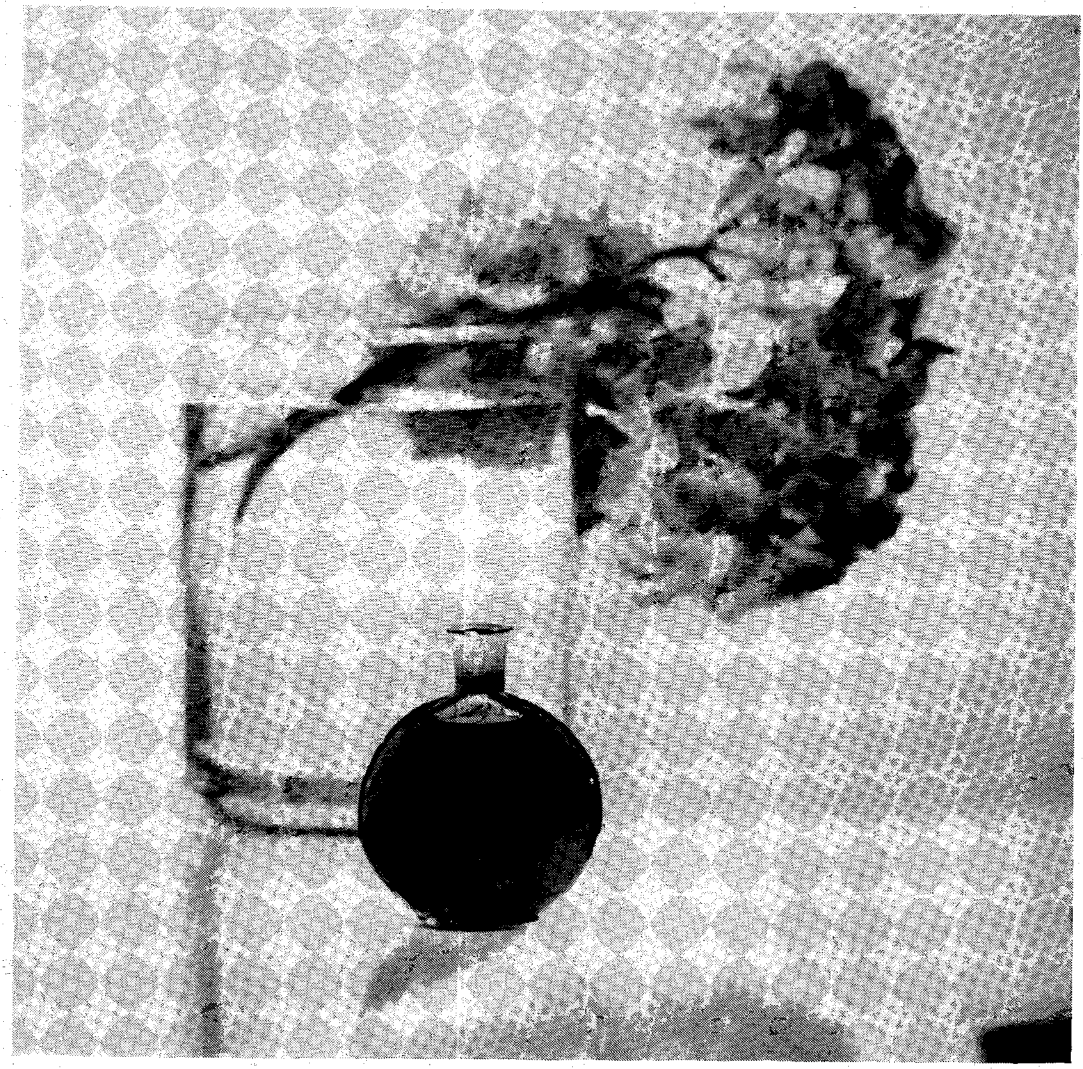

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